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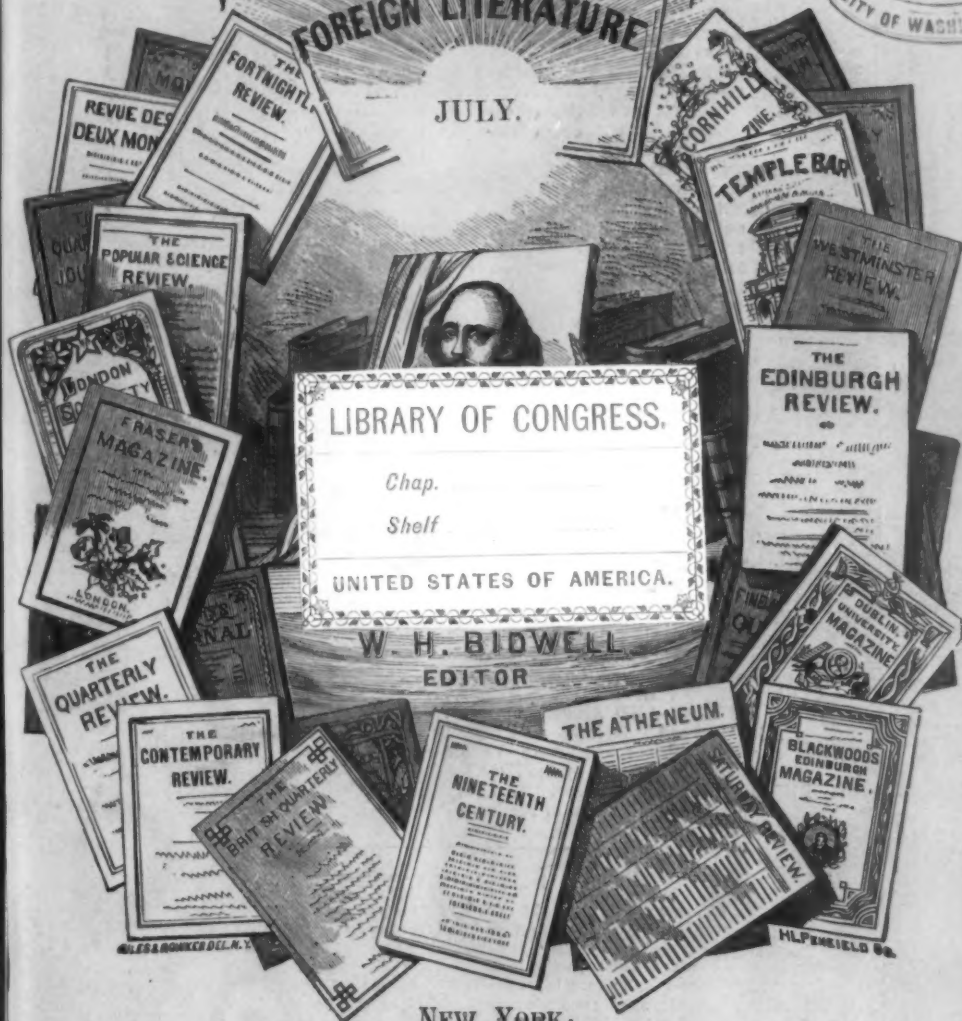
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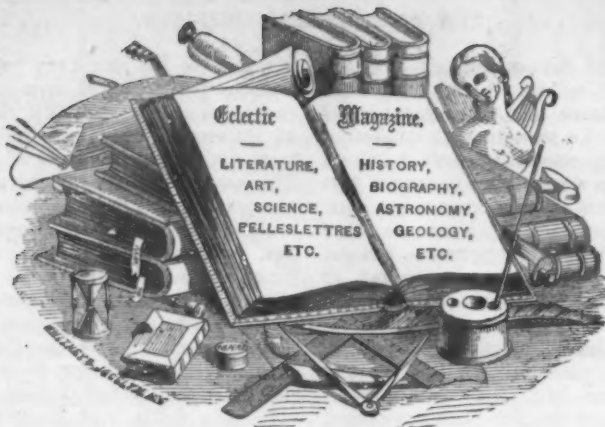
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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JULY, 1881.

Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

It is with feelings of unmingled pain and regret, we were going to say, that we record the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield; but a truer appreciation at once suggests that there has been a glorious close to a splendid career—*felix opportunitate mortis!* There is no instance in English history of a political leadership so long maintained. There is none in which greater qualities of sagacity, independence of judgment, and tenacity of purpose have been exhibited. There is none in which a leader has been able to call forth at will such marked and increasing devotion from his followers. And notwithstanding that for twenty-nine out of the thirty-five years over which it has practically extended, it has been a leadership of a minority, Lord Beaconsfield's headship has been one of rare personal and political achievement. It is one of which the Tory party may well be proud, and to which English history as long as it endures will do homage.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIV., No. 1

It is a striking testimony to the marvellous powers which Lord Beaconsfield possessed, that in spite of the singular isolation of his position, and the overwhelming disadvantage of always belonging to a minority, his influence and authority uniformly and steadily increased. The reins once grasped, no hand proved strong enough during all those years to wrest them away, or to divert him to any serious extent from the policy which he chose to pursue. In Opposition he steadily increased his authority over the course of legislation, over Parliament, over his colleagues, and in the country. Each time that he held office in a minority, he left it a stronger man than when he entered it, with reputation and *prestige* strengthened by an ordeal which, under far more favorable circumstances, frequently injures those of weaker men. And when at last, toward the close of a great career, he became Minister with an established majority, the man grew until his authority

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overshadowed his colleagues and the country, and he had centred in himself the whole force and representation of the empire. To sustain, with increasing credit, every successive ordeal which awaits a man who plays a foremost part on the greatest stage of events is a marvellous achievement. There was no personal reverse, no personal failure. There seemed to be no moment at which he could be pronounced unequal to the occasion, at the end of his resources, or less than master over himself and his position. In the greatest chapter of his life, which is filled with his guidance of English fortunes during the strife and passion aroused by the great Eastern Question, it was never disputed but that it was his firm and tenacious mind which regulated our policy; and that by the force of will and genius, in spite of all the eloquence and energy of no unworthy rival, his influence, at a moment when firm guidance was the sole preventive to drifting into war, predominated at home, and was more than respected abroad. Whether his policy is approved or condemned, all must admit that he himself betrayed neither weakness nor indecision, but held on his way with tenacity and resolution. Those are the qualities which render war unnecessary, and lead forward to "peace with honor." History will do justice to the memorable qualities which the great Tory Premier exhibited, and to the ascendancy which they gave him over England and the Continent. The generation which has witnessed with enthusiasm and delight the close, animated, and brilliant rivalry between a Disraeli and a Gladstone must feel that the heroic age of English politics did not pass away with Pitt and Fox. It falls, however, to the lot of the present generation of statesmen to work upon broader lines, and with a wider legislative range than their predecessors of the Georgian era. Of Lord Beaconsfield, it may be said that he reconstructed the Tory party and placed it in accord with the sympathies, the intelligence, and the genius of the nation; that he practically settled the principle of our parliamentary representation; that he reconstituted the South-eastern territories of Europe, and gave to the Continent its charter of

peace. He led the Tory party during a whole generation of men; he trained and attached to himself a skilled body of statesmen; he twice held the foremost rank with eloquence and majesty. The world, however, would never have recognized with the completeness which it ultimately did his transcendent qualities, if the six years of office with a majority had not at last opened to him the chance of a grand administrative success. These last years gave the crown to his career. From the first moment of his accession down to his sudden and unexpected fall before the blind vote of a fickle and easily influenced democracy, his supremacy was never questioned; and toward the close of his Premiership, when the elections of Liverpool and Southwark raised the hopes of his party, it looked as if he were on the point of being invested with an amount of authority greater than has ever before been conferred upon an English statesman, and greater perhaps than it is prudent for the English people ever to confer upon a single man.

Such a career must, as long as English history endures, be one of undying interest. In a short obituary notice like this, which is merely intended to express on the moment the feelings of a great political party for its departed chief, whose whole life and soul and energy were devoted to its service, we can only notice the more salient qualities of Lord Beaconsfield's public life.

It is a striking tribute to his unique force of character that friends and foes have alike recognized that Lord Beaconsfield's personality has been, as it were, more conspicuously impressed upon the politics of his age than that of any contemporary statesman. They refer to the transformation in the temper and spirit of English Conservatism which has been effected since the days of Peel. They refer also to the three guiding principles of his conduct—the earnest desire to improve the condition of the masses, and to attach them to Conservative policy; the insistence with which he enforced the idea that the British Empire must not merely be enjoyed but watchfully maintained; his view that an ancient monarchy ought not to drop too completely out of the thoughts of the people, and that it was

not merely an effective instrument of government at present, but might at any time during any temporary and not improbable eclipse of the authority and *prestige* of the House of Commons, become a rallying point of inestimable value. The vulgar view of Mr. Disraeli's earlier years is that they exhibited levity of principle and conduct. But any one who regards them from the point of view of his writings, of the training which the works of Disraeli the elder show that the son must have received, of upward of forty years unrivalled consistency and tenacity of purpose in Parliament, will probably come to a different conclusion. There was no hereditary tie to either party; there was deep innate scorn for what he termed the pollution of Radicalism; there was an invincible distrust of anything like sectarianism or exclusiveness predominating in the spirit of Conservatism. From the hour that he entered Parliament, or, more properly, from the moment that he became a political figure of importance, he never swerved from the purpose of impressing his own ideal, which may be traced in his earliest writings and speeches, upon the character and aims of British Toryism.

He not unnaturally came into sharp collision with Sir Robert Peel—a man of a wholly different type and training, in many characteristics of statesmanship Mr. Disraeli's superior, but of far inferior intellectual power. Mr. Justin M'Carthy, in his history, has done justice to that stroke of true genius and insight which enabled Mr. Disraeli to stand forward, on the first night of the session of 1846, and practically wrest from Sir R. Peel's hands then and there the leadership of the party which he ever afterward retained. At that time Mr. Disraeli had only been eight years in the House; it was only his second Parliament; he had no powerful connections or official experience. There is no parallel to this incident in parliamentary history. The leadership thus seized was not merely retained for a session, or during a particular controversy. It never reverted to the experienced chief who had dominated successive Parliaments, and who was surrounded by men of matured reputation and experience. It was inevitable that,

in time, the man who could thus maintain his ground against a combination so powerful must succeed to office and to the lead of the House of Commons. In 1852 that event occurred. It is the only instance on Parliamentary record of a man vaulting at once into that difficult post without any antecedent official experience. Mr. Pitt's rise is the nearest approach to it. But in the first few months of Mr. Pitt's Chancellorship, the leadership, titular if not effective, was in other hands. There had, however, been at least two celebrated precedents of conducting the business of the House of Commons in a minority—that of Pitt, in 1784, and that of Peel, in 1835. The struggle in 1852 was maintained with gallantry and skill; but it ended, as all foresaw, in failure before the combined efforts of the most disastrous Coalition that England has ever witnessed. The closing scene of that struggle is of historic interest, and the lapse of nearly thirty years has not dimmed its brilliancy. Four nights of debate had left no doubt that the great financial scheme upon which the government had staked its existence was doomed, and that the Ministry stood face to face with an exulting and victorious combination. It was a crisis in Mr. Disraeli's career, and a disastrous defeat might have associated his name with ignominious failure. But whatever the result of the division upon the prospects of the party, the leader had at least resolved to assert his own position as that of one of the most formidable personages and debaters in English politics. Meeting bitter taunts with thundering invective, he stood up to that last almost unaided encounter with all the celebrities of the House, with desperate energy, and fought for his flag with all those dauntless qualities which belong to a natural and irresistible "king of men." It was one of the most remarkable orations ever made; and in his equally marvellous reply, in which Mr. Gladstone for the first time burst through the bonds of a deprecatory and somewhat sanctimonious eloquence, and abandoned himself to fierce and unsparing personal attack, the present Premier constituted himself the rival of the Conservative chief, and the future leader of the Liberal party. For

half of the succeeding years Mr. Gladstone remained under the protecting ægis of Lords Palmerston and Russell, and was saved from the consequences of his frequent imprudence. But for the remaining half of that period the two leaders have divided between them the respect and devotion of the country, with the result that, notwithstanding the almost uniform numerical superiority of the Liberals since the Reform Bill of 1832, the Conservatives have, since the death of Lord Palmerston, enjoyed a longer tenure of office than their opponents. In February, 1858, this Ministry of a minority returned to power. In the interval, the Eastern Question and the Crimean war had absorbed the attention of Europe. Almost every fresh disclosure has tended to discredit the conduct of the disastrous Coalition, and the mutual rivalries which weakened the Administration, till a vacillating and half-hearted policy landed us inevitably in war, and Lord Aberdeen was dismissed from a post to which he was unequal. But the conduct of the Opposition in those days received at the time the hearty acknowledgments of Lord Palmerston, and has been applauded in all subsequent publications, from Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" downward. It was a successful combination of uncompromising but constitutional opposition to the Ministry, with a steady consistent support to the policy which the nation was pursuing. It will be well if all succeeding Oppositions will, when the external fortunes of the country are hanging in the balance, distinguish with equal success between opposing and weakening the executive—between the official representatives of the whole country, who should be supported, and the mere leaders of a rival party, who may be fairly denounced and supplanted. The Ministry of 1858 had its own foreign *imbroglios* to deal with, but found in Lord Palmerston, as Mr. Disraeli acknowledged at the time, a fair and scrupulous opponent. Its main achievements were the establishment of the direct dominion of the Queen in India in lieu of the old East India Company; and the production of a reform bill, which, equally with that of 1867, exploded the quack device of lowering

the suffrage by a pound or two at a time. Fancy franchises and lateral extension were resorted to, for opinion was not then ripe for a final settlement of the question (which had been prematurely raised by the Whigs) on the only intelligible basis of household rating.

The fall of Lord Derby led to the re-establishment of Lord Palmerston in power; and for six years Masterly Inactivity was the order of the day. During that time there occurred the great civil war in America. One of the most remarkable points in Mr. Disraeli's whole career lies in the prescience and resolutely independent judgment which he displayed during that crisis. Public opinion was to a great extent, we believe, in favor of the South. Some of the Ministers, notably, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, were strongly in favor of non-intervention, and of sympathy being directed in favor of the North. Others, and notably Mr. Gladstone, took a directly opposite view; and the famous speech of the present Premier about Jefferson Davis having created not merely an army and a navy, but a separate nation, long rankled in the minds of the Americans, and formed one of their items of charge against us in the celebrated Alabama controversy. Of all complicity and responsibility of this kind Mr. Disraeli kept himself and his party free, and firmly resisted all pressure to a contrary course. Whatever may have been the force of the arguments in favor of recognizing and supporting the South, there was none in favor of a policy of mere irritation, and of, as far as words and omissions could make it, a malevolent neutrality. It is not too much to say that during that momentous crisis, several of the most trusted leaders of the public, if they did not actually lose their heads, adopted a course not sufficiently well considered and far-seeing to stand the test of time and subsequent experience. It is to the lasting honor of Mr. Disraeli that his own conduct formed, in the judgment of all parties, a bright exception, and gave to him a peculiar personal authority throughout the course of the Alabama troubles. During those greatest of all the foreign complications with which Mr. Gladstone had to deal, his rival was ever at hand to sustain

and encourage his administration. Resolved that no party struggle should by any chance ensue over a question of such momentous interest to the whole civilized world as our relations with America, he abandoned the reserve of an Opposition so far as to sanction Sir Stafford Northcote's acting as one of the Commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Washington. Although, fortunately, the Conservative party has no share in the responsibility for the Alabama arbitration, and its award, the country owes to the wise forbearance and patriotic sagacity of the Conservative chief its escape from still worse complications; and his policy during that trying epoch will form a chapter of solid merit in the annals of his life.

With the death of Lord Palmerston the question of parliamentary reform again was made the prominent subject of attention, and until it was settled the work of legislation was evidently at a standstill. Lord Russell's Ministry essayed the usual experiment of lowering the suffrage by a few pounds at a time—in this instance in the belief that £3 was the amount of diminution which was to save the State, and work a satisfactory reform. The scheme failed, and Lord Derby's Ministry of a minority was for a third time installed in office. The Reform Act of 1867 was, for good or evil, its great legislative work, based upon the principle of household suffrage. The achievement was due entirely to Mr. Disraeli. It was his individual task, entirely in keeping, both in its character and the mode in which it was passed, with his antecedents and special genius. It was described by the late Lord Derby as a process of "Dishing the Whigs," and as a "Leap in the Dark." There can be no doubt from the perusal of Mr. Disraeli's speeches, as they were at that time corrected and published, that, with the exception of his first speech upon reform, as far back, we think, as 1848, before it became of urgent or present importance, these are consistent with the design of associating his name with its settlement, upon principles which might insure a fair chance of permanence. He had, in fact, made the subject his own, while Mr. Gladstone was busy with finance, and Lord John Rus-

sell was distracted by his own personal vicissitudes. The strategy and resource with which he accomplished his purpose, dumbfounding his opponents without, as the result showed, unduly straining the allegiance of his supporters, are well known.

But if Mr. Disraeli, in the matter of Parliamentary reform, achieved success, completely snatching it out of the hands of his rival, Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was ready with his bid for popular support. The first question submitted to the new constituencies was an issue, framed by Mr. Gladstone, whether or not the Irish Church should cease to exist as an established institution. A majority of more than 100 determined that it should cease, and Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the Premiership. A series of harassing and sensational measures followed, upon a small detail in one of which, the Education Act of 1870, the great Liberal party began to crack and divide. All the activity of the Government was swallowed up in legislation, of a kind which alienated as many as it conciliated. Great administrative blunders resulted from this absorption of attention elsewhere; and as regards foreign politics, the authority, and even the legitimate influence of England seemed to be entirely effaced. In fact, at the time of the Berlin Memorandum, the manner in which that famous document was presented to our notice appeared to indicate that in the transaction of European business, foreign statesmen regarded us as entitled to less than courtesy. It was not surprising, therefore, that in little more than four years Mr. Gladstone's authority was gone, and his Ministry was wrecked on the Irish University Bill.

Mr. Disraeli now entered upon the last, the most eventful, and the most famous chapter of his wonderful history. It began with his declining office for his party in May, 1873, just eight years ago. The disintegration of the Liberal party was rapidly progressing, the tide of opinion had turned. Mr. Disraeli refused, with his usual prescience and authority over his followers, to have his hand forced. He resolved that his opponent should go to the country with all his sins upon his shoulders, instead of being absolved by the process of resig-

nation. With his authority too much weakened to render another session endurable, and after several defeats at isolated elections throughout the country, the Minister dissolved Parliament, and his rival, for the first time in his career, found himself at the head of a majority in both Houses of Parliament, strong in the confidence of his Sovereign and in his unbounded popularity throughout the country.

Supreme political power only arrived when age had greatly impaired his physical powers. The country, however, was weary of incessant activity, and the septuagenarian Premier was not urged forward, either from within or from without, toward sensational legislation. He left the conduct of some useful and necessary measures to his colleagues, and reserved to himself that control over the whole home and foreign administration which had been so long neglected. Ireland was pacified with the removal of all restrictions upon the issue of the Habeas Corpus writ, and by other relaxations of the restrictive code of the former Ministry. The first three years of his Premiership were spent in the House of Commons. The withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the post of leader of the Opposition was followed very shortly afterward by the first mutterings of the Eastern Question, in the shape of risings in Bosnia and the Herzegovina. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which has since turned out to be a great financial as well as political success, and the evident intention to assert our interests in the East, produced an immense accession of popularity to the Government; and during the year 1876 the debates bore witness to the oncoming division of opinion which was to bring Mr. Gladstone back in full vigor and activity to public life almost as soon as he announced his determination to finally quit it. In August, 1876, Mr. Disraeli became Earl of Beaconsfield, a name destined speedily to become even more famous than that which was laid aside; for the three last years of this celebrated Ministry form the culminating point of Disraeli's life. His power was not in the slightest degree affected by his transference from one House to the other. In fact, his authority had always rested more upon the sway which he exercised

over his colleagues, the House of Parliament, and the country, through its debates, than upon any enthusiasm which he created among the constituencies, and which, however deep-seated, was not so violent and impulsive as that which Mr. Gladstone at times excites. Lord Chatham is, we believe, the only other instance of a Prime Minister passing from one House to the other during the existence of his Ministry; and in his case power was practically lost by the step. Lord Beaconsfield's elevation did not come a moment too soon. His physical powers were no longer equal to the work of the House of Commons, and he was soon to be plunged into the vortex of European politics when they were at their wildest. There was public need of all that "detachment" of intellect with which he was credited, and it was well that he should be withdrawn from all lesser distractions.

The events of these memorable years are too recent to justify recapitulation. The chief personal incidents were the withdrawal at a critical moment of Lord Derby, the friend of twenty-five years, and son of the illustrious statesman whose name was so long associated with that of Disraeli; and the accession to the Foreign Office of Lord Salisbury, and the mission of both statesmen to the Congress of Berlin. The former of these incidents occasioned a touching tribute to the memory of a celebrated friendship, but also it enabled Lord Beaconsfield at length to stand forth as the champion of the public law of Europe, and boldly to insist that the arrangements of San Stefano should be submitted to readjustment by the Signatories of the Treaty of Paris. To that treaty, confirmed in 1871, the British Minister had always appealed. He had been prevented by the agitation of 1876 and the other circumstances of the time from offering armed resistance to Russian aggression; but with the fleet stationed near the Bosphorus, Indian troops at Malta, votes of money by overwhelming majorities in Parliament, he plainly indicated that the Treaty of San Stefano must, in order to be binding, be imposed by force of arms upon Great Britain as well as upon Turkey. From this task Russia shrank, and the equitable readjustment of the San Stefano

stipulations, to which she was forced to submit, resulted in the Treaty of Berlin. That treaty will remain, we hope, as a complete international settlement of the south-eastern territories of Europe, the maintenance of which will be understood to mean peace, and the disturber of which will incur the guilt and responsibility of war.

The greatest event in the life of Lord Beaconsfield was his visit to Berlin as the First Plenipotentiary of Great Britain; the greatest day was probably his triumphal entrance into London after his return. During the Congress, and in his journey toward it, he never ceased for an instant to be the great attraction. And in Paris he is credited with having deterred Germany in 1875 from renewing the Franco-German war. The *Times* correspondent at Paris writes: "He filled so large a part in European preoccupation, that his disappearance has produced something like the impression of the disappearance of a dynasty." The correspondent of the same paper at Berlin writes: "The deceased statesman was regarded as the restorer of the British *prestige* on the Continent," and speaks emphatically of the high honor in which he was held. Two anecdotes of Prince Bismarck may be quoted on their authority; one, that in his private cabinet a portrait of the Prince's wife hangs on the right hand of that of the Emperor, while that of Lord Beaconsfield hangs on the left in recognition of the prominent part which the deceased statesman played at the Congress, and of the high estimation in which his great qualities were held. Another is, that the Prince used these remarkable words, in reference to the firm stand which Lord Beaconsfield had made in vindication of the rights of Great Britain:—

" 'Schouvaloff and Beaconsfield,' he is related to have said, 'are the two leading figures in this Congress, and I am delighted with watching them. Beaconsfield has wonderful presence of mind, is versatile and energetic, lets nothing excite him, and has admirably defended his cause. English pride is safe in his hands: and when the negotiations were broken off on the 21st of June, he was manfully leading his country to war. It was then that I intervened. Both he and Schouvaloff have done their duty, and have saved their country from war. My only merit was bringing them to-

gether at a moment when they could not themselves make any advances.' "

But Lord Beaconsfield needed no foreign tribute to recommend his conduct to the gratitude and approval of his countrymen. He had reached the zenith of his reputation, and hardly any career in history contains a prouder episode or a more exalted fame. He had saved his country from war, and had given peace to Europe; and the world admitted that Great Britain had reconquered her old ascendancy on the Continent. Had Lord Beaconsfield dissolved Parliament on his return, he might have obtained a renewed lease of power; but it is, in our judgment, more to his permanent credit that he did not. The result of a dissolution is at any time a most uncertain thing to forecast; and he would not have acted fairly by his allies, his supporters, and the peace of Europe, if he had incurred the risk of transferring to the Liberal leaders, in the impracticable position which they then occupied, the task of presiding over the execution of the treaty. The same firmness which had won the treaty was needed to secure its execution; and not till the last Russian had quitted the Turkish empire, and the main points of the treaty had been carried out, did Lord Beaconsfield dissolve. From the date of his triumphal entry into London, Lord Beaconsfield, as we can now see, entered upon the period of his decline in power. When an administration is growing six years old, the least change in its fortunes or in its luck is likely to prove fatal. The isolated elections still went in his favor, and continued to do so till the dissolution; and to the last—as long as the natural term of his Ministry extended—Lord Beaconsfield was cordially, and even enthusiastically, supported. His letter to the Duke of Marlborough, the last State paper that came from his hand, spoke to the country in tones of dignity and firmness, in all respects worthy of being the last official utterances of a great parliamentary Premier.

Exactly a year elapsed from Lord Beaconsfield's resignation to his death. He died on the anniversary of his delivering up the seals of office to the Queen. The characteristic cheerfulness with which he bore the reverse was

equalled only by the confident silence with which he endured all the attacks upon his policy during its progress and during the election. He no doubt felt that he was doing a durable work, and that he would hand down to posterity a *monumentum ære perennius* of which no eloquence could impair the value, and which no eloquence was needed to defend. During that year his personal position has been stronger than ever, the devotion of his followers completely sustained, the admiration of his countrymen and of foreign nations undiminished. It is impossible that any

man should bequeath to the notice of posterity stronger proofs of the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries, or of the ascendancy which he exercised over them. History will judge for itself the character of his aims and of his policy; but among the many illustrious names of statesmen that crowd its pages, that of Benjamin Disraeli Earl of Beaconsfield will be overshadowed by none in the splendor of his fame, and in the completeness of his devotion to the honor and interests of his country.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

BIMETALLISM.

BY PROFESSOR W. STANLEY JEVONS.

IT may be safely said that the question of bimetallism is one which does not admit of any precise and simple answer. It is essentially an indeterminate problem. It involves several variable quantities and many constant quantities, the latter being either inaccurately known or in many cases altogether unknown. The present annual supply of gold and of silver are ascertained with fair approach of certainty, but the future supplies are matter of doubt. The demand for the metals again involves wholly unknown quantities, depending partly upon the course of trade, but partly also upon the action of foreign peoples and governments, about which we can only form surmises.

The question is much complicated, again, by presenting a double problem—that regarding the next decade of years, and that regarding the more remote future. Possibly, a step which might be convenient during the course of the next five, ten, or fifteen years, would prove subsequently to be the mere postponement of a real and inevitable difficulty. When we pursue an inquiry of this complex and indeterminate kind, it resolves itself into endless hypotheses as to what will or will not happen if something else happens or does not happen. Nevertheless, it does not follow that, because statistical science fails us, we can come to no practical conclusion; on the contrary, from the very vagueness and uncertainty of

the subject may emerge a conviction that it is best to do nothing at all. A party of travellers lost in a fog will probably indulge in a great many speculations and arguments as to the possible paths and turnings they might take; but the wisest course may, nevertheless, be to stay where they are until the air becomes clear.

Looking at the question, in the first place, as a chronic one, that is, as regarding the constitution of monetary systems during centuries, it is indispensable to remember the fact, too much overlooked by disputants, that the values of gold and silver are ultimately governed, like those of all other commodities, by the cost of production. Unless clear reasons, then, can be shown, why silver should be more constant in its circumstances of production than gold, there is no ground for thinking that a bimetallic gold and silver money will afford a more steady standard of value than gold alone. The common argument that there will not be enough gold to carry on the trade of the world with, does not stand a moment's examination in this aspect. In the first place, if the value of gold rises, more gold will be produced, and the great number of gold-mining enterprises now being put forth may have some connection with this principle. In the second place, so long as sudden changes of supply and demand can be avoided, it is almost a matter of indifference, within

certain limits, whether there is much gold or little. Prices having once settled themselves, it is only a question of carrying a little more metal or a little less in your pocket. As Cantillon, and subsequently, but independently, Hume, remarked, if the money in the world were suddenly doubled or halved trade would go on as before, all prices being approximately doubled or halved. But of course the interests of creditors and debtors would be affected while the change was in progress.

Now, as regards the *chronic* question, it is probable, though not certain, that the establishment of the bimetallic ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 would give a worse rather than a better standard of value, because the momentary standard is always the over-estimated metal. The double standard system gives an option to the debtor, so that if either gold or silver were in future years discovered in large quantities, the debtor would have the benefit. In the monometallic system there is no option, and all parties stake their interests on the single metal. To these considerations must be added the historical fact that silver has during the last thousand years fallen in value more than gold. The ratio of values in the Middle Ages was about 10 to 1, fluctuating at times to 12 to 1. Later on silver became comparatively cheaper, and in the latter part of the last century, $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 correctly represented the natural ratio. For some fifty years it was held pretty steadily at this point by the action of the French Currency Law. The unprecedented discoveries of gold in California, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere, reversed the course of prices for a time, but more lately the tendency to a preponderating fall of silver has reasserted itself. No doubt the events here so briefly recapitulated admit of endless discussion, and it would be impossible even to mention the volumes which have been written since the time of Locke upon the comparative steadiness of value of gold and silver. There emerges a certain degree of probability that silver is more subject to depreciation than gold, although both have, in the course of a thousand years, been very greatly depreciated in comparison with corn and the chief kinds of raw materials.

If this may be assumed to be the case, it follows that an attempt to re-establish the ratio $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 would tend to discourage the production of the dearer metal, gold, and to encourage the production of the more depreciated silver. We should be filling our pockets and our strong-boxes with a metal $15\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy and $28\frac{1}{2}$ times as bulky as gold, proportionally to value, in order to get a worse medium of exchange, and a probably worse standard of value. Nor should we be approximating toward a better state of things. If gold is destined ultimately to be the general standard of value of all civilized nations, we must let it take its own natural value, and must allow the appreciation, if any, to tell upon the profits of mining. But the arbitrary reduction in the value of gold, involved in the present bimetallic project, would tend constantly to replace gold by silver; and unless it were desired actually to take silver as the medium of exchange, the last state of things would be worse than the first. It thus becomes plain that a bimetallic *régime* is not the means of approximating to a gold *régime*. On the contrary, it must either be a permanent *régime*, or it will sooner or later leave us with a vast stock of silver, liable to sudden depreciation, and a diminished stock of gold. In short, the project of M. Cernuschi is not a real panacea for our present troubles; it is only a mode of postponement leading to eventual aggravation.

When we turn to the *temporary* view of the subject, by which I mean the circumstances and interests of the next ten or fifteen years, the difficulties increase, chiefly because the data become wholly uncertain and contingent. The great principle of the cost of production fails us, because in the case of such durable commodities as gold and silver, the accumulated stock in hand is immensely greater than the annual production or consumption. It stands to reason, of course, that if several great nations suddenly decide that they will at all cost have gold currencies to be coined in the next few years, the annual production cannot meet the demand, which must be mainly supplied, if at all, out of stock. The result would, doubtless, be a tendency to a fall of prices. M. de

Laveleye, in one of the able articles which he is contributing to the *Indépendance Belge*, as an advocate of Cernuschiism, points to a fall of 30 per cent, which he thinks has already been occasioned by the demand for gold currency. He excites our imagination as to what may be expected to happen should Italy and other countries need gold for coining. But he omits to observe that the fall of 30 per cent. is probably due for the most part to the collapse of credit and speculation, a periodic event of which we have had many prior instances. The period of 1833 to 1844, especially, was one when no great wars and monetary operations were in progress; it was a period of active industrial and commercial progress. Yet the tables of prices given by Tooke, in his "History of Prices," and reduced in my paper on the Variation of Prices, communicated to the Statistical Society in May, 1865 (vol. xxviii. pp. 294-320), show that the average prices rose by 22½ per cent between 1833 and 1839, and fell 25 per cent between this last year and 1844. So far as I have been able to discover, this great oscillation was entirely due to the general expansion of trade and credit, and to its subsequent collapse. Like causes have certainly been in operation in the last ten or twelve years; and if, as seems probable, we are now getting round by the lapse of time to the period when trade naturally revives, experience would prevent us from imagining that the late fall of values will be continued or repeated without an intervening rise. I am far from denying that if the Italian Government decide to carry into effect M. Luzzatti's threat of buying gold at all hazards, and if the like course be taken by the United States and France, not to speak of Germany, then there might be a considerable disturbance of values for a time. But is it likely that such proceedings will be taken by rational statesmen and rational parliaments? It is really too absurd to suppose that any country will insist upon immediately having a gold currency at any cost, regardless of the fact that it will thereby injure its own trade and commerce in the getting. The position is simply this. We have had for fifty years or more an abundant currency of

gold. Italy and some other countries have a paper currency. Suddenly becoming disgusted with paper, they say that unless we consent immediately to abandon our gold to a great extent, and take silver instead, they will insist upon buying our gold from us at whatever price we like to ask for it. We have so good a currency that, unless we consent to give it up willingly, they will insist on borrowing it from us. But surely in this case possession is nine points of the law. The largest stock of gold in the world is to be found in England, and many of the great gold-producing districts are to be found in the English colonies or dependencies. If these foreign nations insist upon having gold currencies, they must pay our price for gold, and they must in raising the price benefit us and our colonies, comparatively speaking.

When we consider what are the difficulties put forward as the ground of this bimetallic crotchet, we find that they arise either out of the sudden issue and withdrawal of paper money, or else out of the efforts of certain governments to get rid of silver. If the Italians suddenly want fifteen or twenty millions of specie, it is because they allowed their specie to be replaced by paper in former years, and they now discover the evils of a variable paper currency. Germany wants gold, because Prince Bismarck and his economists recognized the soundness of the principles on which Lord Liverpool fashioned our metallic currency. But because Germany has met with a temporary check in striving after a gold standard, is there any reason that we, who have had a gold standard with little interruption since the time of Sir Isaac Newton, should throw it up at the demand of M. Cernuschi? The difficulties of France simply consist in the fact, that, having had the law of the double standard previously in operation, she suspended the action of the law as soon as it began to occasion a return of silver. If all civilized countries were to adopt the double standard, they would just be inviting the growth of a silver currency, which France, with full experience of the use of silver, has practically decided to avoid.

Much that has recently been published on this subject, including the official

text of the draft resolution to be submitted to the Conference in Paris, implies that the French law establishing the double standard was intended to act as a regulator of the values of the metals according to the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The fact, however, is that no such idea seems to have prompted the law. Gaudin, who in the ninth year of the Revolution proposed the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, did so upon the ground that this ratio was sufficiently near to that of the market values to allow coins of gold and silver to circulate side by side indifferently. In case the market ratio should alter after a time, he thought that the gold pieces could be melted and reissued. Sir Isaac Newton, again, when in 1717 he fixed the guinea at 21s., did so upon the ground that this was the closest convenient approximation to market rates. Only four months ago I quoted in the *Contemporary Review* (January, 1881, vol. xxxix. p. 73) the remarks of Cantillon upon this decision of Newton. Cantillon says:—

"It is the market price which decides the proportion of the value of gold to that of silver. On this is based the proportion which we give to pieces of gold and silver money. If the market price varies considerably, it is necessary to alter the proportion of the coins. If we neglect to do this the circulation is thrown into confusion and disorder," etc. There is, in fact, no precedent for the views now pressed upon us. It is not even proposed to accept the prevailing ratio of the markets, but by an arbitrary convention to raise up silver to the place it held in the markets before, which involves bringing down gold so as to meet it about half-way. I do not undertake to deny that if a convention were agreed upon, and carried into formal effect, it might possibly raise silver to its former price of 59*d.* per ounce. The measure is one of so novel a character that it is almost impossible to say what would or would not happen. The attempt to force silver dollars into use in the United States has entirely failed, and it might fail even under a convention. It is quite conceivable that in the United Kingdom and the colonies the scheme would be defeated by the tacit refusal of the people to accept silver legal tender. A bank or a trades-

man might try to stand upon his legal rights, but the result would be a kind of commercial "Boycotting." Some formula would probably be discovered for contracting affairs out of the Double Legal Tender Law. At present there is no law to prevent people from making contracts in terms of gold or silver bullion, or tin or copper or corn, or whatever else they like, which is capable of precise definition. Even if the law were not thus circumvented, it might still be possible to make payments in gold a point of honor.

Then, again, the perpetual maintenance of this supposed convention is the only safeguard against the most serious inconvenience to some of the parties to it. The convention would resemble a chain, the breaking of each link of which would throw an increased strain upon the other links. There exist, indeed, a good many international conventions relating to postal intercourse, extradition of criminals, copyright, and so forth; but in none of these cases would the breaking or suspension of the convention result in any ruinous consequences. There would be suspension of benefits rather than occasion of evil. But should war break out among some of the countries involved in the monetary convention, the probable effect would be to throw the mass of silver coin upon neutral nations. This might be done without any express breach of the convention, simply by the issue of paper money, a measure which we cannot pretend to consider unlikely, seeing that the chief difficulties of the present monetary situation arise out of efforts for the withdrawal of recent paper-money issues. It is true that the 8th Article of the proposed Convention enacts that "the fact of issuing or allowing to be issued paper money, convertible or otherwise, shall not relieve the State issuing it, or allowing it to be issued, from the above stipulated obligation of keeping its mints always open for the free mintage of the two metals at the ratio of 1 to $15\frac{1}{2}$." But as far as I can understand this "keeping of the mints open," it seems probable that this article would be quite nugatory in time of war. If silver were depreciated 5 or 10 per cent, paper legal tender might easily be depreciated

20 or 30 per cent, and nobody would think of coining silver to pay their debts, when they could pay them so much more cheaply with paper. The issue of paper legal tender forms then, to the best of my belief, an indirect mode of abrogating the Convention without a distinct breach of faith. No government has ever yet resisted the temptation of resorting to paper under serious stress of war, and therefore, until a wiser and better state of things is brought about in the long course of time, it would seem impossible to fulfil the first condition of the bimetallic project—the making of an indefeasible convention.

When a measure is so clearly undesirable, it is hardly needful to point out the many difficulties which would arise in its operation. But there is one which presents itself to my mind as almost insuperable—namely, the confusion which would be produced in the masses of national and other debts contracted in terms of gold money. Silver is now about 13 per cent below its old customary value, compared with gold. If, then, debts contracted formerly in gold could be paid in silver, by the option of the bimetallic system, the claims of all creditors would be endangered to this extent, and in all probability would be depreciated to half that extent. Nor would the matter be much improved by enacting that old debts should be paid in gold as contracted, because gold, being forced into a fixed par with silver, would be depreciated, say, six per cent. The adoption of the bimetallic *régime* would be a *coup d'état* affecting the value of all past monetary contracts in a degree incapable of estimation; and although such a *coup*, or almost any other *coup*, might be advisable under certain circumstances, according to the maxim, *salus populi suprema lex*, yet it would be clearly impossible to unsettle the whole monetary contracts of the British nation and the British race, to the extent of some six per cent or more, for the sake of the exceedingly problematic, if not visionary, advantages to be derived from this proposed convention.

Though it thus appears to be altogether out of the question that the English Government should contemplate

the abandonment of the gold standard, there are two or three minor measures of a temporary nature which might perhaps be adopted to relieve the disturbed relations of the precious metals. There would probably be little or no inconvenience in raising the limit of legal currency of silver coin in the United Kingdom to five pounds instead of two pounds as at present. This change would probably prove to be a merely nominal one, unless bankers and others could be induced to pay out silver coin more largely than at present. The Mint gains so handsome a profit upon the coinage of silver money at present that the opportunity might well be taken to throw as much silver into circulation as possible; but unless the habits of the people be changed it would not stop in circulation. There is, in fact, at present a very clear disinclination on the part of the public to take any larger amount of silver money than is necessary. It is an almost unknown thing in England for any tradesman to give as much as two pounds in silver change. No customer is expected to take more than ten, or at the most twenty shillings in silver, and any surplus of silver receipts is paid into the banking account, and the general balance of the district is eventually returned to the Bank of England. It is very doubtful whether Mr. Seyd's scheme of a four-shilling piece or any other scheme would overcome this fixed habit, which is moreover a reasonable habit.

It will easily be seen that in this article I do not pretend to enter into the complexities of the subject, nor to answer the numerous arguments adduced in favor of the bimetallic project. The literature and statistics of the subject are of an almost interminable extent. If any reader wants to learn what he has to read before he can be considered to have mastered this subject, let him refer to "A Partial List of Modern Publications on the Subject of Money," prepared by Mr. Horton, and printed among the Appendices to the Official American Report on the International Monetary Conference, held in Paris, in August, 1878. This volume is replete with information on the subject. But my contention is that to wade through

the interminable discussions on bimetalism is about as useful as to wander through a forest in a mist, the happiest

result of which is usually to find yourself back again at the point you started from.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE SUNBEAM IN A STORM.

AN EXTRACT FROM MRS. BRASSEY'S DIARY.

AT the beginning of October last year, we left the Sunbeam at Birkenhead, in order that sundry repairs might be executed by Messrs. Laird, and that she might be reclassified at Lloyd's. By the end of the month the work was nearly completed, and the surveyor had just examined and passed her, when one day a carpenter, engaged in caulking, lost his auger through a hole he had made. In searching for it, his fingers encountered a mass of crumbling dust, and a suspicion of dry rot immediately arose. A careful examination was made, and upon stripping off the copper it was discovered that for a depth of about six feet and a length of seventy on each side of the engine many planks were entirely and all partially rotten. It seems that these planks were all of elm instead of teak; for at the time the Sunbeam was built it had not been discovered in private establishments, though it was known in the Government dockyards, that elm is a wood that will not stand in a dry, hot atmosphere. Oddly enough, it will last long if always wet, or alternately wet and dry, but it is very liable to rot if entirely protected from moisture. The defective planks were at once replaced with teak, and the dear old Sunbeam is now as strong and as seaworthy as she ever was.

A few days before Christmas, Tom went down to Birkenhead to bring her round to Portsmouth; and a very rough time he had of it. After leaving the Mersey, he was obliged to put into Holyhead for shelter from a terrible gale, which preyented the mail steamers from crossing, and did great damage. From the foreyard of the Sunbeam one small ship was seen to founder in Holyhead Bay with all hands, while a large clipper homeward bound weathered the Skerries with the greatest difficulty. Many were the clever feats of seamanship performed by those in charge of the numerous

sailing vessels seeking to gain the shelter of the breakwater.

The next morning the Sunbeam left the harbor under sail and steam, and had just rounded the lighthouse, when a heavy sea struck her and carried away her jibboom and fore-topmast. The next day she was hove to in the British Channel, in the face of another heavy gale, and finally reached Portsmouth on Wednesday, December 29th.

Our departure for the Mediterranean had been fixed for 1.30 P.M. on Thursday, January 20th.

Tuesday, January 18th, will long be remembered by every one in England as one of the most awful days that have been known for many years. Heavy snow, driven before a fierce gale from the northeast, impeded all traffic in the streets, broke telegraph wires, stopped trains, snowed up mail-carts, and made communication everywhere difficult and in many places impossible. First of all I received a telegram from the servants, who with all our luggage had started from Normanhurst for the yacht at 5 A.M., to say that they were snowed up at Brighton. Then came one from Portsmouth, to say that the yacht had been blown from her moorings and had lost two anchors. Then one to say that the children were snowed up there, on their way from London to Brighton. Then innumerable telegrams as to things I had ordered for the yacht, which could not possibly be sent off; a message from Kindred, the sailing master, to say that he was snowed up on his way from London, and another from the children to the effect that they had got back to Park Lane safely, none the worse for their adventures, thanks to the kindness of a friend.

In the face of all these mishaps I began to despair of making a start on Thursday, though it was most important that we should do so if possible, on account of Tom's leave. Telegrams were de-

spatched to urge everybody to use their utmost efforts to get on board, and I determined to make a start myself the next day for Brighton, *en route* to Portsmouth. A way was cleared by gardeners and laborers through the deep drifts of snow near our farm gate; and, by starting an hour and a half sooner than we should have had to do in the ordinary state of things, we managed to get to Hastings station in time for the train, at the imminent risk of being upset into one or other of the deep drifts on the road. At the station we parted from our friends, and proceeded to Brighton.

Arrived at Brighton station, our difficulties began again. The streets were nearly impassable, only a narrow path being cleared in the middle of each of the principal thoroughfares; so that, besides having to crawl along at a very slow pace, it was necessary to wait every now and then at the top of some of the side streets for vehicles coming in the other direction to pass us.

Thursday, January 20th, we all proceeded straight on board, where the troubles and inconvenience caused by the snowstorm still pursued us. The decks were covered with frozen snow, and innumerable packages that had arrived at the last moment; to say nothing of a large wherry alongside, full of boxes, baskets, and barrels and tubs of salt beef and pork for the crew, all of which added to the general confusion. By three o'clock, however, the last anchor was weighed, and we were slowly gliding down the harbor. Opposite the railway pier we said farewell to our friends, and an hour later we were clear of the Spit buoy—not so very unpunctual after all, considering the numerous and unexpected difficulties we had had to contend with. Nothing but the determination to start, with or without our bag and baggage, enabled us to get off. There was a thick fog, and the air was very cold; but fortunately the fires burnt pretty well, and we were able to keep ourselves tolerably warm below.

Friday was a lovely day, with a light fair wind and a hot sun. The gentlemen walked and sat on deck without extra coats, the birds sung cheerfully, and everybody enjoyed the bright sunshine, though the wind was still some-

what cold. What a change within twenty-four hours or less! The sea was as nearly smooth as possible; and as we neared Ushant, toward evening, every one remarked what a splendid night we should have for entering the Bay—not the least sign of more wind, and the barometer rising fast. The result proved the truth of the old adage that appearances are sometimes deceptive.

By seven o'clock the breeze had freshened considerably, and we were rolling and tumbling about. The wind increased, and before dinner was over it had become impossible to sit at the table, which was flying about in the most uncomfortable manner. "Early to bed" was therefore the general order. At midnight we were all awoken by a great shock, the vessel being apparently thrown on her beam ends. A tremendous smashing and tearing noise was heard on deck, while the water poured below in torrents through the skylights and down the hatches. It was evident that there was a great deal of water on deck, and that they were far too busy there to pay much attention to us. The stewards came and did what they could to help us; but the waves seemed to break continually over the deck, and the water poured down below in such quantities that I became quite alarmed for the safety of the vessel. The nursery presented a most dismal appearance, being full of water to a considerable depth. The children were fortunately high and dry in the upper berths, and were as good as gold; while the maids did their best under very trying circumstances. So much water came through the skylight in my own cabin, in spite of covers, tarpaulins, and lashings, that I was nearly washed out of bed; and the noise it made, as it rushed from one side of the cabin to the other with the rolling of the vessel, was anything but reassuring.

Toward morning Tom came down for a few minutes, the engineers went to the pumps, and steps were taken to batten us down securely and stop the leaks. Then it was that we discovered that the clamps of the skylights—which, for the convenience of stowing sails away in the winter time, are made to lift completely on and off as well as merely to open—

had never been properly secured before the yacht left Birkenhead. The consequence was, that, when a heavy sea broke on board, the water lifted the skylights up a few inches and rushed in like a cataract. This unfortunate piece of carelessness would never have been overlooked if our invaluable "Chippy" (the carpenter) had not been laid up with a severe attack of bronchitis, and been left behind in England.

When I went along forward, I found the saloon in just as bad a state as the nursery, and from just the same cause. These little mishaps almost always happen when rough weather comes on, directly after the commencement of a fresh voyage, before the new hands have had time to settle down to their work properly.

Having described our experience below, I will now relate what was going on on deck. About twelve o'clock at night, the look-out man suddenly reported a light on the port bow, following this up by shouting out "Hard-a-star-board!" The man at the wheel, not recognizing the voice, owing to the roaring and howling of the wind, obeyed the order only too promptly, before Tom—who had noticed, what the look-out man had not seen in the blinding rain and snow, that the light was that of a steamer and not of a sailing vessel—could countermand it. The result was that, as the course was altered, and the Sunbeam came suddenly up to the wind, the press of canvas she was carrying caused her to bury herself in the sea, from which she emerged with the loss of her jibboom. Fortunately, however, the fore-topmast stood the strain, and did not follow suit, as is so often the case. Sturmer, the man who was steering, said to me afterward: "As soon as I put the helm down, ma'am, she seemed to bury herself completely in the sea. I could see and hear nothing of anybody; there was nothing but waves pouring right over her. I thought they were all washed overboard, and that no one but me was left to manage the vessel." Both watches and every available hand were on deck, reefing sails, lowering topmasts, and stowing boats. Presently another great sea came on board, filling the waist of the vessel completely, and tearing out the

bows of the big cutter that was secured on deck, and carrying away a piece of the lee rail. The poor Glance is the same boat we so nearly lost in 1877, as we were running up to Yokohama, when she was washed out of the davits in a storm.

When Saturday morning broke, matters did not mend. The gale continued, the sea ran mountains high, and got worse and worse every minute. From eight o'clock until noon was a most anxious period. Sail had been shortened, and all preparations were made to heave to; so that when it was decided that it would be better to run, there was great difficulty in getting sail enough on her in time to prevent her being pooped. Twice in quick succession were two helmsmen knocked down at the wheel, washed into the lee-scutters, and very nearly carried overboard. One man was raised by the water level with the rail, but happily kept his presence of mind, and, floating with his hands open, managed to seize a rope and so save himself. I never saw Tom look so anxious and worn-out as at this time, for he had had no rest at all since the gale commenced. Twice he took the wheel himself—up to his waist in water—to prevent her broaching-to. Once a helmsman, less experienced than the others, did allow her to broach-to; and in a moment our square sail was carried completely away, and we were very near going to the bottom altogether. Our pace was now so much diminished that the tops of the waves, which seemed to pursue us with demon-like fury, kept coming over the stern and covering the decks with water, while there was, of course, always the risk of one higher and fiercer than the rest breaking on board and filling us up altogether. However they soon managed to get the double-reefed square topsail on her (which would have been better done before, and would probably have saved the square-sail; but one can only learn by experience), and once more we were scudding away before the gale. The force of the wind may be imagined from the fact that, in spite of the delay caused by these misfortunes, and the small amount of canvas we were able to carry, we ran 315 nautical, or 360 statute, miles, in twenty-four hours,

with a heavy cross-sea running, caused by a westerly swell and an easterly gale.

It was a terribly grand sight, standing in a somewhat sheltered spot, a little forward of the deck-house, and holding on "by your eyelids," to look along the deck, especially when we mounted the crest of one of these high seas. It was really like looking down a steep precipice to watch the helmsman at the other end of the ship, so perpendicularly did the bows rise. The crest of the next wave behind seemed to be higher than the mainmast, and appeared as if it must engulf and overwhelm us completely; but, as a rule, it only raced by us, flinging some of its spray contemptuously on our deck. The tops of several, however, came over the port quarter, when the helmsman would be completely lost to sight for a few moments. The waves were black as ink, and, oh! so ugly and fierce-looking as they rushed past, turning and twisting the yacht about, and making her tremble and shiver from stem to stern. It is at such a moment as this that one loves the Sunbeam more than ever. She is so like a thing endowed with life and instinct, as she seems to shake herself free from the greedy clutches of the powerful monsters of waves, compared with which she looks so small and helpless. When you think, too, that she contains much, if not all, of what is nearest and dearest to you, and that she is doing her best to make a gallant fight of it and to carry you through safely, it is impossible not to feel that the dear little craft well merits the mixed meed of gratitude and admiration that she has won from all on board of her.

It was all terribly and fearfully exciting; for if anything had given way, all would have been over with us in a few moments. No boat could have lived in such a sea, nor would there have been any time to launch one.

Everything had now been well battened down, so that below we were free from the intrusion of more water, though it was pitch dark, very airless, and everything was so wet that it was almost impossible to find a dry corner to sit down in. Not a complaint was heard from any one, though all were undoubtedly very uncomfortable. Baby was the only very cheery one of the party, being

perfectly well and not having the least idea of danger. In fact, she was rather amused by the novelty of the scene, and the various difficulties and contrivances for overcoming them.

Sunday was much finer, and all hands were, perforce, hard at work temporarily repairing damages, shaking out reefs, and generally setting things straight; though, even when all that was possible had been accomplished, the vessel presented but a dishevelled appearance, very different from her usual smart dandy trim.

In the afternoon we were able to have service; and scarcely ever could the hymn for those at sea, "Eternal Father, strong to save," have been sung under more appropriate circumstances. I saw many of the old hands with tears in their eyes, no doubt meditating over the dangers and merciful escapes of the past two days. We have indeed much, very much, to be thankful for in having weathered the terrible storm so safely.*

Monday, January 24.—We lay to for some time in the morning to secure the wreck of the jibboom, and to reef some of the sails. The wind was pattry, and in the afternoon we got up steam.

At 8 P.M. the light on the Burlings was sighted from the mast-head, exactly three days after rounding Ushant. The barometer was falling, and from other indications we were rather afraid of a gale from the south or southwest, which, happily, did not arrive.

Tuesday, January 25.—The day began with a calm. Fires were therefore lighted, and we commenced to steam; but soon there came a breeze, with a nasty cross-sea, telling tales of the past or foreboding evil in the future. We hoped that it might be the former, as may be imagined.

At 7.45 P.M., when the wind had fallen light and we were again steaming, the fore-stay suddenly gave way with a crash. It is indeed most providential that this did not happen in the Bay a short time since, for in that case we should probably have been in as bad, or perhaps in a worse plight than the poor Wanderer, which two years ago carried away her fore-stay while crossing the Bay in a gale. Within twenty-five min-

* Gibraltar, January 26, 1881.

utes she had lost her fore and main-masts over the side—snapped off short within six feet of the deck—and was obliged to make the best of her way back to England to refit. This happened in not nearly so bad a tempest as we have just encountered. The fore-stay is one of the most important parts of the rigging of a ship, for upon it falls a great portion of the strain of keeping all the three masts in an upright position.

Wednesday, January 26.—The weather was squally and very thick. The gale from the southwest had come at last, and being on the beam it caused us to tumble about even more than we had done on Friday and Saturday, when we were running before the wind.

It was another day of anxiety for Tom, as we were sailing along a lee shore, close reefed, at a speed of nine knots, and it was impossible to see more than a few hundred yards ahead through the driving rain and mist, or to tell precisely where we were.

Some of the passengers were very miserable in their berths below, but baby, all unconscious of danger, seemed, as usual, to thoroughly enjoy the various ludicrous incidents and small catastrophes that always occur on these occasions. There was a good deal of loose water flying about, and not much room on deck, with all the boats in board. A snug place was therefore found for her, just inside the deck-house door, where, enveloped in macintoshes, she fairly screamed with delight as the men slithered and slid and fell about on the slippery decks. She thought it especially amusing when the cook opened the meat safe and a leg of mutton flew out in his face, while a large piece of beef followed suit, striking him on the chest and completely knocking

him over. The cook's boy was busily engaged at the same time in the vain pursuit of carrots, turnips, and potatoes, that broke loose from the vegetable bunkers and were floating about in the lee-scuppers, while a few poor miserable-looking draggled-tailed cocks and hens sought shelter beneath the sails and completed the picture of discomfort and confusion. One of the hen-coops had already been washed adrift, and its twelve unfortunate occupants drowned.

Cooking was rather a difficult operation, on account of the smoke being driven back into the galley by the wind coming out of the sails, and by the roll of the vessel; but, fortunately, no one was very hungry.

The gale continuing, steam was got up in case of an emergency, but soon after noon the fog lifted for a few minutes and showed us Cape Trafalgar, right ahead. The course was accordingly altered and the engines were stopped for a time.

As soon as we had sighted Tarifa, another change of course was made, the wind became more favorable, and we ceased to roll about so much. It was still, however, blowing hard, and Tom accordingly decided, after going close to Europa, to anchor at Algeciras for the night, so as to be under shelter of the land and to afford his passengers—to say nothing of himself—the opportunity of enjoying a quiet night in smooth water.

Thursday, January 27.—At 6.30 A.M. all hands were mustered, and two hours later we were anchored inside the New Mole, having thus made the passage from England, a distance of 1276 knots, in six days and three hours, 914 knots under sail and 362 under steam.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE FORTUNES OF LITERATURE UNDER THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

THE value of literature, as an art of expression, unquestionably depends upon the social conditions under which it is practised. However differently, in particular cases, the balance of in-

debtedness between the author and his age may be accounted, society does determine somewhat his mental characteristics, and still more the limits of his experience; his work is a reflex of the

social life in which he shared. If it fortunately happens that the authors and the people of a country think and feel about the same objects in ways not so dissimilar as to make them unintelligible to each other, and thus possess an essential bond of union, literature becomes an expression of national life, a permanent embodiment of the national spirit. The literature of England answers most nearly to this idea of a national literature; and therefore M. Taine, as he himself says, chose to write of it, because it best illustrates and supports his theory that a nation's life—the character and circumstances of its people and the special social movements of its successive ages—determines, by a force akin to natural law, a specific literature. If he had chosen to write of American literature, how ill would it have served his purpose! Perhaps M. Taine would reply that we in America are not a literary people, that we have no national literature, and that what literature has flourished among us is of a leaf and fibre sprung from foreign soil; in such a reply, indeed, there would be much truth.

Certainly, our literature has been, to a remarkable degree, remote from the national life. There has been but slight mutual obligation between our books and our politics or our society. Even among men of genius, who are usually more withdrawn than others from the influence peculiar to their time, and are either indifferent to them or masters over them, our men of genius seem peculiarly isolated. Their temperaments, in so far as these were the result of past human experience working secretly through the subtle channels of hereditary descent, were born of a civilization far different from our own, a civilization religious, colonial, and local, not secular, self-sustaining, and national. These men fashioned, the treasures of our literature by their own creative force and artistic instinct, with but slight obligation to their country either for the material of their work or for the knowledge of their craft. Engrossed with their own unshared powers and qualities, they stood aloof from the nation and its concerns. They set out on the eternal search for beauty and truth, guided, like all the greatest, by the elemental principles in human nature, like

voyagers on strange seas, steering by the pole star, borne on by trade wind or gulf-stream; but their ships were unfreighted with a public hope. Or—since voyagers is too venturesome a name for them—say rather, they joined the company of pure artists, who, illuminating the spirit of man rather than the spirit of their age, acknowledge the lordship of no country, but belong to the race—the men who gather within themselves, as into a star of intenser light, the scattered and obscure rays that are a lamp of beauty to the feet of every man. Amid that company how should they hear the axe ringing in the lonely wilderness of the Genesee, or catch the joy on the face of the adventurous explorer on hard-won mountain peaks, with the promised land spread out westward before him? Some unreal Hiawatha-echo did penetrate even there; some prospect of an Astoria, with its natural marvel and human hardihood (less prized than the ruinous, legend-haunted Alhambra), was caught sight of; a spell of romance was woven about the Hudson, and a mysterious beauty evoked from the wintry life of Puritan dwellers by the shores of Massachusetts Bay; but to the America present before them it is scarcely too much to say our men of genius were well-nigh deaf and blind. There is something startling in this spectacle of the gifted and trained mind absorbed in its pursuit of imaginative delight, heedless of the humble muscle which was meanwhile building up a great nation; seldom, in literary history, has there been so complete a sundering of the changeless work of men's spirits from the work of men's hands which, however transmuted, still no less endures.

Our men of genius were isolated in yet another way. Underived and solitary genius has frequently not only stimulated and delighted its contemporaries; it has gathered about itself a band of disciples, has kindled zeal, deepened conviction, hardened intellectual strength, so that on its eclipse its battle with darkness went on in the victory of younger men, men not of genius, but of culture. Among us literature has had no such continuous tradition; where the torch fell it was extinguished. Irving, it is true, had imi-

tators, who came to nothing ; but our fiction does not seem to be different because Hawthorne lived, no poet has caught the music of Longfellow, no thinker carries forward the conclusions of Emerson. These men have left no lineage. They are not connected with their countrymen even by the secondary tie of calling into being a body of literature with power to enter effectively into the nation's life, to shape the character and determine the expansion of its thought. We have not earned the right to claim these men as a national possession by any important contribution to the growth of their genius, nor have they given us that right by anything distinctively national in their work or their influence ; ushered in by Donatello and Evangelina, they find a welcome at the hearthstone of every lover of the beautiful, but, except for the accident of birth, there is little reason why the welcome should be warmer in America than in England.

Men of culture, whose work makes up the larger portion of any literature, are much indebted to circumstances and opportunity. In America they have been, as has been seen, without a literature of virile power ; they have also been without a society vigorous enough to stamp an image of itself in letters. In the days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges, the wit, sense, and malice of a cultivated society expressed themselves with such intelligence that the age, although one of high political excitement and of great consequence to the institutions and civilization of England, is yet mainly known as a literary age. The society from which American men of culture took their bent was civilized in other ways than that at Twickenham, but it was so inferior to it in its sense of the value of literature to life, in active, keen intelligence, and in consummate mastery of the art of speech, that it was incapable of any similar literary expression. The lack of such a society as the wits of Queen Anne moved in, sent our men of culture to attend in English drawing-rooms and at English dinner-tables. This resort to the old world was natural, and, indeed, inevitable. The Revolution made us an independent nation, but in literature we remained a province. At the beginning

of the century it was sneeringly, yet truly, said that the Americans let Europe make their fashions and their books for them, as if our women were without taste and our men without mind. We developed ancient English political ideas, and, with our ears intent upon the future, we put ourselves under the sway of the ideas to come, democracy and its unrevealed forces ; in literature, on the contrary, we sought neither to disestablish nor to amend the English tradition. We kept not only the unchangeable standards of good literature, but so possessed were we by the social spirit and tastes of the mother-country that we kept also the subject and the style in which the peculiarities of a nation manifest themselves if at all. Thus Irving, our first great man of letters, deriving his culture from social life abroad, taking his style from Addison and Steele, and interesting his readers in sketches of English rural life or in foreign legend, came to leave (in Mr. Lowell's phrase) "a name either English or Yankee." So, too, Ticknor, Allston, and their successors were molded by the foreign influence ; the foreign standard of education and literature became firmly established, and has not yet yielded its ground.

"You steal Englishmen's books and think
Englishmen's thought,
With their salt on her tail your wild eagle
is caught ;
Your literature suits its each whisper and
motion
To what will be thought of it over the
ocean."

What Mr. Lowell wrote of his generation has not ceased to be true of our time. To-day American authors make their reputation by English criticism, and American magazines are rivals for English pens. In these later years, however, our strongly marked national life has given rise to a domestic literature (if I may so term it) having to do with ourselves and our own concerns ; it reflects, it is true, the ruder elements of our civilization—our rough life on the border, our vulgar life abroad, our homely middle-class life in the East—and it is usually embodied in fugitive and imperfect forms, but sometimes, as in the work of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, in forms of exquisite finish.

This literature, whatever its defects, is the product of our own soil, and unsheathes a green blade of hope. In England some of it has met with a sort of criticism—as if, being American, it were absolved from old-world canons of excellence and free to indulge whatever extravagance, nonsense, or immodesty it pleases, if only a flavor of the soil be kept—that shows clearly enough that English taste is no longer definitive for us, and in this fact there is also a sign of promise. But if we except this younger and less perfect literature, it would seem that the nation has contributed but little more to culture like Lowell's, adorned by dignities and graces that are the acquirements of laborious years, than to genius like Hawthorne's, aureoled by its own effluence. If humor be left out of the account, it is broadly true that whatever is characteristically American in our men of culture as a class has been overborne, checked, blighted, deadened by the mastering spirit of the English tradition.

This state of things is, however, neither dishonorable nor disheartening. The existence of a powerful foreign influence has never proved innate and pervasive feebleness in the men who receive and assimilate it. It shows an unsatisfied craving, a need of human nature making itself imperatively known and seizing with avidity on what it requires; it shows, in a word, the incompleteness of native culture. Thus the young men of England in one age resorted to Italy, in another to France; that great age of Queen Anne was woven warp and woof, English sense, strength, and grossness with French taste, skill, manner, as well in the Court as in the literary sets; in each age the foreign influence supplemented native culture, but did not displace it; transformed and refined, but did not destroy it. The uninterrupted, though lessening, ascendancy of the English tradition in American literature indicates not only that our civilization is of English descent, and that we rightly claim a share with Englishmen in the honor of their literary past, as is too often and too boastfully said; it indicates that our national life has not provided nutriment for intellect, that our men of culture have submitted to be Anglicized as

their only resource for remedying this defect in our civilization—a defect, to adapt a phrase of Mr. Arnold, in the sense of the value of intelligence applied to literature.

This does not involve our being an illiterate people. On the contrary, we are, as a nation, anxious for literary fame. We are grateful to our men of letters. We honor their works among the noblest ornaments of the Republic. The illustrious names in our literary annals are familiar in our households and ready on our lips. The grief that was felt at Irving's death, men of his generation say, was only less than the mourning over Washington. The loss of Bryant revealed undiminished admiration for the pursuit of literature. From what does this popular feeling spring? Is it rooted in a perception of the civilizing power of literature, in an adequate comprehension of the great offices that are discharged by literature, as a mode of refined amusement, as a treasury of knowledge about the things of the mind, as a bond of sympathy with humanity, as an open access to the fellowship of the great? Something of this conception there is; but the popular desire for literary fame springs, there is too much reason to fear, from a jealous national pride, and is rooted in the thin soil of national vanity. But whatever its cause may be, this popular appreciation of success in literary pursuits encourages literature, and we are, besides, a reading people. Why, then, in spite of these two favorable conditions for literary production, are we deficient in the sense of the value of applying intelligence to literature?

The answer is obvious. In the great work of furthering civilization—that multiform and complex result of many powers working toward the one final end of harmonizing the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life—in this great work where the nations are enlisted each in the service of some few of these many powers, and make progress each along those lines which are either indispensable or most expedient for itself, it has fallen to the lot of our people to be penetrated by the value of two great ideas, and we serve these with all our strength and with all our heart; the ideas, namely,

of democracy, as a means of securing the well-being of great multitudes of men, and of the economy of labor, as a means of lessening human toil and increasing the share of material goods that the ordinary man will obtain. These two ideas, belief in the power of democracy to lift the masses into a life of larger freedom and more active intelligence, belief in the power of the utilization both of natural forces and of human ingenuity to increase the comfort of life, control our civilization, and subordinate to themselves all other ideas in which a civilizing power lies. We are not Greeks secure of our liberty and our bread and wine, interested in the things of the mind, in beauty, and wisdom; our interest, for better or worse, is to make sure the welfare of those engaged in the humble occupations of life. To this task we are irrevocably committed; in achieving it man can afford to lose much else that is also valuable.

Let us consider the influence of these two great ideas upon our literature successively. Democracy created the common schools for a public defence against popular ignorance. The common schools gave rise to a great reading class; they made us, indeed, a nation of readers. This great class is eager for information, teachable, sensible of the uses of books for amusement and instruction. It is endowed with the tastes and attached to the standards that naturally belong to a class accustomed by its democracy and Protestantism to rely above all things upon private judgment; that is, to trust decisions of which the validity is limited by a narrow experience. Curiosity is its most noticeable characteristic. It is curious to know what is going on in the world, to learn the manners and customs and the aspect of distant lands, and the events that take place in them, to understand mechanical processes, and the scientific explanation of natural phenomena; and these interests, the variety and relative force of which may be measured with considerable accuracy by the contents of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (still more by the columns of our Sunday newspapers), are unduly stimulated by the multiplicity of books consequent on modern facilities for travel, the diversity of our industrial development, and

the exhaustless variety of scientific experiment and enterprise. This great reading class is curious, too, but in a far less degree, to know biography and history; here its curiosity stops. It does not care to reflect, to generalize, to frame rational conceptions of theories, or to perfect a rule of living; in other words, it has no curiosity about ideas. The same class in France, the readers among the French people, are interested in the ideas of speculative politics; our public is indifferent to them, for it has a complacent satisfaction with our institutions as they are, and is possessed by a Conservative instinct. The ideas of rational religion, too, our public hears of, for the advocacy of them is loud-voiced and aggressive; but the public shrinks from them. It does not escape from them; they have lessened the vehemence with which hereditary ideas in religion are held, have increased tolerance, and have made men easy in holding vague notions and content with half convictions; but they have discredited religious discussion, and have failed to enter into the national life with the disintegrating and destroying power of continental rationalism. The curiosity of our public enlarges mental horizons and multiplies mental activities; but it does not penetrate to the spirit, it does not vitalize thought, or result in wisdom. It is a curiosity about facts, about concrete things, the things of the world; it is not a curiosity about the things of the mind, about ideas.

The second obvious characteristic of our great reading class is its fondness for sensation, its desire for strong, pungent, and unusual effects—the analogue of the barbarian's delight in glaring colors. An acute observer of large experience has lately told us—and any news-stand will bear out his testimony—what is the imaginative literature on which our least cultivated reading class feeds—tales of romantic adventure on the high seas, of ruffianism on the border, of impossible deeds, and ridiculous successes. But what is the case with the reading of the higher class, the class that is the best product of the common schools, that reads Dickens, Macaulay, Poe, and even, sometimes, Carlyle? Is not one reason why Dickens is more popular than Thackeray with this class

his lack of temperance which led him to caricature rather than portray, which led him at times to discolor and distort human nature? Is not one reason why Macaulay is so widely read the fact that his rhetoric deals with the raw pigments, the contrasts, exaggeration, and untruth that belong to sensationalism, and that in his hands discolor and distort history? Are not Poe's tales attractive because of the thrill they send along the nerves, the shock of surprise they give, their terror, their hideousness, their evil charm? I say nothing of the marvellous genius, too little acknowledged, by which the greatest master of fantastic romance contrived to give real and lasting interest to such monstrosities; but I think Americans must reply that the fascination of his tales over the popular mind is so great as it is, not because of his genius, but because (so to speak) he created discoloration and distortion in an unreal realm, and thereby left work as utterly false as the sensation-mongers of our lowest reading class. Carlyle is a thinker, but he is among the first to be read by that small portion of the public which has a nascent and fitful interest in the things of the mind; and he is read by them and by others of larger culture because he wields a Thor-hammer, because when he celebrates the dignity of work he is thinking of the labors of Hercules, because when he adores heroism he has in mind Valhalla warriors, because even when he exalts the virtue of silence he raises a din of words. Here, too, I say nothing of the truth that is in him, but is not one great source of his power the fact that he uses the sensational manner, that he discolours and distorts truth? These great men of letters, in whose work imagination has so large a share, hold reality with a slackened grasp, and this commends them the more to readers of imperfect culture, which is, perhaps, most surely tested by such delight in illusion as characterizes our great reading class. The taste of our public, in imaginative literature, errs by departing from the real; it also errs by departing from the beautiful. To say this is to say that our public, discontented with reality and contented with ugliness, has no conception of pure art or the attempt to

evolve the beautiful out of the real; it does not reject pure art (for the highest privilege of pure art is that it gets itself acknowledged wherever there is a spark of feeling or a ray of mind), but it does not require art to be pure. To sum up, the curiosity of our public leaves the mind too opaque to ideas, its fondness for sensation leaves the spirit too impatient of truth, too tolerant of what is gross and rude. There is little need to add that the patronage of such a public will not of itself give rise to any valuable speculative or imaginative literature.

The second great idea of which mention was made, the idea of economizing labor as a means of material progress, has developed the characteristic national virtues, resolution, enterprise, ingenuity, industry, and has wrought out vast and beneficent results. What is praiseworthy in its work is familiar to all. In respect to literature, its most obvious influence has been to lessen the amount of intelligence in the service of literature. It has had the giving of the prizes that men are prone to think the great prizes of life—riches, power, and the social consideration that comes of these; it has drafted off the intelligence of the country in pursuit of them, and has discouraged literature as it has discredited other modes of human activity. In doing this, however, it has created wealth, and one great function of wealth is the encouragement of literature. How has wealth discharged this function in America? In other countries wealth creates a body of cultivated intelligence in the community, a class of men such as Mr. Arnold addressed upon equality, and which he described: "The large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility, with an abundance among them of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste." In England this class has been built up mainly from the younger branches of the aristocracy, from the universities, and from the owners of hereditary wealth amassed in the commerce of the last two centuries. We, in America, are glad that we have no aristocracy; we are accustomed to sneer at the possessors of wealth inherited from the commerce of two or three generations ago—the blue blood; we have universities, scores and hundreds

of them, but it will be as well not to inquire how they fulfil their function of forming a body of intelligence such as Mr. Arnold describes. What is the class that our wealth has produced—not the men engaged in useful employments, but the men relieved from engrossment with business, who have opportunities for the indulgence of liberal tastes? What is the nature of this class? It is a class of seekers after material comfort, a class that satisfies the senses with no ulterior end beyond securing gratification, devoted to luxury and the display of it, a sensual class. Abroad, its members have Paris for their Mecca; their home and national goal of pilgrimage is New York.

The wealth of to-day has not given us a body of cultivated intelligence; nevertheless there is such a body among us; there are individuals, many of them, with the characteristics of the English class. They have come from the wealth of past generations, from the families of the elder clergy, and from those self-made men who have acquired liberal tastes which are either the result of a university education or the equivalent of one. But they do not constitute a distinct and coherent class. They do not naturally gravitate toward a centre like London or Paris, as the intellect of England and France gravitates. They are scattered throughout the country and among suburban towns. They have little social communication with one another. Their very ability limits their culture, for in their isolation it tempts them to indulge idiosyncrasies of taste, to be excessive here and defective there, because they lack the companionship of other equally active minds to restrain their excess and repair their deficiencies. They have no means of knitting themselves into a society, of making themselves felt as a body of intelligence ought to make itself felt. Some years ago Mr. Arnold complained that the cultivated class in England was similarly made up of isolated members who formed "no powerful body of opinion," and were "not strong enough to set a standard up to which even the journeyman work of literature must be brought if it is to be vendible." He was comparing the English class with the French Academy. But the English

class is not further removed from the French Academy in point of consistency, stability, dignity, and effective force, than our cultivated class is removed from that of England in the same respects.

Out of this deficiency results another—the lack of a body of right criticism. It is safe to assert that there are not a half-dozen organs of critical opinion in America for which a respectable author would care in the least. The habit of our critics is to give a synopsis of the work under review, to correct its errors of print or of statement, and to make it known to the world. This may be a very useful or even indispensable service, but it is not criticism. Criticism educates rather than informs. Were there among us an effective body of cultivated intelligence, it might recall and invigorate this misdirected and feeble criticism, for it is the natural office of such a body to receive impressions from the higher critics, to modify its standards of taste in consequence, and to apply these modified standards to current literature or to require their application by others. Without such a body criticism is seldom a mode of advancing excellence. There is no need to dwell upon this. Let any one compare secondary criticism abroad, its vigor of thought, its various culture, its range of information, its compass of reflection, its sense of how many different considerations limit any judgment, with secondary criticism in America, and the poverty of the latter will be only too plain. The worst mischief of all is that the great reading class is left without the restraints of higher criticism, to the mercy of its own narrow interest in ideas, and to its own false taste, and is abandoned to the license of the authors who know the trade of pleasing it too well. The people is teachable, but no teacher is found for it. Yet, in an age of stable democracy and of unstable religion, literature has a tenfold value for the people. Few realize how true it is that the time is at hand when the ideals of life must be enforced by literature, or not at all. The moral health of the community depends, in a rapidly increasing degree, upon what it reads; for this reason there are few things which thoughtful Americans need to observe

more closely than the drift of our literature toward permanently low standards.

These facts, that the main body of American literature adapts itself to the demands of an imperfectly educated public, that the cultivated class in America exerts no considerable influence upon the popular taste, and furthermore, produces no separate literature markedly its own, and, thirdly, that American criticism is so inferior as scarcely to deserve attention, will determine, in the main, the immediate future of American literature as an expression of national life. If these conditions of development continue unchanged, America must be indebted, in the next generation, to the influence of foreign taste and foreign thought upon her men of letters, and to the originative power of whatever isolated men of genius may be born to her, or else she will produce no worthy literature. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that these conditions of literary development are rivetted upon the nation. There are several forces at work to counteract the present drift. Our great reading class has created public libraries, which have for one of their highest functions the amelioration of the popular taste. The able acquirers of wealth have endowed many academic and collegiate institutions, and the West, deeply sensible of the value of education, has provided for its higher branches perhaps too generously; these seats of learning, however rude and imperfect now, will become hearths of culture. The gross, indolent, newly enriched class, if its wealth continues in the same families, is likely to give place, in the next generation, to a class of rudimentary and, in some instances, even of liberal culture. Foreign influences will, as in the past, repair the defects of native standards. Men of genius, should they arise, will work their unforeseen changes. The idea of material progress, too, must yield somewhat its commanding position, as a larger body of men acquires the means of leisure for the higher occupations and enjoyments of the mind, and thus literature, relieved from the excessive competition of business pursuits, will enlist more servants. Something may be hoped, also, from the intelligent attempt, now being

made in New England, to form a true literary taste in the children of the common schools; it is possible that such a taste may be bred into our people by means of the public school and public library—instruments equal in power to the Dionysiac Theatre, and vastly greater in their range of power. All these considerations blended together justify a larger hope than at first seemed rational; but the revolution that these influences may bring about will be slow and difficult.

I have referred with scarce intelligible brevity, to that great function of literature—the keeping alive the tradition of the ideal life. It is this function that literature in America has discharged most inadequately. Emerson and Hawthorne alone, the first in a wider, the second in a far narrower circle, have been spiritual teachers of their countrymen. This failure is a symptom of the chief danger in American social life; it seems to show that the idea of democracy will result, as its opponents have always predicted, in a debasement of the social ideal. Democracy has given to America political liberty, social equality, and a fair field for all who wish to win the prizes of life; but this is an imperfect gift. It is much to have secured these advantages; but, although they have contributed to the greater cleanliness, hopefulness, and industry of ordinary human life, there is something yet lacking. The main characteristic of the social life they have developed in this country is its homeliness; the main characteristic of the social life toward which civilization works is beauty. If democracy has exhausted its virtue in creating a homely life; if it tends to make men contented with less perfection than they are able to reach; if it results in undervaluing the best in man's nature; it is, to that extent, at war with civilization; at war with the attempt to reconcile the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life. Democracy holds the future in its fee, and will work out the destiny of the children of the masses, and decide what is to be the lot of him who is born into the world's struggle for life with only the capacities of the ordinary man; but if, in doing this, it reduces the highest to the level of the commonplace, it

is out of harmony with that natural law, hitherto approved by reason, which tends to preserve the most perfect types at the cost of the less perfect. In order to avoid such an issue it is necessary for the people to learn that political freedom, social equality, and a fair field are not all the blessings at which society should aim; that by themselves alone, they are not even the most valuable things in life, but are merely essential conditions of blessings which they make possible; it is necessary that the people should cultivate a sense of the value of other civilizing powers—beauty, literature, manners—of whatever goes to civilize the life of men's hearts and brains. The practical ideal of life, that which the ordinary man actually strives toward with hope, at least, of partial success would then be modified, and the homeliness of social life in America might then give way to the beauty of a highly civilized life. The development in America of such a highly cultivated people as were the Athenians, is as little to be hoped for as the appearance of such a highly cultivated class as were Queen Anne's men of letters; but American civilization must realize something of the Athenian ideal if it is to produce a national literature worthy of respect. For, after all is said, the defects of American literature, as an expression of the nation's life, are due, when the last analysis is made, to the social ideal; its hopes for the future depend upon the probability of a radical change in that ideal.

The fortunes of literature in America may have a value for Englishmen beyond that of an example of the influence of democratic institutions upon an important department of human activity. The English type of civilization has already been modified by the American type in several respects, and may approach it still further, perhaps most nearly in this matter of popular literature. It is a significant fact that the peculiar literature of the American public has already stolen its unnoticed way to the mother-country, as is evinced by the comparatively great circulation in England of such popular magazines as Harper's and Scribner's monthlies. It may be that, as the provincial universities become established and extend

their influence, and as the special education of women assumes more importance, the standards of culture will become more diverse and the principles of the ruling criticism will become less restraining; it is probable that the more general education of the people in the common schools will create a reading class endowed like our own, demanding a special literature on which the hold of the higher criticism will be slack almost to feebleness. It is not possible that there should be a decline in the vigor of the English genius; but perhaps, in the modification of old classes under the influence of modern life, the line of demarcation will be too sharply drawn between the middle class, of irresistible power in determining the national life, and the cultivated class in which the higher civilization survives. Two dissociated literatures may arise, one of the people, the other of real culture, but the former of vastly the greater power. It is enough to suggest such far off contingencies for whatever consideration they may meet among men who remember that popular instruction is now, more and more, by books and not by sermons, by newspapers and magazines, not by prayer and praise. Meanwhile the great fact remains, that the English race on either side the ocean has hitherto, if the whole range of life be taken into account, best solved the problem of securing the welfare of the ordinary man; the further working out of that task in England and America is of vast consequence to mankind. It may be that the social ideal is to be debased; but, if literature is worthy of its great office as spiritual teacher, if it has regenerative force, a new ideal may arise, as I believe it will; the ideal that George Sand placed before the French peasant with faith in his final accomplishment of it, the ideal of the life of that "happiest of men, who, having the science of his labor and working with his own hands, earning welfare and liberty by the use of his intelligence, shall have time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God." The fortune of literature in America, in lending little effective aid toward this result, may yet be retrieved; the fortune of literature in England, let us hope, will need no retrieving.—*Fortnightly Review*.

BABIES AND SCIENCE.

BABIES have at length attracted the eye of the savant, and have proved a fruitful object of observation and reflection, and henceforward we may expect this numerous class of the community to be held in high esteem generally. It will probably be admitted by the candid mind that the infant class has not in general commanded a large amount of respect. In point of fact, one may almost say that, just as science needed the infant as so much material for speculation, so the infant needed science to endow it with some significance in the system of things, to justify its presence here on the earthly scene, and to call forth from its elders a due amount of respectful attention and consideration. With one half of the adult population babies have of course always been recognized as an integral part of the social structure. To the feminine mind, when not too confined by selfish vanities or embittered by prolonged disappointment, the baby is apt to appear one of the most considerable interests of life. The mother, the nurse, and the sympathetic aunt appear to find an inexhaustible charm in all the events of babyhood. There is a tender beauty in its fragile form, a delightful surprisingness and mystery in all its small ways, which goes straight to the kindly heart of the sex. Yet while one sex has thus set up the baby as an object of special regard under the form of baby-worship, the other and harder sex has coldly held itself aloof from what it has chosen to consider these frivolities. Not only to the crusty bachelor uncle, even to the father himself, the arrival of a baby has commonly presented itself in anything but the light of a joyous occurrence. When congratulated by his friends on the event, he has perhaps bitten his lip as there have arisen before his mind images of a home rendered noisy and chaotic by the invasion of doctor, nurses, etc., of a wife continually preoccupied, of new doctor's bills, and so on. If given to philosophize, he might be tempted to ask what purpose is served in the economy of things by the helpless infantile condition making such large demands on the time and energies

of others. When the voice of his wife woos him to join the feminine company of baby-worshippers, he proves as hard as flint. He says that he can see nothing in this early and vegetal period of human existence to attract him, that all babies are alike, and so on—utterances which are of course shocking heresies from the mother's point of view. In short, to the male sex as a whole, the baby during the first six months of its life is apt to appear, if not something positively wrong in the arrangement of things, at least something quite unimportant which calls for no notice, and is best put out of sight as far as possible.

Now to this state of things science seems to be making an end. Women may console themselves for men's long contempt of their view of things by reflecting that the obdurate sex has at length been converted, if not by feminine arguments, to their own way of thinking. Science has become a champion of the neglected rights of infancy; it has taken a whole period of human life under its special protection. And in doing this it has constituted itself the avenger of a whole sex.

How, it may be asked, does science effect this admirable result? What arguments is she able to produce potent enough to overcome the deeply organized and seemingly hereditary contempt of babyhood by man?

The first thing that babies needed was to have their existence justified, and this service has been amply rendered them by the newer science of biology. The helplessness of the new-born child is, as we know, peculiar to the progeny of our race. The young of other species often show an extraordinary readiness to manage for themselves as soon as they see the light. The perfect equipment of the newly-hatched chick, for instance, which can straightway peck away at tiny grains of meal with as much precision as though it had passed the period of incubation in doing nothing but pecking, is something that is almost irritating to the human spectator. Even the young of higher species, as those of the familiar mammals, are able to get about and to explore their new

world in a wonderfully short time. In contrast to this the human infant begins life in the most pitiable condition of helplessness. It has to be closely tended, nourished, and even carried about for many months before it can do anything on its own account or take a single step in life.

The evolutionist has found a meaning for this apparent defect in the organization of the human offspring. He tells us that as creatures rise in the scale of organization they are called on to adapt their actions to a much wider variety of circumstances. The lower species have to go on doing the same thing over and over again, and exactly in the same way; this routine suffices for the preservation of such creatures amid the simple conditions of their existence. On the other hand, the higher species, having to adapt themselves to much more complex and changeful surroundings, are continually called on to vary their actions, and to modify their mode of life. The difference may be seen by comparing what an insect, as a bee, and what a predatory mammal, such as a fox, has to do in order to obtain its food. In the case of the bees, the surrounding conditions, namely, the presence of honey-stored flowers, being pretty uniform, all that is needed is a few sensations of sight, and a number of curious but perfectly unvarying instincts. The fox, on the other hand, having to look up his pabulum in ever-varying circumstances, having moreover to cope on occasion with all sorts of new and unforeseeable difficulties, must substitute intelligence for instinct; that is to say, must continually be consciously awake, observing, reflecting, reasoning, and voluntarily adjusting his actions to the particular new set of circumstances in which he happens to be placed at the moment.

Now this capability of adjusting actions to varying conditions is the growth of individual experience: it cannot be transmitted by inheritance. It is the result of individual learning, and presupposes a gradually accumulated store of sense-impressions, and the functions of memory and reasoning. On the physiological side this development of intelligence means the building up of complex nerve-structures in the higher centres known as the brain, such construction

proceeding in close connection with the daily exercise of the sense-organs and the muscular system. It would appear to follow then that the young of the higher and more intelligent animals will be born with these centres but very little developed. And this is what we find. The stupidity of the pup is proverbial. While the lower species which are sufficiently equipped for life by a few instincts involving relatively simple nervous arrangements come into the world in a high state of nervous development, the more complex organisms necessarily enter it in a very low stage.

And here the reader will, I trust, begin to see what all this has to do with the helplessness of infancy. Man is far removed above even the nearest species in intelligence and in cerebral power. Consequently there remains in his case very much more to be done in the way of nervous construction after the senses come into play, and individual experience begins. That is to say, we shall expect the human infant to enter life in an exceptionally backward condition of nervous development. And this is what we find. The brain of the newly-born child is, as everybody knows, very badly finished off, being not even securely encased in its protective covering, the skull. And this backward condition is seen, too, in the well-known fact that the development of the brain goes on at so rapid a rate during the first year of life. It is as though in the case of the infant all cerebral connections had to be made after birth, though they are capable of growing very rapidly when once the external stimulus is forthcoming.

The reader may here interpose: "You are only explaining all this while how it is that the new-born child is *relatively* more backward than the newly-hatched chick; that is to say, how it happens that there is so much left to be done after birth in the case of man. But you have not explained why the baby is *absolutely* worse prepared than the chick; how it is, for example, that the chick can at once walk, whereas the infant cannot." A little attention will, however, show that this result too is involved in the differences emphasized above. The muscular system is in close

organic connection with the nervous structures. Consequently, if the nervous centres are very incompletely formed at birth, we may expect the muscular apparatus to be in a poor state of preparation also. But again, the movements of the child have in general to be much more complex, variable, and more under the control of volition than those of the young of lower species; from which it follows that they have to be largely learnt in the course of individual experience, and in connection with the use of the sense-organs. In other words, there is but little room in the case of the human offspring for such rigidly fixed habits of movement as the young of some of the lower species manifest from the first. This consideration certainly holds good of the upper limbs, the arms and hands, the acquisition by which of their intricate and subtly varying actions would seem to be positively hindered by the existence of definite instinctive movements at first, and probably presupposes a greatly unformed and plastic condition of the motor apparatus at birth. And if this is so, the want of muscular power in other quarters of the organism, as in the lower limbs and neck, might be regarded as necessarily correlated with this backward condition of the arms.

If this reasoning is sound, we may understand how it came to pass that the new-born child first began to be so unable. And having once fallen to some extent into this condition of helplessness, the evolutionist helps us to understand how it might possibly be kept in this condition by the action of other forces. In order to show this, he may reason as follows. The dependent condition of the infant would call forth impulses of tendance, protection, etc., on the part of the parent; only on this condition could the family, the community, or the race be preserved. This tendance of infancy would develop the first germs of benevolent feeling, and so become the starting point in the humanizing and socializing of our nature. That is to say, through the mere habit of denying self and of attending to the wants of the unsheltered infant, the mother would come to possess the germs of altruistic sentiments, affection and sympathy. The harder male sex,

which even at this dimly imagined period in the history of the race did little in the way of tending his offspring, would of course not directly reap the advantage of this rudimentary moral development, yet through the impartial action of the laws of inheritance it might subsequently, contrary to its deserts, participate to some extent in the blessings of humane and kindly sentiments.

This being so, there being this great gain to the family and the community as a whole, through the first exercises of ministering affection in response to the urgent demands of needy infancy, the maintenance of this condition of incapacity and of dependence on others might perhaps be aided by the action of natural selection. Whether the period of infancy has been actually lengthened by this cause or not, it is a fact that it is longer in the case of civilized man than of the savage. This may be due, of course, to the same causes which explain its shorter durations. It is to be noted, however, that the development of the impulses called forth by infancy would certainly tend directly to lengthen it to some extent, by discouraging the infant's instinctive attempts to shift for himself. Where these impulses are strong the amount of pleasure attending their satisfaction is considerable. There is to the feminine mind a luxury in doing as much as possible for the needy dependent infant. And by the force of habit the impulse to tend, to watch, and to provide persists after the need of its exercise vanishes. It is said by the farmer's wife that the hen takes it very much to heart when her brood begins to disperse and go foraging for themselves. And, however this be, it is certain that there are plenty of human mothers who, through the force of habit, and for the sake of protracting the enjoyments of tendance, try to keep their children in the baby stage as long as possible. And such treatment does apparently lengthen the term of physical incapacity, since it prevents that exercise of organ which is necessary to every kind of development.

This, then, is the utterance of science. She bids all male scoffers at the trivialities of babyhood recognize in this seemingly insignificant phenomenon one of the main sources of human greatness. She says to them, this state of infantile

frailty and imbecility is causally connected with all the blessings of social life. It is these babes and sucklings which first touched the adamant heart of mankind, making it vibrate in pulsations of tenderness. Had there been no babies there would have been no higher intellectual development, no sacred ties of kinship, friendship, and co-patriotism. Nay, more, but for the appearance of the infantile condition which you rash ingrates are wont to ridicule as molluscous, gelatinous, and so on, there would have been no human race at all: and you would not have been here to criticise nature and her ways as glibly as you do.

In this way science has come to the aid of mothers and nurses by stopping the mouth of the male blasphemer of nature. She has found a *raison d'être* for infancy, redeeming the whole class of babies from the charge of being perfectly useless incumbrances. She has compelled proud man to bow in deference to the views of the other sex, and to recognize in the phenomenon of babyhood something profoundly significant, a necessary link in the chain of cosmic events.

But science has done still more than this. She has become the ally of the natural admirers of babies in their endeavor to win over the reluctant interest of men. One may almost say that she has entered into a harmless conspiracy with mothers to lure the sluggish brain of man on to perceive something of the mysterious charm that surrounds the baby. Thus she has enabled women to gain a complete triumph over the host of unholy male scoffers. Their victory is like that of our Saxon forefathers over their pagan foes, or like that of Antonio over Shylock; the defeated party is compelled to adopt the faith of the victor.

And how, it may be asked, does science effect this still more wonderful result? By what magical arts does she attract the dull male eye to the unobtrusive beauties of infancy? She does so by awakening a scientific interest in the baby. Men are too obtuse, too coarse-fibred, to feel the subtle fascination of babyhood all at once. They must be bribed by an admixture of scientific interest before they will come to

see all the lovely aspects of the object. Just as the naturalist gets to feel a kindly interest in the animals that yield him so much intellectual gratification, so the male sex may be unconsciously led on to admire and delight in the æsthetic side of Babyhood by first becoming impressed with its scientific value.

Yes, the baby has become an important object of scientific scrutiny, and in this way. The modern psychologist, sharing in the spirit of positive science, feels that he must begin at the beginning, study mind in its simplest forms before attempting to explain its more complex and intricate manifestations. This impulse to study the elementary modes of mental activity has led the psychologist to greatly extend the range of his observation. Instead of confining himself to looking into his own consciousness, he carries his eye far afield to the phenomena of savage life, with its simple ideas, crude sentiments, and naïve habits. Again he devotes special attention to the mental life of the lower animals, seeking in its phenomena the dim foreshadowings of our own perceptions, emotions, etc. Finally he directs his attention to the mental phenomena of infancy, as fitted to throw most light on the later developments of the human mind. He sees here the first beginnings of that work of construction by which all mental growth takes place. It is during the twelve months or so of infancy that the blurred mass of sensation begins to take form and to resolve itself into definite, distinguishable impressions; that these impressions begin to leave a trace or after effect in the shape of a mental image, which enters into combination with impressions in that mental state which we call perception, and which appears in a detached form as an expectation, a recollection, or a pure fancy. And it is during this same period that the foundations of the emotional structure are laid; that the simple feelings of pleasure and pain connected with the action of the vital organs and of the senses begin to combine in the forms of fear and love, anger and hope, and so on. And, finally, it is now that the activities of will first come into play, beginning to wear those tracks which will become later on the habitual lines

of action of the developed will. If, then, the psychologist could only ascertain what goes on in the mind of the infant, he would be in a position to solve many a knotty question in his science.

Infancy has a peculiar interest to the psychologist for another reason. My readers are probably aware that it has long been a matter of dispute whether the mind comes into the world like a blank sheet of paper on which experience has to write, or whether it brings with it innate dispositions, as they are called, a kind of invisible writing which contact with experience will make legible but not create. For example, it has long been asked whether the child is born with an instinctive moral tendency to distinguish right and wrong actions, or whether this distinction is wholly impressed on it from without, by help of the experiences of punishment, etc., connected with the discipline of early life. Now it seems obvious that, if there are such innate dispositions, intellectual and moral, they ought to be observable in a germinal form in the first stages of life. And since we can only be certain of the existence of any innate or inherited element by discovering that something appears in the course of mental development which cannot be accounted for by the individual's own previous experience, it follows that it is of the utmost consequence to the psychologist to note and record the first phases of mental history. To give an example, if the baby smiles in response to a smile long before experience and reflection can have taught it the practical value of winning people's smiles, there is clearly an argument for those who would say that we are born with an instinctive germ of sociality and sympathy.

If the psychologist is an evolutionist, and interested in studying the history of human development as a whole, the infant will attract his regards in another way. It is a doctrine of biology that the development of the individual roughly epitomizes that of the race; that is to say, exhibits the main phases of this development on a small scale. If this is so, the study of infant life may be well fitted to suggest by what steps of intellectual and moral progress our race has passed into its present state. The attentive eye may thus find in seemingly meaningless little

infantile ways hints of remote habits and customs of the human race.

Science having thus declared the infant to be a valuable phenomenon for observation, there has of late grown up among the class of scientific fathers the habit of noting and recording the various proceedings of the infant. Men who previously never thought of meddling with the affairs of the nursery have been impelled to make periodic visits thither in the hope of eliciting important psychological facts. The tiny occupant of the cradle has had to bear the piercing glance of the scientific eye. The psychological papa has acquired a new proprietary right in his offspring; he has appropriated it as a biological specimen. This new zeal for psychological knowledge has taken possession of a number of my acquaintance. These are mostly young married men to whom the phenomenon of babyhood has all the charm of newness, and who import a youthful enthusiasm into their scientific pursuits. Their minds are very much taken up with their new line of study. If you happen to call on one of them expecting to find him free for a chat, you may, to your amazement, catch him occupied in the nursery with trying to discover the preferences of the three-months' fledgling in the matter of colors, or watching the impression which is first made on the infant mind by the image of its own face in the glass. And, even when not actually employed in his researches, it will be found that his mind tends to revert to his engrossing study; and so all your attempts to engage him in conversation on matters of ordinary interest are apt to be frustrated.

These researches have been carried on amid various difficulties. On the part of the infant himself there is often a provoking want of responsiveness to the observer's wishes. Instead of showing himself bright, active, and suggestive at the moment when the studious parent happens to be free to make his observations, the youngster is stupid and dull, or, worse still, in a state of violent emotional agitation. Then there are difficulties on the part of the self-constituted guardians of the baby. The mother, if she is good-natured and sensible, smiles at the new interest which her lord and

master deigns to take in his progeny. She is very well satisfied to see that the despised baby has won any kind of notice from him, and enjoys a sense of triumph in watching the unwonted concern which he displays for its well-being. Yet the wife may easily become a formidable obstacle in the way of his researches. Her way of looking at babies unfits her from entering very cordially into the scientific vein. She rather dislikes their being made the objects of cold intellectual scrutiny and unfeeling psychological analysis. And she is apt to make a determined stand when the rash enthusiast for science proposes to introduce the experimental method as superior to that of passive observation. To suggest a series of experiments on the gustatory sensibility of a small creature aged from twelve to twenty-four hours is likely to prove a shock even to the more strong-minded class of mothers. And when it is proposed to exercise the youngster's ocular muscles so as to discover how soon he is able to follow a moving object, the proposer is pretty certain to hear of risks of a life-long squint, and so on.

If, on the other hand, as is not unlikely, the mother herself gets in time infected with the scientific ardor of the father, she may prove rather more of an auxiliary than he desires. Her maternal instincts impel her to regard her particular infant as phenomenal in an extra-scientific sense. She is accordingly on the look-out for remarkable infantile feats, and is disposed to ascribe to her baby a preternatural degree of intelligence. Finding that her husband is occupied in noting the various steps in the mental development of the child, she naturally brings all her supposed observations to him. And here arises a difficulty. Trained himself in habits of accurate observation, familiar with the common practice of confusing fact and inference, a practice especially common in the region of psychological observation, he is compelled to suspect the accuracy of these recitals. Yet he can hardly, in this case, tell his own wife that she is an inaccurate observer, for to do so would be not only to injure her feeling of self-respect, but violently to assault her most tender maternal feelings.

Again, the nurse may prove even a more invincible obstacle to these researches than the mother. Her dominion in the matter of babies is necessarily large, and if she takes exception to the father's line of research, she may succeed in effectually barricading the cradle against his scientific approaches. And it is not at all unlikely that she will strongly object to his plans. A nurse is apt to be deeply imbued with the conviction that babies are women's affair, and that men have their own business to attend to outside the nursery. Though she expects the father to notice his child and make much of its good points, for such praises are always felt by the nurse, in a vague, unreasoning way, to reflect glory on herself, she is not prepared for his taking any serious practical interest in her *protégé*. And then this habit of psychological inspection goes very much against the grain of your prejudiced, old-fashioned nurse. There is something uncanny in all this trying to get at the mysteries of the infant mind; it looks like an unhallowed prying into things which are above human comprehension and ought to be accepted as matters of faith. Woe to the scientific father if he perseveres in his inquiries in the face of such opposition as this. His reputation will certainly be blasted in the eyes of at least one honest creature.

Nevertheless, in spite of these many difficulties, the work of accurately recording the psychical phenomena of infancy has already been carried out with considerable perseverance and method. An English journal which devotes itself to the interests of mental science has recently published a number of notes made by industrious fathers on the doings of their infants. A distinguished naturalist set the example by giving a curiously methodical record of the early mental development of one of his sons. And in France and in Germany we hear of similar results of this spirit of inquiry on the part of scientific men who happen to be provided with the necessary objects of observation.

I have just been fortunate enough to come into possession of a document containing the results of such a series of observations made by a father on his first boy. The paper contains not only a number of facts, but also some curious

suggestions on the meaning of the facts. My readers may be interested in knowing more about these researches on the infant mind, and accordingly I shall conclude this account of the present relations of science to infancy by quoting from this document a few facts and suggestions by way of illustrating the method which is pursued by this class of paternal psychologists.

I may begin my sketch of the early history of this boy by remarking that he appears to be an exemplary infant—healthy, good-natured, and given to that infantile way of relieving the pressure of his animal spirits which is, I believe, known as crowing. Not believing in the classifications of temperament adopted by the physiologists of a past age, the father forbears describing his temperament. Also, not being a phrenologist, he has omitted to take elaborate measurements of his cranium. For my lady readers I may add that he seems, at least by his father's account, to be a good-sized, chubby little fellow, fair and rosy in tint, with bright blue eyes, and a limited crop of golden hair of an exceptionally rich, I don't know how many carat gold, hue; also, last and not least, that he boasts of the name of Clifford. The early pages of the record do not, I must confess, yield any very striking observations. For the first few days Master Clifford appears to have been content to vegetate like other babies of a similar age. Although a bonny boy, he began life in the usual way—with a good cry; though we now know, on scientific authority, that this being a purely reflex act consequent on the first action of the air on the organ of respiration, has not the deep significance which certain pessimistic philosophers have attributed to it. Science would probably explain in a similar way a number of odd facial movements which this baby went through on the second day of his earthly career, and which were highly suggestive of a cynical contempt for his new surroundings.

Yet, though content in this early stage to do little but perform the vegetal functions of life, the infant comes endowed with a nervous system and organs of sense, and these are very soon brought into active play. According to this record, the sense of touch is the first to

manifest itself.* Even when only two hours old, at a period of life when there is certainly no sound for the ear and possibly no light for the eye, Clifford immediately clasped the parental finger which was brought into the hollow of its tiny hand. And this seems to agree with the doctrine laid down by evolutionists—a doctrine hinted at by Aristotle—that the special senses, sight, hearing, etc., are modifications of touch, and evolved by fine differentiations of the tactual surface.

The march of infantile intellect during the second, third, and fourth days appears in the case now considered to have been exceedingly rapid. On the second day there was observed by Clifford's papa a distinct movement of the head in response to sound. On this same day the previously futile attempts to bring the two eyes into harmonious action were crowned with a measure of success, and they were observed to converge for an instant on the father's face, if held invitingly near. By the fourth day the command of the eye was far greater, and now it was possible to notice the effect of an object in attracting the organ in a particular direction, if not too far from that of the point previously looked at. Not for some days later, however, could one see any capability of following a moving object with the eye. The powers of movement generally made rapid progress during these four days, since it is recorded that on the fourth day Clifford, having clasped his father's finger, made what was apparently an abortive effort to carry it to his mouth. The father judiciously abstains from doing more than hint at the possibility of this being a survival of a deeply-organized cannibal instinct. The fact that infants carry everything to their mouths seems to point either to the presence of some primitive omnivorous instinct, or what seems at least equally reasonable, to the fact that the lips are a part of the organ of touch, and indeed among the most highly endowed parts of the organ, which may have been used in conjunction with the hands in the earlier stages of the development of

* Taste, as involved in the necessary act of taking nourishment, is probably at first hardly differentiated from touch.

the race much more extensively than now.

For the first weeks the baby lives in a very confined world. Clifford at least, was supremely indifferent to the existence of everything lying beyond certain narrow limits of space. Even his own papa appeared to cease to exist for him as soon as he moved a yard or two away. One is disposed to guess that, if at this time of life the infant were capable of forming the idea of an external world, he would attribute persistence to an exceedingly small number of objects. He appears to lead very much the life of a stationary hydra, which knows of nothing save what accidentally comes within the narrow sweep of its tentacles.

About the sixth week, however, these limits are broken through. The development of sensibility on the part of the eye and the ear, and the growth of the power of movement, tend greatly to expand the universe for our little spectator. The appearance of a power of recognizing the direction of sounds and moving the eyes and head in conformity therewith is one of the most considerable events of infancy, worthy to be ranked, perhaps, with the acquisition of the power of walking. For now the infant mind comes to learn that things may exist when not actually seen, and arrives at some vague idea of what happens when objects pass for a time outside the range of the senses altogether.

While the range of knowledge of external things is thus widening, its depth is rapidly increasing too. The attainment of the respectable figure of eight weeks by Clifford appears to mark a point in the intimate knowledge of things within the sphere of his observation. The senses were now brought into lively action, the intervals between the exercise of the vegetal functions sleeping and feeding became longer, and there was a noticeable progress toward the calm attitude of contemplation which becomes the rational animal. Clifford now attentively regarded not only any foreign object, such as his mamma's dress, which happened to be within sight, but also the visible parts of his own organism. In the ninth week of his existence he was first surprised in the act of surveying his own hands. Why he should at this particular moment have

woke up to the existence of objects which had all along lain within easy reach of the eye, is a question which has evidently great exercised the father's ingenuity. He hints, but plainly in a half-hearted, sceptical way, at a possible dim recognition by the little contemplator of the fact that these objects belong to himself, forming, indeed, the outlying portion of the Ego. He also asks whether the child, through a development of the sense of beauty, may have suddenly recognized something of that exquisite modelling of his tiny members on which his fond mother is wont to enlarge. But here the observer appears to be indulging in an unscientific vein of levity.

Psychologists are now agreed that our knowledge of the properties of material objects is largely obtained by means of touch and movement. This is borne out by the observations made on Clifford at this period of his existence. While viewing things about him he actively manipulated them. The organs of sight and touch worked indeed in the closest connection. Thus our little visitor was no mere passive spectator of his new habitat; he actively took possession of his surroundings: like the Roman general, he at once saw and conquered. From the eighth to the tenth weeks his manual performances greatly improved in quality, and the power of combining, or, as the psychologists now say, co-ordinating impressions made on the eye with movements of the arms, was rapidly developed. "When," writes the father, "Clifford was seventy-six days old, I first saw distinctly the putting forth of the hand with the definite purpose of reaching an object. Previously to this I had watched him carefully to see how far he could direct the hand to an object held near him. I had tried him with a variety of attractive objects, such as my hand, scraps of colored paper, and so on. These he regarded very attentively, and this habit of attention had manifestly grown of late. Among the objects which attracted him was his mamma's dress, which had a dark ground with a small white flower pattern. On this memorable day Clifford's hand came by accident in contact with one of the folds of his dress lying over the breast. Immediately, it seemed to strike him for the first time

that he could *reach* an object, and for a dozen times or more he repeated the movement of stretching out his hand, clutching the fold, and giving it a good pull, very much to his own satisfaction."

While on this subject of manual exploration, I had better perhaps say a word or two about the later developments of the power of directing the hands. Clifford was one hundred and thirty-three days or nineteen weeks old when he acquired the power of carrying an object (a biscuit) to his mouth. It should be added that the father had been somewhat restricted in this experiment by the authorized guardians of the infant. A thing which was noticeable in this feat was the rapid increase in the precision of the movement. The aiming, from being awkward, soon became exact. What was still more noticeable was that when the biscuit was afterward held a little further away, the boy distinctly leaned forward so as to reach it with his mouth. This was the first time he had been noticed to bend his body forward, though he had often been invited to do so by the father's holding out his arms to take him, and so on. The movement looked perfectly instinctive, and quite unsuggested by accidental experiences such as that by which the movement of stretching out the arm was discovered.

The culmination of this power of reaching visible objects was noticed when he was just six months old. The father then held an object a few inches beyond the reach of his arm; the astute little fellow made no movement. But as soon as the object was brought just within the sweep of his arm, he stretched forth his hand to seize it. The experiment was repeated and varied, new and unfamiliar objects being selected, and so on, and always with the same result. Clifford had now learned to interpret what Bishop Berkeley calls "visual language" so far as to recognize what amount of convergence of the two eyes answered to the *Ultima Thule* of his tangible world.

Let us now go back to the eighth and following weeks. The growing habit of looking at, reaching, and manually investigating objects, soon leads to the accumulation of a store of materials for the construction of those complex mental actions which we call perceptions.

And often-repeated impressions, more and more clearly distinguished and classified, become the basis of definite acts of recognition. The first object that is clearly recognized by a conscious attention is the face of the mother. In the case of Clifford, the father's face was apparently recognized about the eighth week—at least the youngster first greeted his parent with a smile about this time—an event, I need hardly say, which is recorded in very large and easily legible handwriting. The occurrence gives rise to a number of odd reflections in the parental mind. His belief in the necessary co-operation of sight and touch in the early knowledge of material objects leads him to observe that Clifford's manual experience of his face, and more particularly of the bearded chin, has been extensive, an experience which, he adds, has left its recollection in his own mind, too, in the shape of a certain soreness. He then goes on to consider the meaning of the smile. "I cannot," he writes, "be of any interest to him as a psychological student of his ways. No, it must be in the light of a bearded plaything that he regards my face." Further observation bears out this argument by going to show that this recognition is not individual but specific; that it is simply a recognition of one of a class of bearded people; for when a perfect stranger also endowed with the entertaining appendage presents himself, Clifford wounds his father's heart by smiling at him in exactly the same way. Here the diary goes off into some abstruse speculations about the first mental images being what Mr. Galton calls generic images—speculations into which we need not follow the writer.

There is a yet higher intellectual power displayed about the same time in the germ of distinct anticipation. The moment when the baby mind first passes from the sight of his bottle to the imagination of the blisses of prehension and deglutition—a moment which appears to have been reached by Clifford in his tenth week—marks an epoch in his existence. It is plain that he can now not only perceive what is actually present to his senses, but shape representative images of what is absent. This is the moment at which, to quote from the parent's

somewhat high-flown observations on this event, "mind rises above the limitations of the actual, and begins to shape for itself an ideal world of possibilities."

The above may perhaps serve as a sample of the observations made on the intellectual development of this privileged child. I will now pass on to quote a remark or two on his emotional development. I may add that the record of this phase of Clifford's early mental life is certainly the most curious part of the document, containing many odd speculations on the course of primitive human history.

The father remarks very early in the diary that the expression of pain or distress in general appears plainly to precede that of pleasure. Crying, of the conscious or really miserable sort, takes place long before smiling or even cooing. This, remarks our observer, probably points to the fact that in the history of the race the need of making known pains and wants was the more urgent, and so was the one to be first satisfied.

Coming now to the particular feelings which have to do with others, it is noteworthy that the earliest feeling to manifest itself is that of antagonism or anger. At least, remarks the father, this was true in the case of Clifford's sister, who, when bidden at the outset of life to do her duty in accepting the nutriment provided by nature, showed all the signs of passionate wrath. The first traceable germ of sympathy—the fellow-feeling which binds men together—appeared in Clifford's case in the eighth week in the shape of responsive cooing sounds when coaxed and comforted by the usual vocal appliances. The chronicler remarks on the fact of the much later appearance of scolding noises, and from this passes to speculations as to the period in human history when men began to exercise power and coercion over one another. There is, I may add, a touch of Rousseau-like sentiment in these remarks.

As to the emotions excited by physical objects, it is an exceedingly difficult thing, in the case referred to, to determine their precise nature. The feeling of wonder at what was new in the environment was a matter of common everyday observation. Among the ob-

jects which first excited a special interest and a prolonged effort of attention were pictures of very unequal degrees of artistic value. Clifford got into the way of taking special note of one or two bits of gaudy coloring when only six weeks old. In these it seemed to be partly the brightness of coloring in the painting or frame, partly the reflections of objects in the glass covering which attracted him. Other things which appeared to give him repeated and endless enjoyment of a quiet sort were the play of sunlight on the wall of his room, the reflection of the shooting fire-flame sent back by the glass covering the pictures, the swaying of trees, and so on. He soon got to know the locality of some of his favorite works of art, and to look out expectantly, when taken into the right room, for his daily show.

Much of this attention was evidently pleasurable: the bright light and the movement stimulated the growing sense, and gave the first crude enjoyment of beauty. The effect of the piano, which, though it made him cry the first time he heard it, afterward quieted and delighted him, goes to prove the existence of such a rudimentary æsthetic sense. Yet this feeling of wonder was not always pleasurable. Novelty has its limit of agreeableness for the baby as for the adult mind, and too sudden a change in familiar surroundings is apt to be disconcerting and even distressing. Thus, when just twelve weeks old, Clifford was quite upset by his mother donning a red jacket in place of the usual flower-spotted dress. He was just proceeding to take his breakfast when he noticed the change, at the discovery of which all thoughts of feasting deserted him, his lips quivered, and he only became reassured of his whereabouts after taking a good look at his mother's face.

Even when the new object is not thus a rupture of the familiar, its strangeness may affect the infantile mind sadly. Clifford was often remarked by his father drawing a deep sigh after a prolonged inspection of something particularly mysterious, as the face of a clock, or the play of the reflection of the fire-flame. Wonder has its two bifurcating lines of development; it may pass into glad excitement, into an impulse of joyous worship, showing itself in smiles and

cooings, or into oppressive awe or fear. In Clifford's case it was noticeable that the same object would produce now the one, now the other effect, according to his condition.

Not only so—and here, says our chronicler, we come to the interesting point—a very few weeks would make all the difference in the effect of the same objects. For example, a not very alarming doll belonging to Clifford's sister, after having been a pleasant object of regard suddenly acquired for him, when he was nearly five months old, a repulsive aspect. Instead of talking to it and making a sort of amiable deity of it as heretofore, he now shrieked when it was brought near. And there seems to have been nothing in his individual experience which could account for this sudden accession of fear. And, similarly, strangers who, as I have observed, once were impartially greeted with a hospitable smile, began about the same time (in his sixth month) to appear in a very disagreeable light.

These observations led Clifford's father to long speculations as to the inheritance of certain feelings. Thus he hints that the special interest taken by his child in reflections may be a survival of the primitive feeling respecting the second selves or ghosts of things which anthropologists, as Mr. E. B. Tylor and Mr. Herbert Spencer, tell us was first developed in connection with the phenomena of reflected images, shadows, etc. Yet he evidently feels a difficulty here, since Clifford somewhat provokingly remains supremely indifferent to his own reflection in the glass. He goes on to ask whether the fear called forth by the doll and the face of strangers at a certain stage of the child's development, is not clearly due to an instinct now fixed in the race by the countless experiences of peril in its early, pre-social Ishmaelitic condition.

Among other feelings displayed by the young Clifford was that of amusement at what is grotesque and comical. When only four or five months old he was accustomed to watch the antics of his sister, an elfish being given to flying about the room, screaming, and other disorderly proceedings, with all the signs of a sense of the comicality of the spectacle. So far as the father could judge,

this sister served as a kind of jester to the baby monarch. He would take just that distant, good-natured interest in her foolings that Shakespeare's sovereigns took in the eccentric unpredictable ways of their jesters.

I will not run the risk of wearying the reader by following the diary into the record of the early stages of the development of will. This is less rich and full than the other parts. After all, the "will" in this early stage of existence seems to be nothing but a sort of occult metaphysical "will to live" about which we have recently heard so much. What we mean by an orderly will is developed out of a number of instinctive impulses aided by recollection and intelligence. These instinctive impulses come into play in the first months of babyhood, and the chronicle of Clifford's achievements contains some curious facts on this head. To select but one, the observant father calls attention to the fact that, while the impulse to seize objects manifested itself, as we have seen, when he was eleven weeks old, the impulse to relinquish showed itself considerably later. Thus, after he had first succeeded in carrying the nipple of his bottle to his mouth, his action failed of its object through the want of an impulse on the part of the hand to relax the grasp. And the first deliberate act of throwing away an object of which he had become tired did not occur till some months later. This fact leads the chronicler to go off into a somewhat cynical vein of reflection on the grasping propensities of the race.

I will conclude this fragmentary sketch of Clifford's early mental development by remarking that when twenty-seven weeks old he began to articulate sounds quite spontaneously. Up to this time he had had some understanding of sounds, for he would turn to the well-known lithograph recently given us by the enterprising publishers of the *Graphic*, when the words "cherry ripe" were spoken. But his own powers of vocal execution were of the scantiest. His vocabulary may be said to have been confined to vowel sounds ranging from the broad *ā* to a cockney *ow*, that is to say *ā-ōō*. But now he suddenly be-thought himself to extend his range of articulation, and within twenty-four

hours lit on the important additions "da! da!" and "ba! ba!" Here, then, we may take our leave of him, fairly on his way to become a rational animal, distinguished from all inferior creatures by the possession of a system of signs or a language.

I leave this transcript from the diary of a psychological observer to produce its own proper effect on the minds of my readers. They may not, perhaps, altogether share in the worthy parent's estimate of the importance of these researches. Some of them, particularly among the mothers, who have had their own field of inspection, may be disposed to regard certain of his observations as trite and commonplace. Others, again, of the cynical bachelor class, may think that they discover now and again

traces of weak paternal sentiment, mingling with and adulterating the pure ore of scientific curiosity. And, finally, sober people may find some of the social speculations put forward in the record far-fetched if not absurd. However this may be, I feel I have done my task in letting them know something of the nature of the new fashion in the domain of psychological inquiry. Whatever the *scientific* worth of the results so far obtained, nobody but a cynical contemner of all human tenderness will doubt the *ethical* importance of an occupation which is so well fitted to soften the sex which nature has not taken the same pains to mollify that we have seen her take in the case of the other half of our race.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TRACT XC. AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

MY DEAR —: After I had taken my degree, and before I re-entered upon residence as fellow, my confidence in my Oxford teachers underwent a further trial. I spent some months in Ireland in the family of an Evangelical clergyman. I need not mention names which have no historical notability. My new friends were favorable specimens of a type which was then common in Ireland. The Church of England was becoming semi-Catholic. The Church of Ireland left Catholicism to those to whom it properly belonged. It represented the principles of the Reformation. It was a branch of what Mr. Gladstone has called the Upastree of Protestant ascendancy. Mr. — and the circle into which I was thrown were, to begin with, high-bred and cultivated gentlemen. They had seen the world. Some of them had been connected with the public movements of the time. O'Connell was then in his glory. I heard Irish affairs talked of by those who lived in the midst of them. A sharp line of division among the people distinguished the Protestants from the Catholics. The Protestants were industrious and thriving. Mendicancy, squalor, and misery went along

with the flocks of the priest, whether as cause or effect of their belief, or in accidental connection with it, I could not tell. The country was outwardly quiet, but there were ominous undertones of disaffection. There were murders now and then in the mountains, and I was startled at the calmness with which they were spoken of. We were in the midst of the traditions of 1798. My friend's father had been attacked in his palace, and the folios in the library bore marks of having been used to barricade the windows. He himself spoke as if he was living on a volcano; but he was as unconcerned as a soldier at his post, and so far as outward affairs went he was as kind to Catholics as to Protestants. His outdoor servants were Catholics, and they seemed attached to him, but he knew that they belonged to secret societies, and that if they were ordered to kill him they would do it. The presence of exceptional danger elevates characters which it does not demoralize. There was a quiet good sense, an intellectual breadth of feeling in this household, which to me who had been bred up to despise Evangelicals as unreal and affected was a startling surprise. I had looked down on Dissent-

ers especially, as being vulgar among their other enormities; here were persons whose creed differed little from that of the Calvinistic Methodists, yet they were easy, natural, and dignified. In Ireland they were part of a missionary garrison, and in their daily lives they carried the colors of their faith. In Oxford, reserve was considered a becoming feature in the religious character. The doctrines of Christianity were mysteries, and mysteries were not to be lightly spoken of. Christianity at — was part of the atmosphere which we breathed; it was the great fact of our existence, to which everything else was subordinated. Mystery it might be, but not more of a mystery than our own bodily lives and the system of which we were a part. The problem was to arrange all our thoughts and acquirements in harmony with the Christian revelation, and to act it out consistently in all that we said and did. The family devotions were long, but there was no formalism, and everybody took a part in them. A chapter was read and talked over, and practical lessons were drawn out of it; otherwise there were no long faces or solemn affectations; the conversations were never foolish or trivial; serious subjects were lighted up as if by an ever-present spiritual sunshine.

Such was the new element into which I was introduced under the shadow of the Irish Upas-tree; the same uniform tone being visible in parents, in children, in the indoor servants and in the surrounding society. And this was Protestantism. This was the fruit of the Reformation which we had been learning at Oxford to hate as rebellion and to despise as a system without foundation. The foundation of it was faith, the authority the Holy Scripture, which was supposed to be verbally inspired; and as a living witness, the presence of Christ in the heart. Here, too, the letter of the word was allowed to require a living authentication. The Anglo-Catholics at Oxford maintained that Christ was present in the Church; the Evangelicals said that he was present in the individual believing soul, and why might they not be right? So far as Scripture went they had promises to allege for themselves more definite than

the Catholics. If the test was personal holiness, I for my own part had never yet fallen in with any human beings in whose actions and conversations the spirit of Christ was more visibly present.

My feelings of reverence for the Reformers revived. Fact itself was speaking for them. Beautiful pictures had been put before us of the mediæval Church which a sacrilegious hand had ruthlessly violated. Here on one side we saw the mediæval creed in full vitality with its fruits upon it which our senses could test; on the other, equally active, the fruits of the teaching of Luther and Calvin. I felt that I had been taken in, and I resented it. Modern history resumed its traditionary English aspect. I went again over the ground of the sixteenth century. Unless the intelligent part of Europe had combined to misrepresent the entire period, the corruption of Roman Catholicism had become intolerable. Put the matter as the Roman Catholics would, it was a fact impossible to deny, that they had alienated half Europe, that the Teutonic nations had risen against them in indignation and had substituted for the Christianity of Rome the Christianity of the Bible. They had tried, and tried in vain, to extinguish the revolt in blood, and the national life of modern England had grown up out of their overthrow. With the Anglo-Catholics the phenomena were the same in a lighter form. The Anglo-Catholics too had persecuted so far as they dared; they too had been narrow, cruel, and exclusive. Peace and progress had only been made possible when their teeth were drawn and their claws pared, and they were tied fast under the control of Parliament. History, like present reality, was all in favor of the views of my Evangelical friends.

And if history was in their favor so were analogy and general probability. Mediæval theology had been formed at a time when the relations of matter and spirit had been guessed at by imagination, rather than studied with care and observation. It was now well known that mind acted on mind and body upon body. If ideas reached the mind through the senses, it was by method and sequence which, if it could not be fully understood, yet so far as experi-

ence went was never departed from. The Middle Ages, on the other hand, believed in witchcraft and magic. Incantation could call up evil angels and control the elements. The Catholic theory of the sacraments was the counterpart of enchantment. Outward mechanical acts, which except as symbols had no meaning, were supposed to produce spiritual changes; and spoken words to produce, like spells, changes in material substance. The imposition of a bishop's hands conferred supernatural powers. An ordained priest altered the nature of the elements in the Eucharist by consecrating them. Water and a prescribed formula regenerated an infant in baptism. The whole Church, it was true, had held these opinions down to the sixteenth century. But so it had believed that medicine was only efficacious if it was blessed; so it had believed that saints' relics worked miracles. Larger knowledge had taught us that magic was an illusion, that spells and charms were frauds or folly. The reformers in the same way had thrown off the notion that there was anything mysterious or supernatural in the clergy or the sacraments. The clergy in their opinion were like other men, and were simply set apart for the office of teaching the truths of religion. The sacraments were symbols, which affected the moral nature of those who could understand them, as words, or pictures, or music, or anything else which had an intelligible spiritual meaning. They brought before the mind in a lively manner the facts and principles of Christianity. To regard them as more was superstition and materialism. Evangelicalism had been represented to me as weak and illiterate. I found it so far in harmony with reason and experience, and recommended as it was by personal holiness in its professors, and general beauty of mind and character, I concluded that Protestantism had more to say for itself than my Oxford teachers had allowed.

For the first time, too, among these good people I was introduced to evangelical literature. Newton and Faber had given me good reasons when I was a boy for believing the Pope to be the man of sin; but I had read nothing of evangelical positive theology—and books

like the "Pilgrim's Progress" were nothing less than a revelation to me. I do not mean that I could adopt the doctrine in the precise shape in which it was presented to me, that I was *converted*, or anything of that kind; but I perceived that persons who rejected altogether the theory of Christianity which I had been taught to regard as the only tenable one, were as full of the spirit of Christ, and had gone through as many, as various, and as subtle Christian experiences as the most developed saint in the Catholic calendar. I saw it in their sermons, in their hymns, in their conversation. A clergyman, who was afterward a bishop in the Irish Church, declared to me that the theory of a Christian priesthood was a fiction; that the notion of the Sacraments as having a mechanical efficacy irrespective of their conscious effect upon the mind of the receiver was an idolatrous superstition; that the Church was a human institution, which had varied in form in different ages, and might vary again; that it was always fallible; that it might have bishops in England and dispense with bishops in Scotland and Germany; that a bishop was merely an officer; that the apostolical succession was probably false as a fact—and, if a fact, implied nothing but historical continuity. Yet the man who said these things had devoted his whole life to his Master's service, thought of nothing else, and cared for nothing else.

The opinions were of no importance in themselves; I was, of course, aware, that many people held them; but I realized now for the first time that clergymen of weight and learning in the Church of England, ordained and included in its formularies, could think in this way and openly say so, and that the Church to which Newman and Keble had taught us to look as our guide did not condemn them. Clearly, therefore, if the Church equally admitted persons who held the sacramental theory, she regarded the questions between them as things indifferent. She, the sovereign authority, if the Oxford view of the Church's functions was correct, declared that on such points we might follow our own judgment. This conclusion was forced home upon me, and shook the confidence which I had hitherto contin-

ued to feel in Newman. It was much in itself, and it relieved me of other perplexities. The piety, the charity, the moral excellence in the circle into which I had been thrown were evidences as clear as any evidence could be of a living faith. — If the Catholic revivalists were right, these graces were but natural virtues, not derived through any recognized channel, uncovenanted mercies, perhaps counterfeits, not virtues at all, but cunning inventions of the adversary. And it had been impossible for me to believe this. A false diamond may gain credit with eyes that have never looked upon the genuine gem, but the pure water once seen cannot be mistaken. More beautiful human characters than those of my Irish Evangelical friends I had never seen, and I have never seen since. Whatever might be the "Notes of the Church," a holy life was the first and last of them; and a holy life, it was demonstrated plain to me, was no monopoly of the sacramental system.

At the end of a year I returned to Oxford. There had been a hurricane in the interval, and the storm was still raging. Not the University only, but all England, lay and clerical, was agitating itself over Tract XC. The Anglican Church had been long ago described as having a Catholic Prayer-book, an Arminian clergy, and Calvinistic Articles. When either of the three schools asserted itself with emphasis the others took alarm. Since the revolution of 1688 Church and clergy had been contented to acquiesce in the common title of Protestant; by consent of high and low the very name of Catholic had been abandoned to the Romanists; and now when a Catholic party had risen again, declaring that they and they only were true Church of England men, the Articles, not unintentionally, had been thrown in their teeth. All the clergy had subscribed the Articles. The Articles certainly on the face of them condemned the doctrines which the revivalists had been putting forward; weak brothers among them were beginning to think that the Articles had committed the Church to heresy, and that they ought to leave it. There were even a few who considered that their position was not so much as honest. I recollect the Professor of Astronomy saying to

me about this time that the obligation of a Tractarian to go to Rome was in the ratio of his intellectual obtuseness. If he was clever enough to believe two contradictory propositions at the same time, he might stay in the Church of England; if his capacity of reconciliation was limited, he ought to leave it. It was to soothe the consciences of these troubled spirits that Tract XC. was written. As their minds had opened they had recognized in the mass, in purgatory, in the authority of tradition, in infallibility of councils, doctrines which down to the schism had been the ancient faith of Christendom. The Articles seemed distinctly to repudiate them; and if they were true the body which rejected them could be no authentic branch of the Church Catholic. Newman undertook to remove this difficulty. He set himself to "minimize" what the Articles said, just as in later years he has "minimized" the decree of Papal infallibility. He tells us that he cannot understand a religion which is not dogmatic; but he too finds tight-lacing uncomfortable, and though he cannot do without his dogma, it must mean as little as possible for him. He argues, in the first place, that the Articles could not have been intended to contradict the canons of the Council of Trent, as was popularly supposed, because they had been composed several years before those canons were published or the Council itself completed. Secondly, that they were directed not against Catholic doctrines, but against the popular abuses of those doctrines. They condemned "masses;" they did not condemn the mass. They condemned the Romish doctrine of Purgatory; but the Romish was not the Greek, and there might be many others. Finally, the Articles were legal documents, and were to be interpreted according to the strict meaning of the words. We do not interpret an act of Parliament by what we know from other sources of the opinions of its framers, we keep to the four corners of the act itself. Newman said that we had as little occasion to trouble ourselves with the views of individual bishops in the sixteenth century.

The English mind does not like evasion; and on its first appearance the

Tract was universally condemned as dishonest. Very good people, my Irish friends among them, detested it, not for the views which it advocated, but as trifling with truth. I could not go along with them, partly because it had become plain to me that, little as they knew it, they themselves had at least equally to strain the language of the Baptismal Service, and of one of the three absolutions; partly because I considered Newman's arguments to be legally sound. Formulas agreed on in councils and committees are not the produce of any one mind or of any one party. They are compromises in which opposing schools of thought are brought at last to agree after many discussions and alterations. Expressions intended to be plain and emphatic, are qualified to satisfy objectors. The emphasis of phrases may remain, but the point emphasized has been blunted. The closer all such documents are scrutinized the more clear becomes the nature of their origin. Certainly, if the Catholic theory is correct, and if the Holy Spirit really instructs mankind through the medium of councils, and therefore through decrees which have been shaped in a manner so human, one can but wonder at the method that has been chosen. It seems like a deliberate contrivance to say nothing in seeming to say much, for there are few forms of words which cannot be perforated by an acute legal intellect. But as far as Tract XC. was concerned public opinion, after taking time to reflect, has pronounced Newman acquitted. It is historically certain that Elizabeth and her ministers intentionally framed the Church formulas so as to enable every one to use them who would disclaim allegiance to the Pope. The English Catholics, who were then more than half the nation, applied to the Council of Trent for leave to attend the English Church services, on the express ground that no Catholic doctrine was denied in them. The Council of Trent refused permission, and the petitioners, after hesitating till in the defeat of the Armada Providence had declared for the Queen, conformed (the greater number of them) on their own terms. They had fought for the Crown in the civil wars; they had been defeated, and since the revolution had no longer existed as a

theological party. But Newman was only claiming a position for himself and his friends which had been purposely left open when the constitution of the Anglican Church was formed.

But religious men do not argue like lawyers. The Church of England might have been made intentionally comprehensive three centuries ago, but ever since 1688 it had banished Popery and Popish doctrines. When the Catholics were numerous and dangerous, it might have been prudent to conciliate them; but the battle had been fought out since, and a century and a half of struggles and conspiracies and revolutions and dethroned dynasties were not to go for nothing. Compromise might have dictated the letter of the Articles, but unbroken usage for a hundred and fifty years had created a Protestant interpretation of them which had become itself authoritative. Our fathers had risked their lives to get rid of Romanism. It was not to be allowed to steal into the midst of us again under false colors. So angry men said at the time, and so they acted.

Newman, however, had done his work. He had broken the back of the Articles. He had given the Church of our fathers a shock from which it was not to recover in its old form. He had written this Tract, that he might see whether the Church of England would tolerate Catholic doctrine. Had he waited a few years, till the seed which he had sown could grow, he would have seen the Church unprotestantizing itself more ardently than his most sanguine hope could have anticipated, the squire parsons of the Establishment gone like a dream, an order of priests in their places, with an undress uniform in the world, and at their altars "celebrating" masses in symbolic robes, with a directory to guide their inexperience. He would have seen them hearing confession, giving absolution, adoring Our Lady and professing to receive visits from her, preaching transubstantiation and purgatory and penance and everything which his Tract had claimed for them; founding monasteries and religious orders, washing out of their naves and chancels the last traces of Puritan sacrilege; doing all this in defiance of courts of law and Parliaments and bish-

ops, and forcing the authorities to admit that they cannot be interfered with. It has been a great achievement for a single man; not the less so that, although he admitted that he had no right to leave the Church in which he was born unless she repudiated what he considered to be true, he himself would not even pause to discern whether she would repudiate it or not.

But Newman, though he forbids private judgment to others, seems throughout to retain the right of it for his own guidance. He regarded the immediate treatment of the message which he had delivered as the measure of his own duty. His convictions had grown slowly on himself; they were new to the clergy, unpalatable to the laity, violently at variance with the national feelings and traditions. Yet the bishops were expected to submit on the spot, without objection or hesitation, to the dictation of a single person; and because they spoke with natural alarm and anxiety, his misgivings about the Catholicity of the Church of England turned instantly into certainties, and in four years carried him away over the border to Poperly.

It is evident now, on reading Newman's own history of his religious opinions, that the world, which said from the beginning that he was going to Rome, understood him better than he then understood himself, or, perhaps, than he understands himself now. A man with so much ability would never have rushed to conclusions so precipitately merely on account of a few bishops' charges. Excuses these charges might be, or explanations to account for what he was doing; but the motive force which was driving him forward was the overmastering "idea" to which he had surrendered himself. He could have seen, if he had pleased, the green blade of the Catholic harvest springing in a thousand fields; at present there is scarcely a clergyman in the country who does not carry upon him in one form or other the marks of the Tractarian movement. The answer which he required has been given. The Church of England has not only admitted Catholic doctrine, but has rushed into it with extraordinary enthusiasm. He might be expected to have recognized that his im-

patient departure has been condemned by his own arguments. Yet the "Apologia" shows no repentance nor explains the absence of it. He tells us that he has found peace in the Church of Rome, and wonders that he could ever have hoped to find it in the English Communion. Very likely. Others knew how it would be from the first. He did not know it; but if the bench of bishops had been as mild and enduring as their present successors, it would have made no difference.

Newman was living at Littlemore, a village three miles from Oxford, when I came back from Ireland. He had given up his benefice, though still occasionally preaching in St. Mary's pulpit before the University. He was otherwise silent and passive, though his retirement was suspected, and he was an object of much impertinent curiosity. For myself he was as fascinating as ever. I still looked on him—I do at this moment—as one of the two most remarkable men whom I have ever met with; but I had learnt from my evangelical experiences that equally good men could take different views in theology, and Newmanism had ceased to have exclusive interest to me. I was beginning to think that it would be well if some of my High Church friends could remember also, that opinions were not everything. Many of them were tutors, and tutors responsible for the administration of the University. The discipline was lax, the undergraduates were idle and extravagant; there were scandalous abuses in college management, and life at the University was twice as expensive as it need have been. There were plain duties lying neglected and unthought of, or, if remembered at all, remembered only by the Liberals, whom Newman so much detested. Intellectually, the controversies to which I had listened had unsettled me. Difficulties had been suggested which I need not have heard of, but out of which some road or other had now to be looked for. I was thrown on my own resources, and began to read hard in modern history and literature. Carlyle's books came across me; by Carlyle I was led to Goethe. I discovered Lessing for myself, and then Neander and Schleiermacher. The "Vestiges of the Natural

History of Creation," which came out about that time, introduced modern science to us under an unexpected aspect, and opened new avenues of thought. As I had perceived before that the evangelicals could be as saint-like as Catholics, so now I found that men of the highest gifts and unimpeached purity of life could differ from both by whole diameters in the interpretation of the same phenomena. Further, this became clear to me, that the Catholic revival in Oxford, spontaneous as it seemed, was part of a general movement which was going on all over Europe. In France, in Holland, in Germany intellect and learning had come to conclusions from which religion and conscience were recoiling. Pious Protestants had trusted themselves upon the Bible as their sole foundation. They found their philosophers and professors assuming that the Bible was a human composition—parts of it of doubtful authenticity, other parts bearing marks on them of the mistaken opinions of the age when these books were written; and they were flying terrified back into the church from which they had escaped at the Reformation, like ostriches hiding their heads in a bush.

Yet how could the Church, as they called it, save them? If what the philosophers were saying was untrue, it could be met by argument. If the danger was real, they were like men caught in a thunderstorm, flying for a refuge to a tree, which only the more certainly would attract the lightning. Catholics are responsible for everything for which Protestants are responsible, plus a great deal besides which Protestants rejected once as lies, and the stroke will fall where the evidence is weakest. Christianity, Catholic and Protestant alike, rests on the credibility of the Gospel history. Verbal inaccuracies, if such there be, no more disprove the principal facts related in the Gospels than mistakes in Lord Clarendon's history of the Rebellion proves that there was never a Commonwealth in England. After all is said, these facts must be

tested by testimony, like all other facts. The personal experiences of individuals may satisfy themselves, but are no evidence to others. Far less can the Church add to the proof, for the Church rests on the history, not the history on the Church. That the Church exists, and has existed, proves no more than that it is an institution which has had a beginning in time, and may have an end in time. The individuals of whom it is composed have believed in Christianity, and their witness is valuable according to their opportunities, like that of other men, but this is all. That the Church as a body is immortal, and has infallible authority antecedent to proof, is a mere assumption like the tortoise in the Indian legend. If the facts cannot be established, the Catholic theory falls with the Protestant; if they can, they are the common property of mankind, and to pile upon them the mountains of incredibilities for which the Catholic Church has made itself answerable, is only to play into the hands of unbelievers, and reduce both alike to legend.

Still, the reaction was a fact, visible everywhere, especially in Protestant countries. The bloody stains on the Christian escutcheon were being painted over. The savage massacres, the stake at Smithfield, and the Spanish Auto da fé, the assassinations and civil wars and conspiracies on which we had shuddered as children were being condoned or explained away. Hitherto it had been strenuously denied that the Oxford movement was in the direction of Rome; it was insisted rather that, more than anything else, Tractarianism would tend to keep men away from Rome. No Protestant had spoken harder things of the Roman see and its doings than Newman had, and I was still for myself unable to believe that he was on his way to it; but the strongest swimmers who are in the current of a stream must go where it carries them, and his retirement from active service in the Church of England showed that he himself was no longer confident.—*Good Words.*

THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
 Pass, followed one with love and each with wonder :
 The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder,
 Clothed with loud words and mantled with the might
 Of darkness and magnificence of night ;
 And one whose eye could smite the night in sunder,
 Searching if light or no light were thereunder,
 And found in love of loving-kindness light.
 Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire
 Still following Righteousness with deep desire
 Shone sole and stern before her and above,
 Sure stars and sole to steer by ; but more sweet
 Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,
 The light of little children, and their love.

The Athenæum.

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

No. II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NOBODY ever wrote a dull autobiography. If one may make such a bull, the very dulness would be interesting. The autobiographer has *ex officio* two qualifications of supreme importance in all literary work. He is writing about a topic in which he is keenly interested, and about a topic upon which he is the highest living authority. It may be reckoned, too, as a special felicity that an autobiography, alone of all books, may be more valuable in proportion to the amount of misrepresentation which it contains. We do not wonder when a man gives a false character to his neighbor, but it is always curious to see how a man contrives to present a false testimonial to himself. It is pleasant to be admitted behind the scenes and trace the growth of that singular phantom which, like the spectre of the Brocken, is the man's own shadow cast upon the colored and distorting mists of memory. Autobiography for these reasons is so generally interesting, that I have frequently thought with the admirable Benvenuto Cellini that it should be considered as a duty by all eminent men ; and, indeed, by men not eminent. As every sensible man is exhorted to make his will, he should also be bound to leave

to his descendants some account of his experience of life. The dullest of us would in spite of themselves say something profoundly interesting, if only by explaining how they came to be so dull—a circumstance which is sometimes in great need of explanation. On reflection, however, we must admit that autobiography done under compulsion would be in danger of losing the essential charm of spontaneity. The true autobiography is written by one who feels an irresistible longing for confidential expansion ; who is forced by his innate constitution to unbosom himself to the public of the kind of matter generally reserved for our closest intimacy. Confessions dictated by a sense of duty, like many records of religious experience, have rarely the peculiar attractiveness of those which are prompted by the simple longing for human sympathy. Nothing, indeed, in all literature is more impressive than some of the writings in which great men have laid bare to us the working of their souls in the severest spiritual crisis. But the solemnity and the loftiness of purpose generally remove such work to a rather different category. Augustine's "Confessions" is an impassioned meditation upon great religious and philosophical questions which only condescends at intervals to autobiographical detail. Few books, to

descend a little in the scale, are more interesting, whether to the fellow-believer or to the psychological observer, than Bunyan's "Grace Abounding." We follow this real pilgrim through a labyrinth of strange scruples invented by a quick brain placed for the time at the service of a self-torturing impulse, and peopled by the phantoms created by a poetical imagination under stress of profound excitement. Incidentally we learn to know and to love the writer, and certainly not the less because the spiritual fermentation reveals no morbid affectation. We give him credit for exposing the trial and the victory simply and solely for the reason which he alleges; that is to say, because he really thinks that his experience offers useful lessons to his fellow-creatures. He is no attitudinizer, proud at the bottom of his heart of the sensibility which he professes to lament, nor a sanctimonious sentimentalist simulating a false emotion for purposes of ostentation. He is as simple, honest, and sound-hearted as he is tender and impassioned. But these very merits deprive the book of some autobiographical interest. It never enters his head that anybody will care about John Bunyan the tinker, or the details of his tinkering. He who painted the scenes in *Vanity Fair* could have drawn a vivid picture of Elstow and Bedford, of Puritanical preachers and Cromwellian soldiers, and the judges and gaolers under Charles II. Here and there, in scattered passages of his works, he gives us graphic anecdotes in passing which set the scene before us vividly as a bit of Pepys's diaries. The incidents connected with his commitment to prison are described with a dramatic force capable of exciting the envy of a practised reporter. But we see only enough to tantalize us with the possibilities. He tells us so little of his early life that his biographers cannot make up their minds as to whether he was, as Southey calls him, a "blackguard," or a few degrees above or below that zero-point of the scale of merit. Lord Macaulay takes it for granted that he was in the parliamentary, and Mr. Froude thinks it almost proved that he was in the Royalist army. He tells us nothing of the death of the first wife, whose love seems to have raised him from black-

guardism: nor of his marriage to the second wife, who stood up for him so bravely before the judges, and was his faithful companion to the end of his pilgrimage. The book is therefore a profoundly interesting account of one phase in the development of the character of our great prose-poet; but hardly an autobiography. The narrative was worth writing, because his own heart, like his allegorical Mansoul, had been the scene of one incident in the everlasting struggle between the powers of light and darkness, not because the scene had any independent interest of its own.

In this one may be disposed to say Bunyan judged rightly. The wisest man, it is said, is he who realizes most clearly the narrow limits of human knowledge; the greatest should be penetrated with the strongest conviction of his own insignificance. The higher we rise above the average mass of mankind, the more clearly we should see our own incapacity for acting the part of Providence. The village squire, who does not really believe in anything invisible from his own steeple, may fancy that he is of real importance to the world, for the world for him means his village. "P. P. clerk of this parish" thought that all future generations would be interested in the fact that he had smoothed the dog's-ears in the great Bible. A genuine statesman who knows something of the forces by which the world is governed should have seen through the humbug of history. He should have learnt the fable of the fly and the chariot wheel, and be aware that what are called his achievements are really the events upon which, through some accident of position, he has been allowed to inscribe his name. One stage in a nation's life gets itself labelled Cromwell, and another William Pitt; but perhaps Pitt and Cromwell were really of little more importance than some contemporary P. P. This doctrine, however, is considered, I know not why, to be immoral, and to smack of fatalism, cynicism, jealousy of great men, and other objectionable tendencies. We are in a tacit conspiracy to flatter conspicuous men at the expense of their fellow-workers, and he is the most generous and appreciative who can heap the greatest number of superlatives

upon growing reputations, and add a stone to the gigantic pile of eulogy under which the historical proportions of some great figures are pretty well buried. We must not complain, therefore, if we flatter the vanity which seems to be the most essential ingredient in the composition of a model biographer. A man who expects that future generations will be profoundly interested in the state of his interior seems to be drawing a heavy bill upon posterity. And yet it is generally honored. We are flattered perhaps by this exhibition of confidence. We are touched by the demand for sympathy. There is something pathetic in this belief that we shall be moved by the record of past sufferings and aspirations as there is in a child's confidence that you will enter into its little fears and hopes. And perhaps vanity is so universal a weakness, and, in spite of good moralizing, it so strongly resembles a virtue in some of its embodiments, that we cannot find it in our hearts to be angry with it. We can understand it too thoroughly. And then we make an ingenious compromise with our conscience. Our interest in Pepys's avowals of his own foibles, for example, is partly due to the fact that while we are secretly conscious of at least the germs of similar failings, the consciousness does not bring any sense of shame, because we set down the confession to the account of poor Pepys himself. The man who, like Goldsmith, is so running over with jealousy that he is forced to avow it openly, seems to be a sort of excuse to us for cherishing a less abundant stock of similar sentiment. This is one occult source of pleasure in reading autobiography. We have a delicate shade of conscious superiority in listening to the vicarious confession. "I am sometimes troubled," said Boswell, "by a disposition to stinginess." "So am I," replied Johnson, "but I do not tell it." That is our attitude in regard to the autobiographer. After all, we say to ourselves, this distinguished person is such a one as we are; and even more so, for he cannot keep it to himself. The conclusion is not quite fair, it may be, when applied to the case of a diarist like Pepys, who, poor man, meant only to confide his thoughts to his notebooks. But it applies more or less to

every genuine autobiographer—to every man, that is, who has deliberately written down a history of his own feelings and thoughts for the benefit of posterity.

The prince of all autobiographers in this full sense of the word—the man who represents the genuine type in its fullest realization—is undoubtedly Rousseau. The "Confessions" may certainly be regarded as not only one of the most remarkable, but as in parts one of the most repulsive books ever written. Yet, one must add, it is also one of the most fascinating. Rousseau starts by declaring that he is undertaking a task which has had no precedent, and will have no imitators—the task of showing a man in all the truth of nature, and that man himself. How far he is perfectly sincere in this, or in the declaration which immediately follows, that no one of his readers will be able to pronounce himself a better man than Jean Jacques Rousseau, is a question hardly to be answered. The avowal is at any rate characteristic of the true autobiographer. It reflects the subtle vanity which, taking now the guise of perfect sincerity, and now that of deep humility, encourages us to color as highly as possible both our vices and our virtues as equally entitling us to the sympathies of mankind: that strange and Protean sensibility which we are puzzled to classify either as an excessive craving for admiration, or a mere morbid desire for self-abasement. Certainly in Rousseau it sometimes shows itself in a shamelessness which it is very hard to forgive unless we will admit the ambiguous and well-worn plea of partial insanity. The pleasure—always, it must be granted, a very questionable one—of recognizing our own failings in our superiors, passes too often into sheer disgust or shuddering horror at the spectacle of genius grovelling in the mire. But Rousseau represents an abnormal development of all the qualities of his class; and this, the ugliest amongst the autobiographic instincts, is hardly developed out of proportion to the rest. And, therefore, if we cannot quite forgive, we are not altogether alienated. We read, for example, one of those amazing confessions of contemptible meanness which makes us wonder that human fingers could commit them to paper; the story of his

casting the blame of a petty theft upon an innocent girl, to her probable ruin ; of his desertion of his friend lying in a fit on the pavement of a strange town ; of the more grievous crime of his abandonment of his own children to the foundling hospital. How can any interest survive in the narrator except that kind of interest which a physiologist takes in some ghastly disease ? It would be a libel upon ourselves to suppose that we see the reflections of our own hearts in such narratives, or that we can in any degree take them as an indirect flattery to our own superiority. Such an emotion may conceivably be present in some other passages. When, for example, we read how, on the death of a dear friend, Rousseau confesses to one who loved them both that he derived some pleasure from the reflection that he should inherit an excellent black coat. He may perhaps be giving to us the sort of satisfaction which we derive from a keen maxim of Rochefoucauld. We recognize the truth—painful though it may be in itself—that some strand of mean and selfish feeling may be interwoven with genuine regret ; and we may reconcile ourselves by interpreting it as a proof that some of the sentiments for which we have blushed are not inconsistent with real kindness of heart. We may smile still more harmlessly at the quaint avowal of absurdity when Rousseau decides that he will test the probability of his future fate by throwing a stone at a tree trunk. A hit is to mean salvation, and a miss, damnation. He chooses a very big trunk very close to him, succeeds in hitting it, and sets his mind at rest. We may congratulate ourselves without malice on this proof that men of genius may indulge in very grotesque follies. A student of human nature may be grateful for a frank avowal now and then of the “ fears of the brave and follies of the wise.” But how can we justify ourselves in point of taste—to say nothing of morality—at not shrinking back from the more hideous avowals of downright depravity contained in this strange record which is to convince us that none among the sons of men can claim superiority to Rousseau ?

The answer is not so far to seek. One leading peculiarity of Rousseau, the great prophet of sentimentalism, is that

exaltation of the immediate sensation at the expense of hard realities which is the mark of all sentimentalism. He can enjoy intensely, but cannot restrain a single impulse with a view to future enjoyment. He can sympathize keenly with immediate sufferings, but shrinks from admitting that indulgence may be the worst cruelty. His only rule of life is to give free play to his impulses. All discipline is tyranny. Education is to consist in stimulating the emotions at the expense of the reason. And, therefore, facts in general are on the whole objectionable and inconvenient things. Your practical man is merely a wheel in a gigantic machinery, for ever grinding out barren results and never leaving himself time for the pure happiness of feeling. He would abolish space and time to make one dreamer happy. Dreamland is the only true reality. There facts conform to feeling instead of crushing it out of existence. There we can be optimists ; see virtue rewarded, simplicity honored, genius appreciated, and the substance of happiness pursued instead of its idle shadows—external show, and hard-won triumphs that pall in the fruition. Nothing is more characteristic of this tendency than the passage in which he describes the composition of the “ *Nouvelle Héloïse*.” The impossibility, he says, of grasping realities cast him into the land of chimeras : seeing nothing in existence which was worthy of his delirium, he nourished it in an ideal world which his creative imagination soon peopled with beings after his own heart. He was in love—not with an external object, but with love itself ; he formed out of his passionate longings those beautiful, unreal, high-strung beings, whose ecstasies and agonies kept fine ladies sitting up all night in forgetfulness of balls and assemblies, and which now, alas ! have faded, as unreal things are apt to fade, and become rather wearisome and slightly absurd. Facts revenge themselves upon the man who denies their existence ; and poor Rousseau did not escape the inevitable Nemesis. His follies and his crimes sprang from this fatal habit of sacrificing everything to the immediate impulse ; his reveries seduced him into the region of downright illusions ; and his optimism—by a curious,

but not uncommon inversion—became the strongest proof of his actual misery. He found realities so painful that he swore that they must be dreams; as dreams were so sweet, that they must be the true realities. "All men are born free," as he says in his famous sentence; "and men are everywhere in chains." That is the true Rousseau logic. Everything must be right in some transcendental sense, because in an actual sense everything is wrong. We say that men take a cheerful or a doleful view of the universe according to the state of their own lives; but sometimes the reverse seems to hold good. It requires, it would seem, unusual buoyancy of spirits to endure the thought that the world is a scene of misery; and the belief in its happiness is sometimes the attempt of the miserable man to reconcile himself to his lot. Anyhow, Rousseau had learnt this dangerous lesson. He suffered from a morbid appetite for happiness; his intense longing for enjoyment stimulated an effeminate shrinking from the possibility of the crumpled rose-leaf. He identifies himself with the man who left his mistress in order to write letters to her. The absent—in this sense—have no blemishes. And this is true of the past as of the distant. Foresight, he says, always spoils his enjoyment; the future is pure loss to him; for to look forward is always to anticipate possibilities of evil. He lives entirely, as he says elsewhere, in the present; but in a present which includes the enjoyment of the past pleasures. "Not heaven itself upon the past has power," and we can nowhere be absolutely safe except in brooding over the moments of happiness which have survived by reason of their pleasantness.

This is part of the charm of the "Confessions." Finding no pure enjoyment in the present, he says, he returned by fits to the serene days of his youth. He chewed the cud of past delight, and lived again his life to the Charmettes. Hence sprang the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," placed among the scenery of his early youth and constantly reviving real experiences. He apologizes for giving us the details of his youth; but the apology is clearly needless. He gives what he delights in. His youthful memories grow brighter as the

later become effaced; the least facts of that time please him, because they are of that time. He remembers the place, the people, the time; the servant moving in the room, the swallow entering the window, the fly settling on his hand while he writes his lesson; he trembles with pleasure as he recalls the minutest details—and we feel the reflection of his delight. Indeed this is one secret of most autobiography. There is something touching in those introductory fragments which are so common in biographies. The old man, we see, has been enticed to write a book by the charm of the first chapter. He tells us with eager interest the story of his early days; he remembers the village school and his initiation into the alphabet, or calls up the sacred vision of the mother whose figure still stands out amid the mists of memory; but as he reaches the point where the light of common day blends with the romantic coloring of childhood, his hand fails, and he sums up the remainder of his history, if he has the courage to continue, in a few barren facts and dates. The phenomenon recurs again and again and leaves us to infer, according to our tastes, that infancy is the time of real happiness, or that the appearance of happiness always belongs to the distant. Rousseau tries to explain it in his own case. He long remained a child, he says; objects always made less impression upon him than their memories; and as all his ideas were images, the first engraved were the deepest, and the later rather blended with them than effaced them.

To explain Rousseau's power over his generation, and even his strongest interest for us, we should require to add other considerations. Rousseau's dreams, in fact, were not those of the mystic or of the poetical philosopher. If he cared, in one sense, very little for facts, it was because the past and the present overpowered the future. He could not cut himself apart from the world, as some meditative minds have done who live by choice in the region of abstract speculation. His temperament was too sensuous, his sympathies with those around him too keen, to permit him to find a permanent refuge in the gorgeous but unsubstantial world of poetic imagery. His senses bound him fast

to realities as upon a rock on which he was always struggling impatiently and spasmodically. It is in the vicissitudes of this struggle that the interest of his personal story consists. For it leads him to find that solution which has been preached in one form or other by so many moralists in all ages, and which had a special meaning for the society of his day. Ancient philosophers said that the great secret of life is in placing your happiness in things which depend upon ourselves, and not in things which are at the mercy of circumstance. Happiness, says a modern prophet, is to be found by lessening your denominator, not by increasing your numerator; by restricting your wants, not by multiplying your enjoyments. The great illusion of life is the childish fancy that you can get the moon by crying for it, instead of learning that the moon is beyond your reach. You must learn the great secret of renunciation. Rousseau's version of this doctrine was given with an intensity of conviction which moved the hearts of his contemporaries; and the "Confessions" are a kind of continuous comment upon the text. Are we, it may be asked, to take the ascetic view—to admit that happiness is impossible in this life, and to seek future blessedness by mortifying the affections which seek for present gratification? No, Rousseau would say; happiness is everything; to get as much enjoyment out of life as we possibly can is the one conceivable end of a human being. Nobody could be a more thorough hedonist. Then, should we seek for happiness in active life devoted to some absorbing ambition, or rather in courting those lofty emotions or those intellectual tastes which are the fruit of a thorough cultivation of all our faculties? No, again; for active life means weariness and disappointment, and exchange of substance for vain shadows; and the more men are cultivated, the more sophisticated and unreal become their lives, and the less their real powers of enjoyment. Then should we be Epicureans of the vulgar type, and give ourselves up to the indulgence of animal appetites? That, again, though Rousseau sometimes falls into perilous approximation to that error in practice, is as far as possible from his better mind. Nobody, in

fact—and it is the redeeming quality in his life—could set a higher value upon the simple affections. A life of calm domestic tranquillity—the idyllic life of unsophisticated country villages, of regular labor, and innocent recreation—is the ideal which he sets before his generation with all the fervor of his eloquence. That he made a terrible mess of it himself is undeniable; it is equally undeniable that the praises of domestic life come with a very bad grace from the man who sanctioned the worst practices of a corrupt society by abandoning his own children, though he tries to represent even that amazing delinquency as a corollary from his principles; and it must also be admitted that his Arcadia has too often the taint of sentimental unreality. But the doctrine takes a worthier form, not only in those passages of his speculative writings which manifest his deep sympathy with the poor and simple crushed under an effete system of social tyranny, but in the many passages of the "Confessions" where he recalls his brief approximations to a realization of his dreams. He might claim to have found "love in huts where poor men lie;" and to have been qualified by experience for recognizing the surpassing beauty of simple happiness. That is the secret charm of those eloquent passages to which the jaded fine ladies and gentlemen of his days turned again and again with an enthusiastic sympathy which it would be grossly unjust to set down as mere affectation. Such, for example, is his description of the delicious strolls by his beloved Lake of Geneva, where every scene was redolent of youthful associations; where he seemed to be almost within reach of that sweet tranquil life which was yet for him but a vanishing mirage; and where alone he declares that he might obtain perfect happiness, if he had but a faithful friend, a loving wife, a cow, and a little boat. He smiles sadly enough at the simplicity which has frequently led him to that region in search of this imaginary bliss, and at the contrast between the dream and the reality. Even in Paris he could grasp a like phantom. Here with his half-idiotic Theresa (who had, however, the heart of an angel), he found perfect happiness for a time. He pictures himself sitting

at the open window, the sill forming his table, for a frugal supper; looking down upon the street from the fourth story, and enjoying a crust of bread, a few cherries, a bit of cheese, and a bottle of wine. Who, he exclaims, can feel the happiness of these feasts? Friendship, confidence, intimacy, gentleness of soul, how sweet is the seasoning you bring! And, of course, he soon passes to a confession proving that his paradise had its snake. But the better sentiment, though clogged and degraded by ignoble passions, almost reconciles us to the man. Rousseau represents the strange combination of a kind of sensual appetite for pure and simple pleasures. On one side he reminds us of Keats, by his intense appreciation of sensuous beauty; and, on the other, of Cowper, by his love of such simple pleasures as our English poet enjoyed when sitting at Mrs. Unwin's tea-urn. It is a strange, almost a contradictory mixture; but Rousseau's life is a struggle between antagonisms; and until you admit that human nature is in some sense a contradictory compound, and can take delight in the queer results which grow out of them, you are hardly qualified to be a student of autobiography. Your proper biographer glides over these difficulties, or tries to find some reconciliation. The man who tells his own story reveals them because he is unconscious of their mixture.

Rousseau, I said, was the type of all autobiographers; and for the obvious reason, that no man ever turned himself inside out for the inspection of posterity so completely, and that even when he was unconscious of the exposure. Even his affectations are instructive. But when we think of some other autobiographers we may be inclined to retract. There are, when one comes to reflect, more ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream; and there are more ways of revealing your character than by this deliberate introspection, this brooding over past feelings, and laying bare every impulse of your nature. So, if Rousseau is to be called the typical autobiographer, it is perhaps in virtue simply of those strange contradictions which give piquancy to his "Confessions," and to those of many other men to whom the great problem of existence presented

itself in different terms. So, for example, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete antithesis to Rousseau than we find in Benvenuto Cellini, whose autobiography is almost equally interesting in a totally different way. He is a man in whose company the very conception of sentimentalism seems to be an absurdity; who is so incapable of reflective brooding that he is just as proud of his worst crimes as of his greatest artistic achievements; who tells with equal glee how he struck his dagger into the nape of his enemy's neck, and made a gold button of unparalleled beauty for the pope's cope; who is so full of energy that his life seems to be one desperate struggle, and he is most at home in the periods of most overpowering excitement, whether firing guns at the siege of Rome, or pitching all his plate into the furnace to help the fusing of the statue of Perseus; so full of intense vitality that when we read his memoirs it becomes difficult to realize the fact that all these throbbing passions and ambitions are still forever, and that we peaceable readers are alive; at once a man of high artistic genius, and yet such a braggart and a liar as to surpass Bobadil or the proverbial Ferdinand Mendez Pinto; a standing refutation of that pleasant moral commonplace which tries to associate genius with modesty; a queer compound of reckless audacity and defiance of all constituted authority with abject superstition; a man in short, who makes us wonder, as we read, whether the world has advanced or gone back; whether we have gained or lost by substituting the douce, respectable jeweler, and the vulgar blackguard of modern London, for this magnificent goldsmith bravo of the Florence of the sixteenth century. The only writer in our own literature who, at a long interval, recalls this brilliant apparition, is Lord Herbert of Chisbury. In him, too, we find the singular combination of the fire-eating duellist with the man of high intellectual power. Horace Walpole, who procured the publication of his autobiography, says that the reader will be astonished to find that the "History of Don Quixote was the Life of Plato." Herbert, it is true, was not quite a Plato nor a Quixote. His thirst for chivalrous adventures may indeed re-

mind us of the Don or of Cellini; though somehow, though he wandered through Europe in true knight-errant spirit, always on the look-out for occasions of proving that courage for which, as he declares, he had as high a reputation as any man of his time, and was as irritable, punctilious, and given to daredevil deeds as the most precise of cavaliers could desire, he seems to have had singular ill-luck. Somehow, the authorities always interpose to prevent his fighting. The vanity of Lord Herbert is of a more reflective and priggish type than that of Cellini. Instead of taking himself for granted, with the superlative audacity of his predecessor, he contemplates his own perfections complacently, and draws his own portrait, for the benefit of his descendants, as an embodiment of the perfect gentleman accomplished in all knightly arts, and full to overflowing of the most becoming sentiments. He has, in fact, a rather obtrusive moral sense, whereas an entire absence of any incumbrance of that kind is one of Cellini's peculiarities; or at least, the Italian assumes that whatever he does must be right, whereas the Englishman is simply convinced that he does whatever is right. Herbert parades himself as a model with an amazing consciousness of his own perfection, and sets forth his various natural endowments—such, for example, as the delicious odor which exudes from his body and perfumes even his clothes—as a kind of providential testimony to his merits. When a voice from heaven orders him to publish his great book "*De Veritate*," we feel that no human *imprimatur* would be adequate to so important an occasion. And, in spite of his swelling self-satisfaction, we must admit that he has real claims upon our respect; in fact, Herbert, though not so great a poet as his brother George, at least wrote one poem which has a curious interest as anticipating, not only the metre, but, in some degree, the sentiment, of "*In Memoriam*;" and, though, less conspicuous as a philosopher than Bacon or Hobbes, wrote books in which it is possible to trace some remarkable analogies to the teaching of Kant. When Walpole and Gray first tried to read the life they could not get on for "laughing and screaming,"

and Walpole was rather vexed when people took Herbert a little too seriously, and were inclined to admire him as a worthy successor, to Sir Philip Sidney. Yet Herbert is but one of many proofs (perhaps Walpole himself was another) that all coxcombs are not fools.

We have, it is plain, got a long way from Rousseau. We are almost, it may be said, at the very opposite pole of character. If vanity be a determining force in both cases, it is in the two cases controlled and directed by opposite passions. Combined with a morbid tendency to retrospection, a weak self-pity, an effeminate shrinking from pain, it reveals itself as a perverse pleasure in baring to public gaze those viler impulses which most men shrink from revealing to themselves. In the masterful, overbearing, active character, it appears in the more natural shape of straightforward ostentation, though it sometimes leads to the same end; for it displays follies and vices, not because they are shameful, but for the opposite reason that it sees nothing in them to be ashamed of. Whether it should be called by the same name, as manifested in the one or in the other combination, is a question for the unlucky psychologist who has already a sufficient burden of insoluble problems. And we might find new puzzles in abundance for the same person by tracing the manifold transformations of the same Protean quality. We might skip from the Quixote-Plato—rather, one might say, the Bobadil-Kant—to another autobiographer, like him in little but the power of amusing, the vivacious Colley Cibber. Cibber's vanity is of a simpler type. It seems to be an unaccountable freak of nature that Cibber should have been the descendant of a Schleswig-Holstein father and an English mother. We could have sworn that he was a born Frenchman. His vanity is that which we generally attribute to the race whom we used to call our "lively neighbors." In other words, instead of being priggish or sulky like the English, it is closely allied to good sense, good humor, and simplicity. It implies unfeigned self-complacency quite unalloyed by self-deception. It supplied the excellent Colley with an armor of proof which made him absolutely impervious even to

the most vicious stings of Pope's poisonous satire. He took all ridicule with the most imperturbable good temper, because he fully recognized and was perfectly reconciled to the fact, that he was ridiculous. He writes his life, as he tells us, with admirable serenity, because he was vain, and liked to talk about himself. What can the critic say more? "Expose me? Why, dear sir, does not every man that writes expose himself? Can you make me more ridiculous than nature has made me?" To hurt such a man by correct portraiture was impossible; and when Pope used to injure him by giving him the absurdly incorrect name of Dunce, the satirist missed his mark too palpably to hurt anybody but himself. And so, though the laughing-stock of all the wits, assailed by Pope and Fielding, the lucky Cibber, lapped in his invulnerable vanity, went gaily through his eighty-six years of life, as brisk and buoyant to the end as when he had only to go upon the stage with his natural manners to be the ideal representative of the Foppingtons and Easys of his own comedy. If the autobiography be slightly deficient on the side of sentiment, we may console ourselves by admitting that some of the descriptions of the actors of the time would not disgrace Charles Lamb. Would we find another variety of innocent and excessive vanity? Take up the memoirs — unfortunately fragmentary — of one whose long life ran side by side with Cibber's for some eighty-two years, though in oddly different surroundings, Swift's "wicked Will Whiston," so called because so transparently guileless and well-meaning that even bigots could only smile at his absurdities. In reading him we fancy that we must be studying a new version of the "Vicar of Wakefield." In truth, however, that good Dr. Primrose was one of Whiston's disciples, and got into trouble, as we may remember, by advocating a crotchet learnt from his predecessor a little too warmly. The master, however, suffered longer than the disciple, and shows just the same innocuous vanity in regard to his own supposed discoveries, and the same simple-minded wonder that others should fail to be converted, or should refuse to sacrifice preferment to crotchets about the date of the Apos-

tolical Constitutions. Whiston's self-complacency reappears with a difference in Baxter's ponderous autobiography. The copious outpourings of the good man help us to understand the report, which he can happily deny, that his multitudinous publications had ruined his bookseller; but it is full of interesting display of character, and nowhere more than in the profound conviction that if he had been able to apply a few more sermons he would have converted Cromwell and his troopers from their rebellious purposes, and the innocent enthusiasm with which he hurls his elaborate syllogisms at the heads of Charles II.'s bishops, believing poor man, in all good faith that the policy of the Restoration government was to be determined by scholastic argumentation.

If we seek for an excellent contrast we may go to those admirable representatives of the worldly bishop of the now extinct type, Newton or Watson. There is something quite touching in Watson's complaints of an unappreciative world. He had been made a professor of chemistry without having studied the very elements of the science, a professor of divinity without having studied theology before, or taking the trouble to study it afterwards. He was appointed to a bishopric because he was a sound Whig, and passed his life in a delightful country town on the banks of Windermere without ever bothering himself to reside in his Welsh diocese. But the stoppage of his preferment at this point is for him a conclusive proof that true Christian principles could not meet with their reward in this world. How else account for this scandalous neglect of one who, in addition to all his other merits, had taken great trouble to plant trees, and to make an honorable provision for his children—as well as giving them a sound education. It is a natural corollary that the man whose memoirs are thus a continuous grumble over the absence of preferment, should specially pride himself on his thorough self-respect. He belongs he says, to the oaks, not to the willows. Whenever he asks for a vacant bishopric, he explains that it is only in deference to the wishes of his friends. For himself he asks for nothing better than a life of retirement, though the king and his ministers will be eternally disgraced for hav-

ing left him to enjoy that blessing. The finest satirist, Fielding or Thackeray, might have been proud of portraying this ingenious and yet transparent self-deception; of unravelling the artifice by which worldliness and preferment hunting is so wrapped in blustering self-assertion as to appear—to the actor himself—as dignified independence of spirit.

Running over such varieties of character, we may ask whether it is fair to set down the autobiographic impulse as in all cases a manifestation of vanity. Or if we call it vanity, must we not stretch the meaning of the word beyond all bearing? The old psychologists used to maintain that every passion was a special form of self-love; and, if we may take such a license, we may call every man vain who takes an interest in his own affairs, and expects that others may be interested. He may hold that opinion even while sincerely believing that his success in the game of life was more due to the cards he held than to his intrinsic skill. If that still imply the presence of some latent vanity, some bias to our judgment lying below the region of conscious reflection, it is certainly of a scarcely perceptible kind. Vanity in this sense is but the inverse side of a man's philosophy of life. It is the value which he sets upon certain qualities of mind and character which is, no doubt, apt to be more or less connected with the trifling circumstance that he takes them to be his own. But in some cases this latter consideration has so little prominence that we almost overlook it. The autobiography takes so much the form of a philosophical sermon on the true principles of conduct, that we quite forget that the preacher is his own text. He treats himself with apparent impartiality, as if he were merely a scientific specimen whose excellent adaptation to the general scheme of things deserves the notice of an impartial inquirer. It happens to be the case nearest at hand, but is interesting only in the light of the general impersonal principle.

It is curious to trace this in one of the most interesting of modern autobiographers. J. S. Mill begins his recollections by disavowing—with obvious sincerity—any egoistic motive. He wishes to show the effect of a particular mode of education, to trace the influence upon

a receptive mind of various currents of modern thought; and, above all, to show how large a debt he owed to certain persons who, but for this avowal, would not receive their due meed of recognition. He is to give a lecture upon his own career as dispassionately as Professor Owen might lecture upon a creature which died in the palæozoic era. In pursuing this end, Mill made more revelations as to his own character than he perhaps knew himself. The book is much else, but it is also an exposition of a definite theory of life. Some readers were astonished to find that, as Mill puts it, a Benthamite might be something more than a mere "reasoning machine." That description, he admits, was applicable in some cases, and even to himself at one period of his life. But nothing could be clearer to readers of the autobiography—as, indeed, it was clear enough to the observers of his later career—that, so far from being a mere reasoning machine, Mill was a man of strong affections, and even feminine sensibility. And in this, as some critics have said, consists the peculiar pathos of the book. It was the story of a man of strong feelings, who had been put into a kind of moral and logical strait-waistcoat, and kept there till it had become a part of himself. The diagnosis of the case showed it, upon this understanding, to be one of partial atrophy of the affections; or rather—for the affections clearly survived—illustrated the effect of depriving them of their natural sustenance. To Mill, himself, it was rather a record of the means by which the strait-waistcoat had been forced to yield. Like Bunyan, he had been locked up by Giant Despair, and had escaped from the dungeons, though by a different method. The account of the crisis in his moral development which corresponds to a conversion in the case of Bunyan, gives the real key to his story. He had been put into the strait-waistcoat by that tremendous old gentleman, James Mill, whose force of mind produced less effect through his books than by his personal influence upon his immediate surroundings. His doctrine repelled most readers till it had been made more sympathetic by passing through the more sensitive and emotional nature of his son. The ultimate effect was not

to suppress J. S. Mill's affections, but to confine them to certain narrow channels. The primary effect, however, was to produce that "reasoning machine" period in which the son was a simple logic-mill grinding out the materials supplied by the father and Bentham. Now old Mill was not simply a kind of personified "categorical imperative"—a rigid external conscience imposing a fixed rule upon his filial disciple, but his doctrine was certainly a trying one. He held that the sole end of morality was to produce happiness; and at the same time he did not believe in happiness. "He thought human life a poor thing at best after the freshness of youth and unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." He and his disciples denounced all emotion as "sentimentality," and fully shared that English prejudice which, as J. S. Mill declares, regards feeling, especially if it has a touch of the romantic or exalted, to be something intrinsically disgraceful. Here then was the uncomfortable dilemma into which the younger Mill was driven, and which made him miserable. A rigid sense of duty was the sole rule of life; duty meant the production of happiness; and happiness was a mere illusion and unsubstantial phantom. No wonder if a period followed during which the world seemed to him weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. To feel that all that is left for one is to be a machine grinding out theorems in political economy is certainly not an exhilarating state of things.

The escape from this condition, as Mill represents, involved two discoveries, which, like all such discoveries, are old enough in the state of abstract theory, and new only in so far as they become actual possessions and active principles of conduct. Happiness, he discovered, was to be found by not aiming at happiness; by working for some external end and not meditating upon your own feelings. And, secondly, he discovered the importance of cultivating those sympathies and sentiments which he had previously been inclined to despise as mere incumbrances to his reasoning machinery. But do not the two doctrines clash? Is not an æsthetic cultivation of happiness a name for that introspective brooding of which Rousseau is the great example, implying precisely that thirst

for happiness as an ultimate end and aim which his other principle showed to be suicidal? Consciously to cultivate the emotions is to become a sentimentalist—the very thing which he was anxious to renounce. The apparent paradox was solved for him by the help of Wordsworth, who taught him that the charm of tranquil contemplation might be heightened instead of dulled by a vivid interest in the common feelings and common destinies of human beings; and that æsthetic delight in nature was perfectly compatible with scientific interest in its laws. The famous ode proved to him that the first freshness of youthful enjoyment could be replaced by a wider interest in our fellows; and that the thoughts which gather round the setting sun are not something distinct from, but really identical with, those suggested by a watch over man's mortality. This teaching, he says, dispersed for ever his youthful depression.

The problem seems a simple one when thus stated. How to cultivate your feelings without becoming sentimental? Find your happiness in the happiness of others; and regard even the grinding of that logical mill as work done for the benefit of your kind. Problems, however, which have to be worked out by modifying your own character take a good deal more labor than is implied in putting together a couple of syllogisms. And it is in this modification of character that the peculiar interest of the autobiography consists. The aversion of his mind from his own private interests, the intense devotion of his mental energies to what he regarded as the great needs of his fellow-men, the constant reference of his apparently most abstract speculation to practical reforms, are obvious and most honorable characteristics of Mill as a thinker. One may doubt whether women will be as much improved by receiving votes as he anticipated; one cannot doubt the generosity with which he revolted against their supposed "subjection." But there is another sense in which the theory of the vast importance of "extra-regarding" habits brings out some curious results. We are all such adepts at self-deception that we need not wonder if the very resolution not to think of oneself sometimes tends to a more refined

kind of self-consciousness. I have often fancied that nobody can be so dogmatic as your thoroughly candid person. The fact that he has listened to all sides gives him a kind of right in his own opinion to speak with the authority of a judge. It has been said that a tendency to be "cock-sure" is a special characteristic of Mill's school; and perhaps we may recognize it in their master not the less because it is combined with a scrupulous desire to grant a hearing to all antagonists. But another manifestation of character is never interesting. No one could be more anxious than Mill to arrogate nothing to himself. Nobody could state more explicitly that his merit was less in original thought than in willingness to learn from others, and thus that his true function was to meditate between the public and the original thinkers. And therefore it is natural to find him insisting with passionate eagerness upon the superlative merits of the woman who was, according to him, the guide of his mature years, as his father had been of his infancy and youth. Here was the practical commentary on the text of cultivating the emotions. If he withdrew from society and many social enjoyments, it was because his whole emotional strength was concentrated upon a single object. We listen with some mixture of feeling to his rather strained and exalted eulogy. It may be true that Mrs. Mill was more of a poet than Carlyle, and more of a thinker than Mill himself; that she was like Shelley, but that Shelley was but a child to what she ultimately became; that her wisdom was "all but unrivalled," and much more to the same purpose. It may, I say, be true, for one cannot prove a negative in regard to a person of whom the world knows so little. Yet it is a weakness, though an amiable weakness, to attempt by force of such language to overcome the inevitable decree of circumstances, and to try to dictate to the world an opinion which it cannot receive upon any single authority. It may be profoundly melancholy that such exalted merit should vanish without leaving more tangible traces; but it is useless to resent the fact, or to suppose that when such traces are non-existent, the defect can be supplied by the most

positive assertions that they might have existed. And Mill would have seen in any other case what was the inevitable suggestion to his readers. He could not, he says, "detect any mixture of errors" in the truths which she struck out far in advance of him. What are the opinions in which a man detects no mixture of error? Plainly his own. But these were far in advance of him? That means that they were deductions from his own. Is it possible, to speak it plainly, to resist a strong impression that these extravagant expressions of admiration may have been layished upon a living echo—an echo, it is true, skilful enough to anticipate as well as to repeat, but still essentially an echo? We know, for Mill has told us, what he did alone, and we know what he did in co-operation; and if the earlier work was not his best, it certainly contained the whole sum and substance of his later teaching. That his wife must have been a remarkable woman may be a fair deduction from his admiration; that she was all that he then thought her would be, to say the least of it, a very rash conjecture.

Happiness, says Mill, is to be found by aiming at something different from happiness. And if we thus cheat ourselves into happiness, we may attain to the vanity of self-esteem by a similar expedient. By lavishing all our enthusiasm upon one who is but a second self, we may deprive our appreciation of our own merits of its apparent arrogance. This, indeed, is one of the many illusions which give a peculiar interest to the unconscious confessions of autobiographers. But neither is it to be roughly set down as all illusion, and still less as an unworthy sentiment. It in no sort diminishes our interest in discovering that this so-called reasoning machine was a man of the most delicate fibre and most tender affections. It is easy to forgive the illusions against which a thick cuirass of tough selfishness is the only known safeguard of complete efficacy. Rather it helps to convince us that Mill should be classed in some respects with the unworldly enthusiasts of the Vicar of Wakefield type whose very simplicity leads them to a harmless vanity which exaggerates their own infallibility and importance to the world. He

had the character, though not the crotchets, of the life-long recluse. Though his intellect was deeply interested in the great problems of contemporary thought, and though he had been for many years in State affairs, there was a wall of separation between himself and his contemporary society. When he came into Parliament he came as re-entering the world from a remote hermitage. Hermits, whether they come from deserts or from the India office, have a certain tendency to intolerance and contempt for the social part of the species. They have lost some human feeling and preach crusades with a reckless indifference to consequences. I cannot determine how far Mill might be rightly accused of a want of practical sense. But in any case he had nothing of the bitterness or the harsh pedantry of the solitary theorist. Even his enemies could see that his sympathies were fresh and generous, and that his impulses were invariably generous. As a philanthropist, his philanthropy was not of the merciless and inhuman variety. The discovery of the fact was a surprise at the time to those who believed in the traditional Benthamite and Malthusian. The autobiography, with its strange bursts of emotion, perhaps reveals the true secret. If he naturally exaggerated the merits of the partner of his hermitage, he did not necessarily exaggerate her services to him. It is easily credible that her company saved him from ossifying into a mere grinder of formulæ and syllogisms. We shrink a little from certain overstrung phrases, but they reveal to us the pathos of the man's life. Admit that his affection produced illusion, or that it covered and was combined with a sort of vicarious self-conceit, yet at bottom it represents the intense devotion which springs only out of simplicity and tenderness of nature.

It would be tempting here to draw the obvious parallel between Mill and Carlyle, which must just now be in every one's mind; for certainly whatever may be said of the "Reminiscences" just published, they contain one of the most remarkable self-revelations ever given to the world, and the relations of the two men to vigorous fathers and passionately adored wives have singular points of

contrast and resemblance. But I must be content to close this ramble through some famous autobiographies by touching upon one which often seems to me to be the most delightful of its class. I know, as everybody knows, what may be said against Gibbon; against his want of high enthusiasm, his deficient sympathy with the great causes and their heroes, the provoking self-sufficiency and apparent cold bloodedness of the fat composed little man. And yet, when reading his autobiography and contrasting it with some of those we have considered, I find myself constantly led to a conclusion not quite in accordance with the proper rules of morality. After all, one cannot help asking, did not Gibbon succeed in solving the problem of life more satisfactorily than almost anybody one knows? Other autobiographies are for the most part records of hard struggles with fate, plaintive lamentations over the inability to obtain any solid satisfaction out of life, appeals of disappointed vanity to the judgment of an indifferent posterity, vain-glorious braggings over successes which should rather have been the cause of shame, weak regrets for the vanishing pleasures of youth and hopeless attempts to make the might-have-been pass muster with the actual achievement. The more a man prides himself upon his successes, the more we feel how good a case a rival's advocate could make on the other side; and when he laments over his failures, the more we are inclined to say that after all it served him right. But when in imagination we take that famous turn with Gibbon upon that terrace at Lausanne beneath the covered walk of acacias, look up to the serene moon and the silent lake, and hear him soliloquize upon the conclusion of the "Decline and Fall," we feel that we are in persence of a man who has a right to his complacency. He has not aimed, perhaps, at the highest mark, but he has hit the bull's-eye. Given his conception of life, he has done his task to perfection. With singular felicity, he has come at the exact moment and found the exact task to give full play to his powers. Nobody had yet laid the keystone in the great arch of history; and he laid it so well that his work can never be super-

seded. Somebody defines a life to be *une pensée de jeunesse exécutée par l'âge mûr*. It was Gibbon's singular good fortune to illustrate that saying as few men have done. Though his plan ripened slowly and with all deliberation, he acted as if he had foreseen the end from the beginning. If he had been told in his boyhood, You shall live so long a life, with such and such means at your disposal, he could hardly have laid out his life differently. To mistake neither one's powers nor one's opportunities is a felicity which happens to few; and Gibbon had the additional good fortune that even his distractions seem to have been useful. The interruption to his Oxford education made him a cosmopolitan; his service with the volunteers helped him to be a military historian; and even his parliamentary career which threatened to absorb him only gave to the student the tone of a practical politician. It seems as though everything had been expressly combined to make the best of him.

What more could be desired by a man of Gibbon's temperament? Undoubtedly to be a man of Gibbon's temperament is to have a moderate capacity for certain forms of happiness. In the lives of most great men the history of a conversion is a record of heart-rending struggle, ending in hard-won peace. Gibbon merely changed his religion as he changed his opinion upon some antiquarian controversy; it is a question as to the weight of historical evidence, like the question about the sixth *Aeneid*, or a dispute about the genealogy of the House of Brunswick. Whatever pangs and raptures may require religious susceptibility were clearly not within his range of feeling. And in another great department of feeling we need not inquire into the character of the author of the inimitable sentence, "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." One is tempted to put it beside a remark which he makes on another occasion, "I yielded to the authority of a parent, and complied, like a pious son, with the wish of my own heart." Perhaps the heart which sanctioned his filial obedience in the latter case was not so opposed to it in the other as he would have us believe. It is better worth noting, however, that in spite of the very tepid

disposition, illustrated by these familiar passages, Gibbon has affections as warm as are compatible with thorough comfort. He was not a passionate lover; and we cannot say, for he was not tried, that his friendship was of an heroic strain; but he had a very good supply of such affections as are wanted for the ordinary wear and tear of life—to provide a man with enough interests and sympathies to make society pleasant, and his family life agreeable. Nay, he seems to have been really generous and considerate beyond the ordinary pitch, and to have been a faithful friend, and excellent in some very delicate relationships. For a statesman, a religious teacher, or a poet, much stronger equipment in this direction might be desirable. But Gibbon had warmth enough to keep up a pleasant fireside, if not enough to fire the hearts of a nation. He clearly had enough passion for his historical vocation. A more passionate and imaginative person would hardly have written it at all. It requires a certain moderation of character to be satisfied with a history instead of a wife, and Gibbon was so great an historian because he could accept such a substitute. No one capable of being a partisan could have preserved that stately march and equitable development of the vast drama of human affairs which gives a monumental dignity to his great book. Even if you do not want to write another "Decline and Fall," is not such a disposition the most enviable of gifts? If such a life has less vivid passages, is there not something fascinating about that calm, harmonious existence, disturbed by no spasmodic storms, and yet devoted to one achievement grand enough to extort admiration even from the least sympathetic? Surely it is a happy mean: enough genius to be in the front rank, if not in the highest class, and yet that kind of genius which has no affinity to madness or disease, and virtue enough to keep up to the respectable level which justifies a comfortable self-complacency without suggesting any awkward deviations in the direction of martyrdom. That is surely the kind of composition which a man might desire if he were to calculate what character would give him the best chance of extracting the greatest possible amount of

enjoyment out of life. Luckily for the world, if not for its heroes, men's characters cannot be fixed by such calculations; and a certain number of perverse people are even glad to possess vehement emotions and restless intellects, however conscious that the fiery soul will wear out the pigmy body. We try to persuade ourselves that they are not only choosing the noblest part, but acting most wisely for their own interests. It may be so; for the problem is a complex one. But it has not yet been proved that a man can always make the

best of both worlds, and that the sacrifices imposed by virtue are always repaid in this life. Certainly it seems doubtful, when we have studied the self-written records of remarkable men, whether experience will confirm that pleasant record; whether it is not more probable that for simple employment it is not best to have one's nature pitched in a key below the highest. Most of us would make a very fair compromise if we should abandon our loftier claims on condition of being no worse than Gibbon.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE PERMANENCE OF CONTINENTS.

BY J. STARKIE GARDNER, F.G.S.

"It is not too much to say that every spot which is now dry land has been sea at some former period, and every part of the space now covered by the deepest ocean has been land." This sentence occurs in the latest edition of Lyell's "Principles of Geology," still perhaps the most authoritative text-book on the subject, and the view it expresses has been generally received as an article of faith by geologists until within a few years, or even months ago.

Lately a change of view has taken place, and now many distinguished men hold the completely opposite opinion that oceans have been permanent from the remotest times, and that continents are, and have ever been, fixed lands, subjected to ceaseless modifications of form. Among the most conspicuous partisans of the new theory are Sir Wyville Thomson, Prof. Geikie, and Mr. Wallace; and the latter especially seems to have collected together and presented in his fascinating book, "Island Life," every kind of evidence that tends to support it. Nothing appears to have escaped him, yet the whole when summed up must seem to every geologist to fall far short of proof. Still, although the evidence upon which the theory is based is as yet wholly insufficient, it by no means follows that the theory itself is improbable.

The chief evidence upon which the Permanence of Continents at present rests, is purely geological. It is argued

that the whole of the sedimentary rocks are littoral deposits, or those of inland seas; and if this can be maintained, the theory would, almost as a matter of course, be accepted. Mr. Wallace, therefore, endeavors by every means to prove it.

Chief among deposits hitherto supposed to be oceanic, is the chalk; and to the discussion of this formation, accordingly, almost a whole chapter is devoted. Mr. Wallace expresses the belief that, far from the chalk sea representing a wide ocean with a few scattered islands comparable to some parts of the Pacific, "it formed as truly a portion of the great northern continent as it does now."

The evidence which he has to set aside, in favor of the chalk being a truly oceanic deposit, is extremely weighty, however, and by no means easily disposed of. Its vast extent—stretching from Sweden to Bordeaux, and from Ireland to China—and its freedom everywhere from impurities derived from the degradation of land, are greatly in favor of its oceanic origin. The areas that are known to have been denuded, and the enormous deposits of flint-shingles which characterize the Eocenes from their base upward to the most recent gravels, show how colossal this denudation has been.

The chalk that has escaped seems but the fragment of a mass which once passed under the Atlantic, for even the

Scilly Isles are strewn with flint, and the last remains of it in Devonshire and the north of Ireland are as pure as elsewhere, and show no signs whatever in the chalk itself, toward its western boundaries, of the proximity of shores. This vast deposit abounds with *Globigerina*, of species identical with those of the modern Atlantic mud, and with coccoliths and discoliths. Representative siliceous sponges are abundant in both, and the recent chalk-mud has yielded a large number of the group *Porifera vitrea*, which find their nearest representatives among the *Ventriculites* of the white chalk. The Echinoderms of the deeper parts of the Atlantic basin are very characteristic, and yield an assemblage of forms which represent in a remarkable degree the corresponding group in the white chalk. Species of the genus *Cidaris* are numerous; some remarkable flexible forms of the *Diademidæ* seem to approach the *Echinothurta*;^{*} *Rhizocrinus* is closely allied to the chalk *Bourgueticrinus*, while even among fish the genus *Beryx*, so abundant in the chalk, has been found by Dr. Carpenter, and the fresh light that the publication of the deep sea fish of the Challenger expedition is likely to throw on the subject will be looked forward to with much interest.

Prof Duncan,† when investigating corals, became impressed with the remarkable persistence of character and absence of variability in those of the deep-sea fauna. "The dredging in 1095 fathoms off the coast of Portugal, which yielded *Pentacrinus Wyville-Thomsoni*, Jeffreys produced many corals; and the series presented an eminently Cretaceous facies. The genus *Bathycyathus*, whose species, *Sowerbyi*, is so well known in the Upper Greensand, was represented there by numerous specimens of a species closely allied to that form."

A new species of *Caryophyllia*, allied by its structural peculiarities to *C. Bowerbanki* of the gault, and a species identical with the well-known *Caryophyllia cylindracea*, Reuss, sp., were discov-

ered at the same time. The homotaxis of part of the coral fauna of the Atlantic and that of the Cretaceous ocean, Prof. Duncan considers to be very remarkable.

Against this well-nigh irresistible evidence in favor of the oceanic origin of chalk, Mr. Wallace states that no specimen of *Globigerina* ooze yet examined agrees, even approximately, with chalk in chemical composition. The differences between the few analyses that have been published, are chiefly in the relative quantities of carbonate of lime, silica, alumina, and oxide of iron. It is by no means apparent that Sir W. Thomson's sample is the nearest analogous deposit to chalk that could be found in the beds of the Atlantic or Pacific; but supposing it to be so, the great changes in chemical composition to which chalk has been subjected since its consolidation, are entirely overlooked in comparing the analyses.* Chalk is, and probably always has been since its upheaval, constantly saturated with percolating rain-water, which enters as soft water charged with carbonic acid, and comes out in springs of hard water charged with carbonate of lime; and this alone in the course of ages would carry away the more soluble constituents such as iron, alumina, and magnesia. An even more important change is due to the removal by segregation of its silica into the form of flint. This, doubtless, took place when the silica was in a colloid state, and seems to have been arrested, while the chalk was consolidating, wherever harder and softer layers alternate. Its once viscid, almost fluid, state is shown by the manner in

* The analyses relied upon in support of this are by Sir W. Thomson, of *Globigerina* ooze, viz.:

	Per cent.	Per cent.
Carbonate of Lime . . .	43.93	to 79.17
Carbonate of Magnesia . .	1.40	to 2.58
Alumina and Oxide of Iron .	6.007	to 32.98
Silica	4.60	to 11.33
Supposed Volcanic Dust .	4.60	to 8.33

And of Chalk, by David Forbes:

	Grey Chalk, Folkestone.	White Chalk, Shoreham.
Carbonate of Lime . . .	94.09	98.40
Carbonate of Magnesia .	0.31	0.08
Alumina and Phosphoric Acid	a trace	0.42
Chloride of Sodium . . .	1.29	—
Insoluble débris . . .	3.61	1.10

* Sir Wyville Thomson, "Nature" vol. iii. p. 297.

† "Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc." xxvii. p. 437.

which it has penetrated the minutest pores of Echinoderms before destroying the shell; and it seems probable from the way in which it has replaced carbonate of lime,* that it had not parted with its organic acids. That it did not assume the solid state until at least after the partial consolidation of the chalk is obvious, through the filling in of fissures at right angles to the bedding, which could not have existed when it formed the surface sediment of the ocean bottom. In comparing the white chalk analysis with that of the ooze, therefore, we must bear in mind that, as already pointed out by Mr. Sorby, Mr. Sollas, and Dr. Wallich, a portion of flint must be added equal to that which has been separated away. In a similar manner, iron has been removed and segregated together, to be crystallized principally into globular balls with a radiating structure.† The shells composed of carbonate of lime, such as those of Gastropods,‡ Cephalopods, and Dimyaria, seem also to have been dissolved away, perhaps by the rain-water which falls upon the chalk, saturates it, and passes through it by capillary action unceasingly. Another evidence of change is shown in the crystalline condition of shells composed of phosphate of lime, such as the *Aviculidæ*, the *Branchiopoda*, the *Echinodermata*, etc.

It is surprising to find that no allusion whatever is made to this range of facts by Mr. Wallace; and those of his readers who are unacquainted with

them, are left unaware that chalk has undergone such great changes in its composition since it was the bed of the sea as to deprive the unqualified statement that the analyses of chalk and *Globigerina* ooze "do not even approximately agree," of any scientific value.

These facts further tend to show, as indeed is obvious from a comparison of the faunas, that the similarity in the analysis of the Oahu chalk and the white chalk, upon which so much stress is laid, is purely superficial.* In spite of the fact that "this chalk consists simply of comminuted corals and shells of the reef," and is, when examined microscopically, "found to be destitute of the minute organisms abounding in the chalk of England," Mr. Wallace states that in several growing reefs a similar formation of modern chalk, undistinguishable from the ancient, has been observed.

Mr. Wallace thus assumes that the chalk is derived from excessively fine mud produced by the decomposition and denudation of coral reefs; but this view appears to me to be untenable. Mr. Murray expressly states that no *Globigerinae* were found in any of the inclosed seas of the Pacific which possess this chalky bottom; and to account for *Globigerina* in the chalk it has to be supposed that the chalk sea was open to the gulf stream, i.e. the Atlantic. Further, to provide the necessary conditions we are obliged to suppose this vast sea to have been bordered with islands and coral reefs, and that no large rivers flowed into it; and yet absolutely no traces of these coral reefs remain, while an inland sea could hardly have existed in proximity to a great permanent continent without some rivers draining into it. A curious piece of reasoning is that in the Maestricht and Faxe chinks "we have a clear indication of the source whence the white calcareous mud was derived which forms the basis of the

* All the carbonate-of-lime shells are replaced in the Blackdown deposits by silica.

† It assumes very beautiful forms in the grey chalk, and has occasionally completely replaced sponges. The iron is frequently ochreous in the white chalk.

‡ Gastropods are found as casts in the grey chalk, slightly coated with iron, and occasionally traces are met in the lower white chalk in the same condition. Higher that this even the most indistinct outlines of the larger forms, such as *Pleurotomaria*, are rare. I have seen but one trace of shell on any spiral Gastropod, and this on a fragment of *Funis* from the white chalk near Norwich. Small thin fragments adhered to the cast, and the circumstance is remarkable, as *Funis* almost alone of the Gastropods preserves its shell in the Cambridge greensand. The shells of Cephalopods seem to possess a slightly greater resisting power, and their casts are, as a rule, more distinct.

* Analysis of Oahu chalk :

Carbonate of Lime	92.800
Carbonate of Magnesia	2.385
Alumina	0.250
Oxide of Iron	0.543
Silica	0.750
Phosphoric Acid and Fluorine	2.113
Water and loss	1.148

—*Geology of the U. S. Exploring Expedition*, p. 150.

chalk." If these local and far newer deposits are seen to be highly coralline and the chalk is not seen to be so, we have rather a clear indication that they were not deposited under the same conditions. The presence of *Mosasaurus* in the Maestricht beds, and the far newer aspect of its fauna, show that it must have belonged to an altogether different period, probably the one represented in America by a great so-called cretaceous series containing a mixture of cretaceous and tertiary mollusca, dicotyledonous plants, and *Mosasaurus*. From every point of view, in fact, the inference that the vast cretaceous deposits are analogous to small local deposits of coral mud in the Pacific does not appear to be the true one.

With regard to the probable depth of the ocean which deposited the chalk, the evidence brought together by Mr. Wallace is less unsatisfactory. Mr. J. Murray, for instance, sees the greatest resemblance to it in mud from depths of less than 1000 fathoms; and Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys finds that all the Mollusca of the chalk are comparatively shallow-water forms. We must bear in mind, however, that the characteristically deep-sea families and genera, such as *Bulla* and the Solenoconchia, *Leda*, *Neera* and *Verticordia*, would have long since been dissolved away if present; while great and highly characteristic cretaceous genera, such as *Inoceramus* and *Hippurites*, are wholly extinct and nothing therefore can be safely predicated concerning their habits.

In the grey chalk near Folkestone dark impressions of nearly all the deep-sea mollusca enumerated above are abundant; and the Gault and a part of the Lower Greensand are full of their shells in perfect preservation. Their absence in England at least, from the chalk, seems very clearly due rather to subsequent destruction than to their never having been present. Of the chalk genera that are preserved, *Pecten*, *Amussium*, *Lima*, *Spondylus*, *Anomia*, and the Brachiopoda are represented by Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys as having been dredged at from 1450 to 1750 fathoms and upward. As for the abundance of Ammonites showing, as Dr. S. P. Woodward once supposed, the water to have been as shallow as thirty fathoms, Mr.

Wallace himself would be the first to repudiate such mere supposition, were it urged against the theory he seeks to establish. Were *Nautilus* and *Spirula* shallow-water forms they would long since have been captured abundantly. The still existing shells of the chalk itself are so few that little weight can be attached to them as an indication of depth, but in the lower cretaceous deposits mollusca abound, as already stated, and in perfect preservation; and their facies, taken with the complete absence of shallow-water forms, implies, Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys believes, a depth of sea in the Gault period of somewhere about 1000 fathoms. Mr. Sorby, from quite other considerations, believed the Gault to be an altered red clay, similar in all essential respects to the red clay now forming at the ocean-bottom. There seems thus to be abundant evidence, indorsed by our greatest authorities, that at least some of the cretaceous deposits were deep-sea, while there is a total absence in them of anything necessarily indicating the proximity of land.* With regard to the chalk itself, however, the facts are still somewhat contradictory, for it far overlaps the Gault and grey chalk in Devonshire, and rests upon greensand; yet although it thins out to the west it remains a perfectly pure rock, without any apparent evidence of the upper part of the formation having gradually shallowed as the seabed became upheaved.

The immensity of the gap, seldom adequately realized, between the true cretaceous and the next overlying beds, implies an interval sufficient to have permitted the grandest changes in the distribution of land and water, and the gulf of the Atlantic, which stretched over the greater part of Europe, to become elevated; and, after enormous denudation, to be converted into land.

But even altogether apart from what is to be learned from the cretaceous rocks, it is not apparent that continents have been uninterruptedly permanent. Australia and Asia, Africa and Mada-

* No American or European so-called cretaceous land-flora can be proved to be as old as our white chalk. The few vegetable remains found in marine cretaceous rocks are not incompatible with the deposit having taken place at a distance from shore.

gascar, New Zealand and Australia, Europe and America, are all supposed to have been united at some more or less remote period; and to explain the present distribution of organisms, seas of a thousand fathoms depth are bridged over as often as it happens to be deemed requisite. But it is still questionable whether these former land connexions, which are admitted by Mr. Wallace, will be found sufficient to explain all the past as well as present peculiarities of distribution. For instance, a much more southerly land connection between England and America seems required to explain the presence of tropical American plants, such as palms, in our Eocene, because their absence in beds of corresponding age in the United States and Greenland implies that they did not pass along the northern route traced out for them. If sea-beds have been elevated to the extent of a thousand fathoms, and if there are forces capable of elevating the highest mountains in the world from below the sea level within a comparatively recent period, why are "hypothetical continents bridging over the deep oceans" "so utterly gratuitous and entirely opposed to all the evidences at our command," as Mr. Wallace wishes us to believe? There appears to be no valid reason why Europe should not have been connected with South America, by the so-called Atlantic ridge, or even Australia with South America by way of Easter, Gambier, and the Fiji Isles; for if these great banks with islands occasionally rising to the surface, do not mean changes of level in the sea bottom, whether of elevation or depression, what do they mean?

To take other instances, in which Mr. Wallace's explanations do not seem to be the best solution of the facts. Sir Joseph Hooker, in his singularly interesting introductory essay to the New Zealand flora, stated that seventy-seven plants are common to New Zealand, Tasmania, and South America, comparatively few of which are universally distributed species. Further, there are upwards of 100 genera or well-marked groups of plants almost confined to lands of the south temperate zone, effecting "a botanical relationship or affinity between them all, which every botanist ap-

preciates." For reasons which appear to be unanswerable, he has rejected the theory that these plants were transported across the seas which now separate these lands, and considers that the plants of the Southern Ocean are "the remains of a flora that had once spread over a larger and more continuous tract of land than now exists in that ocean," and that this land had been broken up by climatic and geological causes. Mr. Wallace supposes an emigration to have taken place from Chili by way of the South Shetland Isles, 500 miles south of Cape Horn, thence by way of an antarctic continent or group of isles, which probably extend around the South Polar area to Victoria Land, again on to the outlying Young Island, across 750 miles of sea to Macquarie Island, and, finally, across another similar distance to the 1000 fathom line, which, he considers, "probably marks the former southern extension of Tasmania." This appears a route beset with obstacles both climatic and geographical, and broken up by extents of sea, which Sir Joseph Hooker has expressly stated many of the plants common to these remote lands to be specially unfitted to traverse.* The bed of the ocean is as undulating as the surface of the land; and this is hardly the condition it would have assumed had its state been that of eternal rest. The objection that oceanic islands, with the exception of New Zealand and the Seychelles, hardly ever afford traces of Palæozoic or Secondary formations, and cannot therefore be remains of continents, is far from insuperable. The smaller oceanic islands, to which the statement alone seems to apply, would, if belonging to continental areas, be only the summits of mountains that are either rising or sinking; and as they are mostly of comparatively recent volcanic origin, it is hardly likely that we should meet with Palæozoic or Mesozoic stratified rocks exposed on them. It is even more curious, if they have been uplifted from the great depths which surround them, that no

* The elevation of from 400 to 1300 feet which Chili and Patagonia have undergone for several hundred miles since the existence of the living species of *Mollusca* must imply at least correspondingly great subsidence elsewhere.

traces of the bottom sediment, which must have been accumulating continuously from the Palæozoic period, should have been brought up with them. Speculation is, however, useless, for the only geological fact regarding them about which we can be certain is that whatever secrets they have to disclose lie buried deeply under volcanic outbursts. It is certainly strange that Mr. Wallace makes no difficulties whatever in admitting changes of level in the sea bottom to the extent of 1000 fathoms, but will not entertain the possibility of any greater upheaval. Yet some oceanic islands must have been upheaved from vastly greater depths, and mountain chains have been raised to three times that extent in comparatively recent times.

It is well known that these forces are unceasingly acting, yet no reason is put forward to show why an elevating force once set in action in the centre of an ocean, should not continue gradually to act until even a continent is formed. In the words of Prof. Huxley, "Surely there is evidence enough and to spare that the Cretaceous sea, inhabited by various forms, some of whose descendants Sir W. Thomson, as I believe justly, recognizes in the present deep sea fauna, once extended from Britain over the greater part of central and southern Europe, North Africa and Western Asia to the Himalayas. In what possible sense can the change of level which has made dry land of, and sometimes mountain masses of, nine-tenths of this vast area, be said, to be 'in direct relation to the present existing coast-lines.' That the abyssal plains were ever all elevated at once is certainly so improbable that it may justly be termed inconceivable; but there is nothing, so far as I am aware, in the biological or geological evidence at present accessible to render untenable the hypothesis that an area of the mid-Atlantic, or of the Pacific sea-bed, as big as Europe, should have been upheaved as high as Mont Blanc, and have subsided again any time since the Palæozoic epoch, if there were any grounds for entertaining it."*

* Review of the first volume of the publications of the "Challenger." *Nature*, vol. xxiii. p. 1.

It is so obvious that the causes which lead to elevation and subsidence must react one upon the other, that I am tempted to speculate upon them and their effects on deep-sea basins. I have long been struck with the almost universal tendency to depression exhibited in areas occupied by deltas and estuaries. The thought has occurred to many, and has perhaps been most clearly expressed by Dr. Charles Ricketts, that this subsidence is produced by the accumulation of sediment.* The cause appears insignificant, yet something must determine the movement of the earth's crust, and even an accumulation of a few feet of clay over several square mile may create disturbance, and eventually lead to a downward tendency. Supposing a sediment, 50 feet in depth and entirely submerged, to have displaced an equivalent of sea-water, we should have an increased pressure per square yard, taking the mean density of the materials composing a delta at 120 lbs. per cubic foot, of rather more than 25,000 lbs., or about 34,848,000 tons per square mile. As soon as the whole of the sea-water on an area is displaced and movement has set in, every cubic yard of sediment deposited adds a weight of about 3240 lbs.; and when we see that deltas have accumulated to depths of perhaps even beyond 1000 feet, and extend, as in the Mississippi, to 19,450† square miles, we can realize how vast a force is present.

The inference as to the origin of depression, which can be drawn from delta and estuary areas, may equally be applied to coral-reefs and islands, and even to great accumulations of ice, as in Greenland; for in almost all such situations there appears to be a nearly continuous downward tendency. There are even grounds for supposing that the depression generally observable round sea-coasts may be due to a similar cause. The sediments from the wasting of the

* *Geol. Mag.*, 1872, vol. ix. p. 119.

† "Report on Mississippi," U. S. War Department, 1864. p. 434.

"Records of boring in deltas are, the Po, 500 feet, Ganges, 451, Mississippi, 630, in which the lowest beds reached were turf and vegetable matter. The total thickness of many deltas, such as that of the Ganges, may be inferred from the depth of the sea in which they are accumulating.

shore* are known to be thrown down almost wholly upon a belt thirty miles wide. The moving power of waves is not felt to a greater depth than forty feet; and it is therefore difficult to explain, except upon the theory of subsidence, why in the absence of currents, the sea in proximity to shore should ever be more than forty feet deep. All ancient lands should be surrounded by extensive shoals of uniform depth, for tides appear to have no permanent action in removing sediment, and shore currents of the requisite power are local. The prevailing action, indeed, on our own coasts appears to be silting, if we may judge from the way wrecks become imbedded; and the evidences of subsidence are innumerable. The records of submerged land vegetation are frequent, and though, on the other hand, there are in many places raised beaches, it should be remembered that while these are always conspicuous, depressed beaches cannot easily attract notice.

If it were once conceded that sedimentation directly caused subsidence, we should discover a reason for the permanence of ocean basins, for deposition must have been unceasing since Palæozoic times, and would to a large extent have filled in the depths of the ocean were this action not compensated by constant and gradual depression, exceeding perhaps the rate of sedimentation. The mean of four experiments made on the Challenger expedition, determined the quantity of carbonate of lime in the form of living organisms in the surface waters to be 2.545 grammes, so that if these animals were equally abundant in all depths down to 100 fathoms, it would give 16 tons of carbonate of lime to

each square mile of 100 fathoms depth.* The weight of sediment must exercise enormous pressure, tending to make the *greatest depths* of the sea permanent, and to continually elevate lines of least resistance into ridges or banks, leading where the state of tension is extreme, to isolated volcanic outbursts. The lines of absolute least resistance would probably, however, generally coincide with sea-margins, and upon coasts, therefore, while we might find a tendency to local depression, owing to the littoral sedimentation at a few miles from land, there would be inland a far more important and preponderating tendency to elevation.

Thus there would ever be a direct action deepening ocean basins where they are deepest, and raising up the shallower parts to higher levels, thereby slowly lessening the superficial area occupied by seas. On the other hand, the dry land would extend in a corresponding degree, and its surface become more diversified, for new mountain chains would in succeeding ages have a tendency to greater and greater elevation.

I think all we are able to gather from the records of Palæozoic rocks points to a comparative uniformity in the condition of the earth's surface in remote times, there being neither evidence of great depths in the sea, nor of mountainous elevations in the land. These conditions, to judge from palæontological evidence, were increasingly modified during the secondary period, and on to the present day; so that the theory that increasing weight causes increased depth, derives support from the Geological Record.—*Popular Science Review*.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XIV.

DISPUTED.

MR. AGLIONBY, of Scar Foot, had died on a Wednesday, at noon. He was buried on the Saturday morning follow-

* The denudation has been estimated to equal nineteen feet in 1000 years.

ing, in the churchyard of Yoresett Church, beside those of his fathers who had been buried there before him. He

* In great depths shells are reduced to bicarbonate, and this may imply loss of material. The supply of lime does not seem, however to be obtained to any extent from dead organisms, but is probably kept up by rivers.

was laid low with all pomp and respect, and not a town, village or hamlet in the dale but sent its quota to the following. He had been one of the institutions of the dale, one of the inseparable accompaniments of every gathering, and every event almost, that took place in it; and if he had not been tenderly loved, he had been deeply honored and respected. Therefore gentle and simple came from far and near, and saw him laid to his rest.

Bernard had arrived late on Thursday afternoon at Hawes. There he was met by Mr. Whaley, and driven by him to his bachelor house at Yoresett. Mr. Whaley was the very model of an extremely, if not needlessly discreet country lawyer. Bernard Aglionby was little less reticent. He asked few questions, and seemed satisfied with the short and cautious answers which were given to them. He learned the details of his grandfather's seizure and death. Then he asked:

"And do you think the funeral will be over in time for me to return to Irkford on the same day? because I assure you my chiefs don't approve of an understrapper like myself absenting himself in this style."

"I have little doubt," returned Mr. Whaley softly, "that should you wish to return to Irkford on the same afternoon, it can be managed."

On the Friday morning, Mr. Whaley proposed to drive him over to Scar Foot.

"You should not allow your grandfather to be buried without paying him the last respect; you should at least go and see him before he is taken away for ever."

Bernard agreed, with taciturn gravity. Mr. Whaley's dogcart was called, and they drove to Scar Foot.

Aglionby's face was like some mask of bronze, as they drove along that road over which Judith Conisbrough had lately toiled on wearily. Not a word did he say, not a comment did he utter. "Yea, yea," and "nay, nay," were all that could be wrung from him. One sign, and one only, did he give of being moved or interested. As they came suddenly to the top of the hill, from which they first had a view of Shenamere, from end to end, a light leaped

into his eyes, which darted quickly from hill to hill, and then adown the lake. A flash of subtle feeling passed across his face, and he said abruptly:

"That great boulder at the foot of the lake, is it not called the Dipping Stone?"

"Yes to be sure. How do you know?"

"I've heard of it," was the laconic reply. He made no further comment, until they had gone down the hill, and then, pointing to the buildings on the left embosomed in their trees, he said, more quietly than ever:

"And that is Scar Foot."

"That is Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby, and you are the last representative of the name of those who have lived there for so many generations."

"Yes, I suppose I am," he answered, as they drove into the farm-yard, and got out of the dogcart.

While it was being taken to the other end of the yard, to water the horse, a woman came out of the back door, and looked at them, then greeted Mr. Whaley as an old acquaintance.

"Good-day Mrs. Aveson," said he, and added, "no one here, I suppose?"

"No one, sir, but ourselves. The young ladies hasn't been nigh; not even Miss Judith, nor Mistress Conisbrough."

"No, I daresay. It's a good way, you see. And—" he laid his hand upon Bernard's shoulder—"Mrs. Aveson, you do not know who this is?"

She gazed intently into Bernard's dark saturnine visage.

"N—no, sir," she hesitatingly said, "but he is—he has surely a look of the old Squire about the een and the mouth."

"Very likely. He is the old Squire's grandson, Bernard—Ralph Aglionby's son."

"Lord-a-mercy!" exclaimed the woman, looking startled. "You don't mean it! His son that he had by that foreign wife that he married. He doesn't favor his father," she added, in a lower voice—"he's dark and foreign looking," as Aglionby turned away, tired of being stared at, and perhaps moved, more than he cared to confess, at hearing that he was like his forefathers: though he was "dark and for-

eign looking," they could not deny the resemblance. He strolled away toward the front door.

During that short visit, his intensely keen eyes noted every item of every room he went into. He carried the place away with him, as it were indelibly engraved on his memory—carried away too, a vivid impression of the dead face of the old Squire in his coffin, which he looked upon long and intently, trying hard the while to forgive him his trespasses that he had trespassed against him, Bernard Aglionby, and those who had been dear to him. He did not feel clear in his mind as to whether he had succeeded in this forgiveness; even at the last, when he turned away, he was not sure. His mother's face seemed to rise before him, stern and sad, worn with lines of toil and grief, softening into an angel's beauty when it turned to him, or when he had caressed her. No—forgiveness was not easy, and according to his creed, no such thing as forgiveness existed.

As they drove back through Yoresett, Mr. Whaley pointed out to him Yoresett House, with the blinds down.

"That's where Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters live," he said. "She was a niece of old John's; it was about her that he quarrelled with your father."

"Is one of the daughters a tall, pale girl, with rather stately manners?"

"That's Judith—Miss Conisbrough. What of her?"

"Nothing. I saw her at Irkford with my grandfather the other day."

Later in the evening, Mr. Whaley remarked, "We shall have to go back to Scar Foot after the funeral, for the reading of the will, and"—his brow wrinkled—"I'm sorry to say, Mrs. Conisbrough intends to be present at that ceremony too. She sent me word that she should."

"Why sorry?"

"It's so needless. As if I could not have come straight back here and called upon her, and told her all about it! What do women want at such affairs?"

To this, Bernard made absolutely no reply, and this was the last hint, if hints they were, which Mr. Whaley gave to his guest, as to the disposition of his grandfather's affairs.

* * * * *

The funeral was over and they had returned to Scar Foot. Mr. Whaley again inquired of Mrs. Aveson, "Any one here?"

"Mistress Conisbrough, sir, and Miss Judith. That's all, and they're in the parlor."

Bernard, as he followed Mr. Whaley through the houseplace, passed his hand over his eyes. It was all so very strange and dream-like. He followed Mr. Whaley onwards, into the little parlor, where Judith had been received by her uncle a few days ago. Bernard was not thinking of her at all, at the moment; but was considering what was the secret he was at last going to hear, what this will, so soon to be read, was to disclose for him. He was not thinking of her when he followed Mr. Whaley into the parlor, but on entering it he saw her before he saw anything else. He might almost be said to see nothing but her at first. He was not surprised, of course; he was prepared, and he bowed to her as he entered, but she was more than surprised; he saw the look of puzzled bewilderment that passed over her face, as she gazed at him, blankly at first, and then returned his salute slightly. Next, Bernard saw Mrs. Conisbrough; these two with himself and Mr. Whaley comprised the whole of the company. Mrs. Conisbrough was dressed in the deepest mourning, with crape, and every outward trapping of woe. Her handsome, rather highly colored face was flushed more than usual, her hands were restless and her dark eyes roamed nervously and incessantly around. She formed in every way a most startling contrast to her daughter, who looked what she felt, as if she were only there on compulsion. Mrs. Conisbrough had insisted upon coming, and her daughters, after due consultation, had decided that Judith was the proper person to accompany her. Pale, sedate and melancholy, she sat beside her mother on the couch, and Bernard noticed that but for the fact of its being black, her dress was no mourning dress at all, but a somewhat worn one without any trimming; her hat was a little black straw one; she wore a white linen collar, a black cloth jacket, and black kid gloves. She had refused every entreaty of her mother to don what

the latter considered a more appropriate garb, for what reason Mrs. Conisbrough of course could not imagine.

"Mrs. Conisbrough," observed Mr. Whaley, shaking hands with her, "I think you will agree with me that we had better get this business over at once before any of us take any refreshment, or do anything else."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Whaley," she said, in a trembling voice. She could not in the least conceal her great agitation. Mr. Whaley turned to Bernard, who was standing, dark, erect, and observant, by the table. He was grave now, of course, but he was perfectly cheerful. To have curbed his features to any pretence of emotion or of lamentation—to subdue his voice to the tones of a sorrow which he did not feel, were things which it was not in his nature to do. The frequent sarcastic smile which decorated his lips was absent, but his spirit of cool and rather bitter cynicism shone in double strength from his eyes. He looked cold, hard, and indifferent—exactly what he felt—as he confronted Mrs. Conisbrough, for he had always understood in a vague way that she had created mischief at the time of his father's marriage. Judith Conisbrough, measuring him with her calm and considerate eyes, clearly read his expression and admitted it in her inmost heart—"He looks a hard, contemptuous, pitiless man," she decided.

"Before I begin to read," said Mr. Whaley, "let me present to you the only near relation of yourselves and the late Mr. Aglionby—his grandson, Bernard Aglionby."

Mrs. Conisbrough gave a quick look at him, with nervously distended eyes and twitching lips. She inclined her head a little, and her lips moved, but no sound came from them; they seemed dry and parched. Bernard merely bowed, in profound silence, and Judith did not repeat her original acknowledgment. Then Aglionby sat down, and while Mr. Whaley broke the seal of the will, there was perfect stillness, broken only by the rustle of Mrs. Conisbrough's dress, as she nervously moved now and then.

Bernard, sitting in the window, could see the head of the lake; he looked at it, his elbow resting on the back of his

chair, his eyes shaded a little by his hand. And Mr. Whaley proceeded to read the will.

When Mrs. Conisbrough heard the date, October 7th, 18—, she started violently. It was the date of Tuesday last, the day on which he had been to see her, and on which he had so cruelly and remorselessly tormented her. A cold perspiration broke out upon her face and her lips trembled.

It was a very concise, unelaborate will; it provided for some legacies to servants and old friends, and one or two very distant relatives or connections. Then the testator left the whole of his real and personal estate, without fetter or condition of any kind, to his grandson, Bernard Aglionby, to dispose of during his lifetime, to give, bequeath, or devise in whatsoever manner seemed good to him.

There was no more; not another word, beyond the necessary little formula, and the signature of the testator and the witnesses. Mrs. Conisbrough's name and the names of her daughters were not even mentioned.

Mr. Whaley's voice ceased. There was a momentary pause. Bernard leaned forward, and looked around the room, with a strange, bewildered sensation; a very strange sensation, as utterly devoid of triumph, or jubilation, or delight, as any sensation he had ever experienced. Rejoicing might come later; he supposed it would, for this was great news, it must be. At present the rejoicing was conspicuous by its absence.

Mrs. Conisbrough had now risen. She advanced from the sofa on which she had been sitting beside her daughter, to the table, and supported herself against it with a trembling hand. Indeed, she trembled all over.

"Is that all, Mr. Whaley?" she inquired, in a fluttering voice.

"I am sorry to say, madam, that that is all, every word."

"And you consider that a just will?"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Conisbrough, I do not, and I even went so far as to expostulate with Mr. Aglionby when he desired me to draw it up. I speak plainly, Mr. Bernard Aglionby."

"Yes, you are right to do so."

"Pooh! Expostulating? What is that?" she exclaimed, speaking vehemently.

mently, and with strong, passionate excitement. "I tell you, it is monstrous; it is wicked, it is mad. He knew what he had promised, he knew what he had led me to expect—how I had yielded to his wishes many a time, on the tacit understanding that my self-sacrifice was to be made good to me and my daughters at his death. This is a freak, a folly, a frenzy—I shall dispute the will."

"My dear madam, do nothing of the kind, I implore you. You would cut your own throat. No court would find for you, and you would simply ruin yourself."

"I shall dispute the will. And you, sir" (turning with passionate fierceness to Bernard, who had risen, and stood gravely listening to and looking at her) "you, I warn. I warn you not to take possession of this house and property, or to spend the incomes belonging to them, for you shall make restitution of every penny you disburse. No jury of Englishmen will dispute the base injustice of this will. I should wish to be fair, it is what I have always intended; I would not grasp everything and give you nothing, but before the sight of heaven it is no upstart stranger who—"

"Beware, Mrs. Conisbrough!" said Mr. Whaley warningly. "The upstart stranger you speak of is an Aglionby, and so far as descent goes, the direct heir male to every penny his grandfather left behind him, and to every stick and stone on the estate."

"No doubt, sir, it will be to your interest to support the strongest."

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Judith, rising, and putting her hand on her mother's arm. But Mrs. Conisbrough was no longer mistress of herself.

"But might is not always right," she went on, "and occasionally the innocent win their cause against the guilty."

"Shall we not discuss the matter some other time, when you are more composed?" said Bernard, with profound courtesy of tone and manner, as he too bent over the table toward her, leaning the tips of his fingers on the table, and looking with grave inquiry directly into her eyes.

Their faces were very near together. As she met this direct, serious gaze, Mrs. Conisbrough's high color suddenly

faded; she gave a kind of gasp or sob, and shrank away, averting her gaze.

"Dear mother, let us go away now," said Judith soothingly.

"Not until I have told these men who are in league against us, once again that I defy them, and that they had better beware what—"

She stopped suddenly, put her hand to her side, a common gesture with her, for her heart was weak, and strong excitement usually brought on an attack of illness. She sank down upon the sofa now, livid, and unconscious. Judith sprang to her, unfastened her bonnet strings, loosened her mantle, and bent over her anxiously. Aglionby walked up to her, and asked in a low voice, and one which he evidently constrained, to repress some kind of emotion:

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"No, I thank you," replied the young lady, lifting her eyes to his face, with a look of such deep and mournful sadness, that Aglionby, feeling as if he had rashly intruded upon some sacred precinct, said humbly, "I beg your pardon," and retired again to Mr. Whaley's side.

For a short time there was an uncomfortable, brooding kind of silence. Then at last, Judith turned round, her face disturbed, despite its set expression, her voice faltering a little.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but my mother has had these attacks before, and she—I am afraid—I know she must remain here just at present."

"On the sofa, for an hour or two," said Mr. Whaley, almost briskly. "I am sure Mr. Aglionby—"

"For a day or two, at least, I grieve to say. I must send for the doctor—at least," she added hastily, and looking at Bernard with a deep flush of embarrassment, "it is as much as her life is worth to remove her at present."

"Mr. Aglionby," said Mr. Whaley, looking at him, "you are master here now. What are these ladies to do?"

"I beg them to make use of the house and everything there is in it, as long as it suits their convenience to do so," he replied, still in the same courteous, almost gentle tone, and looking earnestly at Judith.

"I thank you," said the latter.

"Then may I ring for Mrs. Aveson, and order a boy to be sent for Dr. Lowther?"

"You know the ways of the place, I imagine, better than I do; will you please take all authority in the matter into your own hands? Pray oblige me by ordering *exactly* what is convenient to you," said Bernard. "Shall I ring the bell for you?" He put his hand upon the rope, and turning to Mr. Whaley, added in a lower voice. "Shall we not leave these ladies at present, and I will inquire later if they have all they want?"

With that he pulled the bell, and then, saying to Judith, "I trust Mrs. Conisbrough will soon recover," he followed Mr. Whaley from the room.

As they closed the door after them, and found themselves in the houseplace, they met Mrs. Aveson, going to answer the summons. Aglionby paused. "Do not leave it to Miss Conisbrough to tell her," he said. And Mr. Whaley, stopping the woman, said:

"Mrs. Aveson, let me present to you your new master, and the old Squire's successor."

"Sir! I thought the young ladies—Mrs. Conisbrough—" She was paralyzed with astonishment and dismay.

"Not at all. Mr. Aglionby's property goes to his grandson. And I think the ladies want you. Mrs. Conisbrough is ill."

She made a hasty step toward the parlor. Bernard interposed.

"Listen!" he said. "Will you please attend to Miss Conisbrough's orders as if they were my own. Find out everything that she can possibly want, and see that it is got for her, and—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Aveson. "You may be master here, or not, but I need no *orders* to attend to those ladies that are in there;" and without condescending to give him another look, she swept onward.

"Good!" remarked Aglionby, with a saturnine smile. "I like that woman. She's honest. I hope she will stay here."

CHAPTER XV.

JUDITH.

MRS. AVESON, closing the parlor door, bent over Mrs. Conisbrough.

"Eh, but she's very bad, Miss Judith, this bout. Something's upset her, I guess."

"Yes, indeed!" said Judith, abstractedly. She was forced to withdraw her attention from her mother for the moment while she wrote with flying pen to Delphine:

"Very bad news. *All* is left to uncle's grandson, Bernard Aglionby, of whose existence we hardly knew till to-day. I have seen him before. Not one of our names is mentioned. Mamma has taken it to heart, made an awful scene, and had one of her attacks in consequence. She is unconscious now, and cannot be moved. Prepare some things for us, and I will instruct Toby to call for them as he returns from the doctor's. Mr. A. is very courteous and gentle, despite the terrible things mother has said to him. He has placed the house at our disposal. If the doctor thinks you ought to come, I will get him to call and tell you so on his way back.

"Yours, sorrowfully,

"JUDITH."

"Now, Mrs. Aveson, will you give this to Toby, and tell him to make all speed with it to Yoresett House first, then on to the doctor's; then he must return to Yoresett House, and wait for a parcel? Let him go as fast as he can."

Mrs. Aveson took the note, and very soon Toby rode out of the yard, on a stout brown cob, which he astonished by his liberable use of a tough switch. Mrs. Aveson returned to the parlor, where Mrs. Conisbrough still lay unconscious. Sometimes these attacks lasted two hours or rather once she had had one that lasted so long, and this seemed likely to be as tedious. In vain they applied all the restoratives they could think of, or knew of; she lay rigid, and with a livid, deathly hue upon her face.

Judith was not at first alarmed, nor Mrs. Aveson, who was in every sense of the word "a friend of the family." In the intervals of their exertions the woman asked:

"Miss Judith, tell me, is this true, what old Mr. Whaley says? Was the old Squire's will so very unjust?"

"Very unjust, from a moral point of

view, Mrs. Aveson. Legally, there was no fault to be found with it."

"It's a bad hearing. Do you really mean that he has left *all* to that black-looking young man?"

"Yes, all. He is his grandson. I know nothing of where he found him; yes, I do, though. He must have seen him when we were at Irkford, a week ago to-day! But I know nothing of what passed between them. All I know is that this will was made the night he died—"

"Ay! We were witnesses, me and John Heseltine, who happened to be in the kitchen at the time. Had I known how it was going, never would I have signed. It's a crying shame! People have no right to act in that way, I say; though he was my master, and I liked him well enough for all his queer ways. And this stranger, he's no Aglionby in looks, except that he has a glint of the een something like old master, and a twist in the mouth that's a bit akin to him that's gone. But that long thin body, and that lean black face! No Aglionby was ever like that before. I don't know how we shall tak' to him, I'm sure. M'appen we'll have to flit."

"Oh, I hope not, Mrs. Aveson, or we shall have lost all our friends, indeed. But see! is she not coming round a little?"

The hope was deceptive. For two long hours Mrs. Conisbrough lay without consciousness, until her daughter, without losing her presence of mind, began to grow almost faint with fear, and Mrs. Aveson openly expressed her opinion that Mrs. Conisbrough was either dead, or in a trance which would end in death.

She went out of the room at last, in search of some restorative which occurred to her mind, and to look up the road at the back in the hope of catching sight of the doctor on his roadster at the top of the hill, and it was during this absence that at last a flicker of life appeared in the lips and eyes of the unconscious woman.

Her eyes at last opened, slowly and fully; she moved them deliberately and blankly round, fixed them upon Judith without appearing to recognize her, and said, in a toneless voice:

"Bernarda told me so, uncle. She

said they would take him, and that sooner than touch a crust of your bread she would starve."

"Mother dear, it is I. You are at Scar Foot. Try to remember."

"And if you had only waited that morning, instead of going off in a passion without leaving me time to explain, I could have told you all about it. But you were selfish and tyrannical to the last, to the last! Oh dear! It is a weary, weary world, and weariest of all for women that are poor!"

She turned her face to the wall, and closed her eyes, but Judith saw two large tears force their way from under the lids and course slowly down her cheeks. All her soul went out in love and pity. Her mother's wandering remarks were for the moment forgotten, though they had at first struck her as strange and inexplicable. "Bernarda!" Surely that was the name of the woman her uncle Ralph had married. This grandson was called Bernard, too. And her uncle in a passion with her mother? What did that mean? But she could think of none of these things now; she could only stoop over her mother, and wipe her eyes, and kiss her hand and conjure her to look up. To her great relief, too, she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and directly afterward the doctor was in the room.

The doctor's orders were what Judith had expected. Her mother must be carried upstairs and put to bed, where she must have the most absolute quiet and repose. A state of the most alarming weakness and prostration had succeeded to the intense agitation and excitement which had brought on the attack. It was long before all was arranged, and before Dr. Lowther could leave his patient, white and weak and hardly conscious where she was, or what was going on around her. He promised to call the next day, Sunday, enforced again and again the necessity for the most absolute rest, strictly forbade almost all conversation, and departed.

Never had Judith experienced such a feeling as overwhelmed her when she was at last left alone with her mother in the bedroom—the well-known blue bedroom which she had occupied many a score of times—with the lamp lighted on the table, and the dusk outside rapidly

gathering into darkness. When the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away over the hill, there fell upon the place a silence utter and profound, such as can only be known in the very heart of the country—far away from men that strive, from clanging bells remorselessly summoning the multitudes to their toil, from railways that deafen, and traffic that makes weary the heart of man. She went to the window—the broad deep-set window—and leaning one knee on the window-seat, she curved her hands upon the pane into a kind of arch, and pressed her aching forehead upon them. Indistinctly, by the light of a young moon, she could see what Sir Bedivere called "the waves wap, and the waters wan," of silent Shennamere, and the shadowy forms of the great fells on the other side, and one solitary steadily burning light from the village of Busk on the hill across the lake.

It was beautiful, and she loved it—loved it dearly: but was it always to be thus? Was her prospect never to be larger than this? and even this she now no more felt to be her own. In the house of her forefathers she had suddenly become a stranger, a casual guest, and every hour that she now passed there was like a fresh load upon her heart. Surely there must be some way of getting out of it all. Even now her mind was busy with thoughts of escape, as the minds of prisoners and caged birds are wont to be, and will be, to the world's end. Shennamere, and Scar Foot, and Yoresett, and her own home, and this existence, which was neither life nor death, without either the fulness of the one or the repose of the other—they had long been bitter realities to her; would the time ever come when they would seem but as a dream that has vanished? Would she ever be able to look back upon them from some height attained, of usefulness, or hopefulness, or successful endeavor, and to say with a smile, "Once upon a time I had no more than those in my life; no prospect wider than Shennamere Water and Raydaleside Fell?" The wonder, the longing, the strenuous effort to force the future to lift its veil were at that moment more passionate, more intense, than she had ever known them. Hard hours she had passed, when her heart

had fretted as if it must burst with impatience to snap its bonds—bitter hours of self-interrogation, "Why am I here? What was I born for? Who wants me? What is there for me to do?" Such hours as thousands of young women fight through or sink under every day that dawns, in this glorious kingdom of England, under the model laws, protected by the immaculate social institutions of which we are so proud, in this grandest and greatest of great empires.

Some, whom Fortune favors, come out of the storm into a clear haven, but generally battered more or less. Others are rescued by a man's hand; they marry, have children, and rear them, and we are wont exultantly to point out these cases, and to say, "See, would you alter the laws under which flourish so beautifully all these talented women who make money, and earn honorable fame; these happy wives and mothers, loved and looked up to by husbands and children and friends?" We are chary of inquiring whether the talented and successful authoresses and artists, the happy wives and mothers, may not have attained their proud position rather in spite of than in consequence of some of our supremely wise and benevolent legal and social institutions, and we most distinctly do not turn to the other side and look over the hedge into that gray twilight country where the failures dwell—the withered-up old maids; the disappointed strugglers after fame or even independence; the heaps and heaps of lives *manquées*, of vitality crushed, of promptings of intellect, or talent, or genius repressed—the dreadful limbo of the spirits which have failed to make good their claim to a place in the world.

Judith Conisbrough, though she did not put the situation tangibly before herself, even in her own mind, vaguely felt herself trembling on the brink which divides these two worlds; for it is a narrow ledge, though we trip so carelessly along it; trembling on the verge of that path which separates the "successful women," "the happy wives and mothers," from this holocaust composed of the failures; of those who had not found favor in the eyes of the world or of men, and who had withered, or were withering away without having known any joys, whether of love and maternity,

or of published books, pictures that sold, or establishments that succeeded. Sometimes she viewed the matter in a half-bantering, half-cynical way, and was inclined to smile—as we are all inclined to smile—at the failures; but to-night deeper emotions were astir—she felt in deadly earnest; she could see no smiling side to the matter; she told herself that she had been suffered to grow to womanhood in the hope that an old man would leave her some of his money when he died; that he had died and left her none, and that she was worse than useless—she was as a withered tree that cumbered the ground; that she must make a struggle soon, or it would be too late; and she asked herself by what right had those who had doomed her to this fate done so?

Thus she stood, leaning against the window, her eyes straining out into the night, her heart beating fast with a vague excitement, her spirit stretching invisible hands toward heaven, uttering an inaudible but passionate, terrible cry, "Lord, help me!"

A footstep behind her roused her; she turned, bewildered, as one who awakens from a dream, and saw Mrs. Aveson.

"Miss Judith," said she softly, "you're doing wrong to be standing here, tiring yourself, and you're in want of food. You've tasted neither bite nor sup since breakfast-time. Go yer ways down into t' parlor, and there you'll find some coffee, and something to eat, as I've got ready for you. Now, go honey, and I'll bide with Mistress Conisbrough the while. And don't be in any hurry back again. I've nought to do. Go and rest a bit. You'll want your strength."

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Aveson," she said, in a voice weak from fasting and exhaustion following upon excitement and suspense.

Mrs. Aveson took her seat by the bedside, and Judith slowly went downstairs and into the parlor—the fatal parlor in which she had endured so many hard blows. How pleasant it looked! How cozy and homely, and dear it was with the glowing, generous Yorkshire fire, and the bright lamp, and the oaken rafters and panels; the white cloth on the table, and the inviting little meal which

Mrs. Aveson had spread for her—coffee in the old square silver coffee-pot, and cream in the ancient ewer of the same shape; the white and the brown bread-and-butter, the egg and the marmalade and the cold fowl—creature comforts, no doubt, and infinitely beneath the dignified notice of a romance-writer of the highest order, but to Judith the sight of them was overpowering. They were so exactly what she had always been used to see at Scar Foot; they were what had been at her service all the years of her life whenever she came there, and now they every one belonged to a stranger, one with whom she foresaw they were to be at strife—at daggers-drawn—unless her mother's bitter resentment subsided; this stranger's bread she was forced to eat, to sustain bodily weakness, with a feeling that it would almost choke her. Truly, it seemed as if she were destined to eat her bread with tears, and she foresaw no end to the grief in store for them all.

She leaned her elbows on the table, breaking down utterly, and cried piteously; not loudly, but with silent intensity. Her head ached, her heart throbbed—she was wretched.

The handle of the door turned; a footstep paused, a voice curt and surprised, said:

"Oh, Miss Conisbrough, I beg your pardon. I will not intrude upon you."

Judith started up, and saw Bernard Aglionby, this "new master;" this strong man, who seemed to her to have stepped to the front, and put his hand with remorseless grip upon the one chance of peace and happiness that there had been for them all, and crushed it as if it had been a fly. Her tears dried as if by magic.

"Pray come in!" she said; "Mrs. Aveson asked me to come down and have something to eat, and I had forgotten—"

She had almost added, "your very existence," but paused in time. He accepted her invitation, came forward, and closed the door; accepting her hint, and taking no open notice of her tears, though she dried them without disguise, before his very eyes. He looked at her, and his face wore a keen, sharp, hard expression, as it always did when he was studying those whom he did not know;

an expression which by no means betokened dislike of the said persons, but was simply a mask which his own face took in his reserve. To show himself as he was, to those of whose nature he knew nothing, was a thing which it was not in his nature to do. To fulfil the duties of host could however commit him to nothing, and he had decided quietly to ignore poor Mrs. Conisbrough's warnings, and distinctly to assume the position of master in the house which now belonged to him.

"I am glad Mrs. Aveson has persuaded you to come down," he said. "You must have fasted long, and, after all your anxiety, must stand in need of something. Would you not prefer wine to this coffee?"

"No, thank you; I seldom touch it," said she, seating herself, and pouring out the coffee.

"Pray send me away, if my presence annoys you," he added, standing against the mantelpiece, his back to the fire and his face in the shade.

"Not in the least," replied Judith coldly, as she leaned back, languid and exhausted, too exhausted to eat. He saw this, and stepping forward urged her to try to eat something.

"You must eat," he said. "Dr. Lowther—that is his name, isn't it—?"

"Yes."

"I saw him, and he told me that Mrs. Conisbrough would require many days of absolute repose before she could possibly leave."

"I—yes—I am afraid so. I—we—you cannot imagine how I regret having thus to inflict my mother and myself upon you, at such an inopportune time, and—and after such a scene."

She spoke with a deep blush of mingled pride and embarrassment, and her last words came with difficulty.

"Pray do not think of that. Mrs. Conisbrough's recovery must be your first consideration," said Bernard, who was, unaccountably to himself, fascinated by the voice and manners of his guest. There was something in the situation which appealed to his fancy. He had imagination enough to understand that he saw Miss Conisbrough under exceptional circumstances, trying ones also, and he felt a keen interest in watching her behavior under those circum-

stances. So far he had found it admirable. He took cynical views of life and human nature, which views his new prosperity and easy circumstances would be sure to mellow and modify. As yet, there had not been time for this effect to take place. He was still the old Bernard Aglionby, sardonic and *moqueur*; and he thought he had found confirmation of his views on human nature in Mrs. Conisbrough's fury at being left penniless—even in Mr. Aglionby's brutal caprice (as such he regarded it, though it so greatly benefited him) in thus leaving her penniless—in her threat to dispute a will which no English court would for a moment think of setting aside. So far, he felt his theories as to the predominance of self-interest over all other interests strongly supported by facts. As for Miss Conisbrough, he did not know yet. He very much wished to know. He had not been able to forget the sadness, the deep sorrow of her eyes, as she had turned to look at him while her mother lay fainting. All these various, considerations prompted his words, "Pray do not think of that," to which she answered:

"You are very kind, but I do and must think of that. It is the sort of thing one cannot help thinking of."

"Is it?" said he. He had been watching her as she leaned back in her chair, trifling with her knife and fork, and now with his usual impetuosity he exclaimed:

"You really must excuse me, but you are my guest, and I must look after you. Do have some more cold fowl. I beg you will. You will need your strength; and you must not starve yourself."

He seized the dish, and placed another piece on her plate.

Judith looked surprised, but overcoming her languor, tried to eat the fowl, and succeeded better.

"Nothing like trying," observed the new ruler of Scar Foot, rubbing his nervous-looking hands together, and with a gleam of encouragement in his dark eyes. Judith, looking at him ever more and more attentively, came to the conclusion that his was a face of which it was impossible to say whether the agreeable or disagreeable in feature and expression predominated in it. Now and again the lips relaxed in their cynical

curve, and the dark eyes softened, and the corrugated brow grew smooth and pensive. Then seizing this fleeting moment of softness, one was tempted to say, "Good!" Again, the cynical curve returned to those lips and marred their carving. The eyes were filled with a spark of anything but kindly feeling, and the brow was wrinkled up in lines which seemed to imply that its owner had ceased to expect the sun to shine, or the moon to be bright again, and that he experienced a faint wonder at finding others who still cherished any delusions on those points; and then, Judith and others must infallibly have said of that face, "Not good." Of one thing alone she felt sure, and that was that his face was neither a common nor an uninteresting one.

She smiled faintly in answer to his last remark. It had not occurred to her to wonder how she should treat him. For her own part, she was not sorry for the result of her uncle Aglionby's will—all that she regretted in it was that Scar Foot had passed to a stranger, and that her mother had said things to that stranger, of such a nature as to offend the meekest of men, and, however doubtful she might be as to some points of his character, she was very sure that meekness was not one of them. What had overwhelmed her, had been the utter *bouleversement* of all that had appeared to her most trustworthy and most stable—her uncle's regard, his good intentions, his plighted word. And she was terribly ashamed of the display of anger made by her mother that morning.

"It is strange that we should have met before," she observed, not wishing to maintain a churlish silence.

"Yes, very. I little thought, as I stood beside you at the Liberal Demonstration, that you were the nearest relations I had."

"I—a near relation?"

"Surely you are my third cousin. That's near, when one has no others nearer."

"Third cousins—I suppose we are," said Judith musingly. "I had not thought of it in that light."

"And you are resolved that you never will think of it in that light," he said, a flash of sarcasm in his smile. "Well,

I cannot wonder at that. To you, my conduct in turning up at such a time must have appeared more scurvy than cousinly, to say the least of it."

"I never said so," said Judith gravely. "I do not wish to say so; for I do not understand the circumstances. How did you meet my uncle? The next time we saw you, you were at the theatre with—" She stopped suddenly short and looked at him.

"With Lizzie—Miss Vane, I mean—the girl I am engaged to," replied Bernard composedly. "Did you notice her?"

"Yes, but I scarcely saw her, really. I caught a glimpse of her face, which seemed to me exceedingly pretty. But you did not speak to my uncle then."

"He came to see over the warehouse in which I was one of the salesmen; I was deputed to show him round. We got into conversation. But I think he saw some likeness, or something, that made him suspect who I was. He asked my name. Then he told me by degrees who he was, and invited me to come and visit him here, which proposal I declined with scant courtesy, I fear. He pressed a few home-truths upon my consideration: I returned his presents in the same coin; we shook hands, as a concession on either side and parted. You must know the rest better than I do."

"Yes, we all know the rest pretty well, I imagine. We know the end of it."

"I hope not, Miss Conisbrough," he said earnestly. Judith seemed to him so calm, so staid and eminently reasonable a person, that he felt he could speak to her on terms of almost business-like equality; it struck him that here was an admirable opportunity for declaring his views upon the vexed subject of his grandfather's will, to one who would hear them without heat or prejudice. As for Mrs. Conisbrough, he considered, with an inward feeling of some contempt, that a woman who could conduct herself as she had done that morning, was quite hopeless; he was resolved not to have any further consultation with her. If he could enlist Judith on his side, no doubt she could bring about an arrangement. She must have some influence over her weaker mother, and he would infinitely

prefer to conduct the negotiation he contemplated, through her.

"I hope not," he repeated. "If you suppose that I consider my grandfather's will a just one, or that I am capable of taking advantage of it to the full extent, you do me injustice, indeed. I am a very rough fellow, I know. I have had to fight the world inch by inch, and have been battered about from my childhood up, and I know it has soured me, and made me an uncivil, pessimistic creature. The only time Fortune ever smiled upon me was when she threw me in the way of my sweetheart, and made her take pity on me and promise to marry me." ("His face is more good than bad, I am quite certain now," Judith decided.) "But in all my knockings about, I don't think I ever took a mean advantage of any one weaker or worse off than myself—at least, I hope not. Mrs. Conisbrough is unfit to speak of business at present; indeed, to me it seems that with her evident tendency to become violently agitated, she ought not to speak of it at all. Perhaps she will name you her delegate. I am sure you have a cool head. At any rate, we must have a discussion as soon as may be. I cannot consider anything settled until that has been settled. Mr. Whaley will help us, I am sure, for so monstrously unjust a will cannot possibly be literally carried out."

"I see you wish to be fair," said Judith calmly, "but such things are difficult to arrange. I cannot answer for my mother; I think she has been iniquitously treated. But for myself and one of my sisters I can answer. I know that nothing short of starvation would induce us to touch a penny of Mr. Aglionby's property."

She said this without heat, but with a calm determination which he saw was earnest.

"Because that property has been left to me?" he said hastily, "because you would not—"

"Not at all; but because of certain events which have lately occurred—certain things which passed between my uncle and me. This will is a decisive thing at last. I hope that now my sister and I will be able to carry out the desire we have always had, and work, as

we should have been taught to do, and made to do from our childhood."

"I am sorry you do not altogether agree with me. But," he added quickly, "you will not oppose my wish that your mother, at any rate, should receive the treatment which is her due?"

"No, I shall not oppose that," replied Judith. And so impressed was he by her manner, and by every word she said, that he felt as if the cause were gained whose side she took.

"Thank you very much for that promise," he answered. "It will make it much easier for me. You will of course be the best judge as to when it is fitting to speak to Mrs. Conisbrough of the matter."

"It must not be now, nor for some days to come," replied Judith, rising.

"I will wish you good-night, Mr. Aglionby, and go to my mother, who I am sure must want me."

"Must you go? Then good-night." He rose too. "Miss Conisbrough, are you my enemy?"

"No."

"Then will you prove it, and acknowledge our cousinship by shaking hands with me?"

Judith looked at the hand he held out—at him—at the hand again; put her own into it, and repeated, "Good-night."

"I hope you will rest well," he replied, holding open the door as she passed out.

"I have shaken hands with him—what will Delphine say?" was Judith's reflection as she went upstairs. She found her mother asleep. She let Mrs. Aveson go, and seated herself beside the bed, folded her hands together, and thought.

"No, he does not know," she reflected. "I should be paralyzed by the possession of that money—of any of it. But it shows a generous mind to wish to give us some of it, after what mamma said this morning. He has had his troubles, too—any one can see that. I daresay he could tell a tale of how he has been neglected, and disappointed. His eyes are good—they are not afraid to meet yours. When they are not mocking you they are pleasant. Oh, I hope mamma will come to terms with

him ! A long strife would be so fearful—and then if he did get angry with her, he could crush her to atoms."

CHAPTER XVI.

A LANDOWNER.

WHEN Judith had gone, Bernard felt he had a duty to fulfil. His conversation with Miss Conisbrough had brought it again to his mind. It was the duty of writing to Lizzie Vane, to acquaint her with his new fortunes—and hers, for of course she was to be the partaker for the future of all his joys and sorrows. He distinctly felt it to be a duty : was it not also a pleasure ? As that thought occurred to him, he started up, muttering, " By Jove ! of course it is ! " And he seized pen and paper, and scrawled off these lines, in the fulness of his heart :

" MY DEAREST LIZZIE : You will see from the date of this that I am in the house of my fathers. You will wonder, too, what I am doing here, after all I said to you about my determination never to enter it. What I have to tell you, my darling, is a very serious matter for both of us. You remember my telling you last Monday about my accidental meeting with Mr. Aglionby of Scar Foot, my grandfather. On Wednesday last he died. They telegraphed for me to attend the funeral. He was buried this morning, and on his will being read, it turns out that he has left the whole of his property to me. I was astonished, I own, and in a measure gratified ; one naturally is gratified at finding oneself suddenly rich when one had least reason to expect to be anything of the kind.

" But there are shades to the picture, and drawbacks to the advantages, and you, my dear Lizzie, with your tender heart, will easily understand when I explain that my joy is not unmixed. It seems that the Mrs. Conisbrough whom I told you about, and who lives with her daughters at Yoresett, the market town, had always been given to understand that she would inherit the property.

" My grandfather's will was made only the night before he died, in a fit of pique, for some reason which no one seems able to understand. They are entirely ignored—not even mentioned in it. Mrs. Conisbrough and her eldest

daughter were present at the reading of the will. The poor lady has taken it very much to heart ; her means are exceedingly small, and she thinks the will a most unjust one. (So do I, for that matter—an egregiously unjust will.) And she threatens to dispute it. She will have no chance, of course, but I feel my hands in a measure tied until I know the worst she can do, and until some compromise is come to for her benefit. Meantime, she is ill upstairs in this very house ! her agitation having brought on an attack of the heart. She is attended by her daughter, for whom I feel very sorry. I feel sorry for them all. They are gentlewomen, and evidently have had a hard struggle all their lives. There is such a sad, patient, yet dignified expression upon Miss Conisbrough's face. She cannot but command respect and admiration. I wish you knew her. One dreams fast sometimes, and since this morning I have been dreaming of you settled here, and myself, having effected a compromise with Mrs. Conisbrough, and proved to her that I am not the rapacious upstart she takes me for—and of you and the Misses Conisbrough getting on very well together, and being great friends. I think this is not so foolish as most dreams. I see no reason why it should not come true. Miss Conisbrough is as far as possible from being forbidding, though she looks so grave, and I am sure your winning ways would soon make her love you. This is a most beautiful old place—very different from the din and dust of the town. To-morrow I must try to make a little sketch of the lake and the house, and send you them. As soon as I can snatch the time I shall run over to Irkford and see you, and discuss future plans. I can hardly realize yet that our wedding, which we thought must wait for so many years, need not now be long deferred—no longer than a certain wilful young woman chooses to put it off. Remember me to your mother ; and heaven bless you, my own darling, is the wish of your faithful sweetheart,

" BERNARD AGLIONBY."

His heart warmed as he wrote the words, and thought of his beautiful Lizzie, and cherished his little plan of mak-

ing her and the Misses Conisbrough into great friends. Poor Bernard! He wrote out of the innocence and the fullness of his heart, not out of his knowledge of either men or women.

He had chosen to remain at Scar Foot rather than accept Mr. Whaley's invitation that he would return with him to Yoresett and be his guest. Mr. Whaley may easily be pardoned for not having surmised for a moment, what Aglionby's demeanor certainly did not suggest, the unspoken impulse which urged him to remain—the longing which lay deep at his heart, to become better acquainted, in silence and undisturbed, with this old place where his fathers had lived, and where now he was to live after them; to imbibe, as it were, some ideas of the life, of the home, that was to be his. Unspoken though it was, the sentiment, the desire, was there. Deep down in his rough heart, and crusted over with the bitterness which with him came too readily to the surface, there were wells of something very like romance and sentiment. Since this morning a thousand schemes had come crowding into his mind, a thousand not wholly selfish plans and purposes, which now he could carry out to his heart's content. All his poetic instincts had been cramped, if not warped, by the life he had led, but under his unpromising exterior they were there—they did exist; and it was they and they alone which had prompted him to refuse Mr. Whaley's invitation.

His sleep, on that first night that he rested under this roof, was sweet and undisturbed. When Sunday morning dawned, and he awoke, he at first could not imagine where he was, so profound was the silence, except for the chirping birds and the smothered rush of the brook at the back of the house. Gradually his senses returned to him. He remembered it all, sprang out of bed, went to the window and lifted the blind.

The air of the October morning was sharp; the sun was brilliant, the atmosphere clear; the view before him struck with a strange thrill upon him—a thrill half pleasure, half pain. The clear moors just opposite; the dimmer forms of the great fells behind them; the glittering silver surface of the little lake;

the garden just under his eyes, filled with homely flowers, and with the green field beyond, sloping down to the water's edge—it was, indeed, very fair for any one who had eyes to see! But to him it was more—it was a revelation; there was the peculiar stillness of a country Sunday morning over it all; it was the end of the world. Most of us are acquainted with one sensation—that of arriving when it is dark at some seaside place—of sleeping soundly all night; of awakening the next morning, and on looking out, finding oneself confronted by the open sea. That is a sensation which never grows old or stale. Something of the thrill and joy which attends its first time of being experienced, hangs also about each recurrence of it. It was with just such a sensation that Bernard Aglionby's eyes rested now on the prospect before him. Vague, unconscious contrasts were formed in his mind—this place and that—Scar Foot on a Sunday morning, and 13 Crane Street on a Sunday morning! He opened the window, and inhaled the pure, frosty, fragrant air—Arcadian air. It was very early, he found, not yet six o'clock; but going to bed again was a thing not to be thought of; and he dressed, went downstairs, and out of doors, and walked to the lakeside with the feeling that he was in a dream. It was as wonderful to him, and certainly quite as agreeable, as her first ball to a girl of seventeen who has been brought up in strict seclusion. He wondered at the intensity of his own enjoyment, and its *naïveté*.

"It is hereditary, I suppose," he thought, "and I can't help it. It's the stock I come of. When a man's forefathers have lived and moved and had their being for hundreds of years in a spot like this, and have appreciated it, a love of such things must be implanted in that man's nature at his birth. So it is with me, I suppose. I fear Lizzie won't delight in it as I do."

Bernard spent almost the whole of that day out of doors, literally "exploring" with the avidity and the interest of a schoolboy who has found a promising place for birds'-nests. He walked completely round the lake, and thus, from under the village of Busk at the opposite side, he got a fine view of

Scar Foot, and gazed at it till he could gaze no longer.

He met a farmer's boy, and asked him the names of some of the great grey fells in the distance, and the boy told him, and added that there must have been rain in Lancashire, for "look at t' Stake," which, as Bernard saw, was flecked with irregular white lines. "All the becks is oot," added the boy, and Aglionby smiled. At Irkford—for miles around Irkford—the "becks" were black as ink, and foul as only the streams of a town can be with all manner of pollution.

He went in again, to his dinner, in the middle of the day, and sent a message by Mrs. Aveson to inquire after "those ladies." The answer brought by the housekeeper was, "Miss Conisbrough's compliments, and she was quite well; but Mrs. Conisbrough was rather poorly this morning." On her own account, Mrs. Aveson added that Mrs. Conisbrough was terribly weak, and had to lie on her back as still as a mouse, or palpitations would come on again. Dr. Lowther had called, and said that complete rest was still necessary. Miss Conisbrough had been reading the Morning Service to her mamma, and she was going to have her dinner

with her upstairs. With this he had to be satisfied. Then, after dinner, he sat at the open window of the parlor for an hour or two smoking, and making believe to read a county newspaper, with which Mrs. Aveson had supplied him; but it was as if a spell drew him out of doors, and he again set out for what he intended to be a short walk, but on what developed into a long, aimless ramble over hill and dale; he got by mistake on to the road which leads to the great waterfall at Hardraw Scar, which was thundering in indescribable splendor, hurling itself over the rocky ledge into its deep and dark and fearful basin below. Then he climbed a long road, over some great hills; discovered some vast and awful-looking "pots," crevasses of limestone, sinking for unknown depths into the ground—fearsome places indeed, bearing the unromantic title of "Butter-tubs;" and a little farther on, found himself just beneath bleak Shunner Fell, gazing down into dark Swaledale, and in full view of such a "tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops" as he had never seen before. Then he thought it was time to return, and retraced his steps downward, and by the light of the moon, homeward.—*Temple Bar.*

ON NOVELS AND NOVEL-MAKERS.

BY AN OLD NOVELIST.

"SET a thief to catch a thief." Well—even so! And "Honor among thieves"—you may always find the proverb and counter-proverb—is an equally noble sentiment. I am not going to lay bare the secrets of the prison-house.

Still, may not the ancient gladiator be allowed to haunt his former arena, to examine and criticize the combatants, to watch with interest the various throws? And the old vocalist, who has quietly dropped, let us hope in good time, into the teacher of singing—is it unnatural that he should sometimes like to frequent the stalls, and make his own comments on his brethren still before the footlights? For he loves his art as much as ever; he understands its secrets perhaps better than ever—only—But

peace? Is he not an aged gladiator—a tired singer? Happy for him if he is wise enough to recognize this fact and act upon it.

Yes—there comes a time when we authors must accept the truth, that it is better for us, as well as our books, to be "shelved." We ought never to write at all unless we have something to say, and there are few things sadder than to see a writer, to whom the world has listened, and listened with pleasure, go on feebly repeating himself, sinking from originality into mediocrity, and then into the merest commonplace. "Stop in time," is the wisest advice that can be given to all who live by their brains. These brains—even if the strongest—will only last a certain time, and do a certain

quantity of work—really good work. Alas for those authors who have to live upon their reputation after their powers are gone.

But though the impulse of genius melts away, and even talent can be worn out in time, there is one thing which, among much lost, is assuredly gained, and that is experience. The quickness to detect faults won through fighting with our own, and the knowledge how to rectify these errors when found, are advantages we possess still, and should not lightly underrate. Therefore, if after having written novels for more than a quarter of a century, I have lately tried reading them, may I be allowed a few words which I trust none of my co-mates will misconstrue, nor their readers, and mine, misapprehend?

Novel-making—I use the word designedly, for it is a mistake to suppose that a novel makes itself—is not an impulse, but an art. The poet may be “born, not made;” but the novelist must make himself one, just as much as any carpenter or bricklayer. You cannot build a house at random, or without having learned the bricklayer’s trade, and by no possibility can you construct a three-volume story, which shall be a real, enduring work of art, without having attained that mechanical skill which is as necessary to genius as the furnace to the ore and the lapidary’s tool to the diamond. And since most long-experienced workmen are supposed to know something of their tools, and the way to use them, as well as to be tolerable judges of the raw material in which they have worked all their days, I do not apologize for writing this paper. It may be useful to some of those enthusiastic young people who think—as a fashionable lady once said to me—“Oh how charming it must be to write a novel. Couldn’t you teach me?” No; I was afraid not. And though work is genius—as some one has said, and not quite without truth—I could not advise my young friend to try.

Novel—the word, coming from the Italian *novella*, implies something new: a *rifacciamento*, or re-making, in an imaginative shape, of the eternally old elements of mortal life, joy and sorrow, fortune and misfortune, love and death. Also virtue and vice; though whether

the novel should illustrate any special moral, is a much-debated question.

Apparently, beyond some vague notions of virtue rewarded and vice punished, the old romancists did not consider a “moral” necessary. There is certainly no “purpose” in the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments,” or the “Decameron of Boccaccio;” nor very much in Sir Charles Grandison. Probably less than none in “Tom Jones,” and others of the same age and class. Even the author of *Waverley*, the Shakspeare of novelists, only teaches us, as Shakspeare does, by implication. It has been left to modern writers to convert the novel into a sort of working steam-engine, usable for all purposes; to express through it their pet theories of religion or morality, their opinions on social wrongs and remedies, and their views on æsthetic and philosophical subjects. From the art of cookery up—or down—to the law of divorce, anybody who thinks he has anything to say, says it in three volumes, mashed up, like hard potatoes, in the milk and butter of fiction.

A portion, however, of our modern novel-writers repudiate the idea of having any moral purpose whatever; and, truly, few of their readers can accuse them of it. Amusement pure and simple—not always either simple or pure, but always amusement—is their sole aim. They—that is, the cleverest of them—are satisfied to cut a bit at random out of the wonderful web of life, and present it to you just as it is, wishing you to accept it as such, without investigating it too closely, or pausing to consider whether the pattern is complete, what the mode and reason of the wearing, and whether you only see a part or the whole. That there is a whole—that life is not chance-work, but a great design, with the hands of the Divine Artificer working behind it all—so seldom comes into their calculations that they do not expect it to come into yours. Therefore, with a daring and sometimes almost blasphemous ingenuity, they put themselves to play Providence, to set up their puppets and knock them down, and make them between whiles “play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,” that one feels heaven’s commonest law of right and wrong would to them

be, to say the least, extremely inconvenient.

But to return. Certainly—whatever my fashionable young friend might think—no one can be *taught* to write novels. But to suppose that novel-writing comes by accident, or impulse—that the author has only to sit with his pen in his hand and his eyes on the ceiling, waiting for the happy moment of inspiration, is an equal mistake.

To make a novel—that is, to construct out of the ever-changing kaleidoscope of human fate a picture of life which shall impress people as being life-like and stand out to its own and possibly an after generation, as such—this is a task that cannot be accomplished without genius, but which genius, unaided by mechanical skill, generally fails to accomplish thoroughly. Much of what is required comes not by intuition, but experience. "How do you write a novel?" has been asked me hundreds of times; and as half the world now writes novels expecting the other half to read them, my answer, given in plain print, may not be quite useless. The shoemaker who in his time has fitted a good many feet, need not hesitate to explain his mode of measuring, how he cuts and sews his leather, and so on. He can give a hint or two on the workmanship; the materials are beyond his power.

What other novelists do I know not, but this has been my own way—*ab ovo*. For, I contend, all stories that are meant to live must contain the germ of life, the egg, the vital principle. A novel "with a purpose" may be intolerable, but a novel without a purpose is more intolerable still—as feeble and flaccid as a man without a backbone. Therefore the first thing is to fix on a central idea, like the spine of a human being or the trunk of a tree. Yet as nature never leaves either bare, but clothes them with muscle and flesh, branches and foliage, so this leading idea of his book will be by the true author so successfully disguised or covered as not to obtrude itself objectionably; indeed, the ordinary reader ought not even to suspect its existence. Yet from it, this one principal idea, proceed all after-growths; the kind of plot which shall best develop it, the characters which must act it out, the incidents which will

express these characters, even to the conversations which evolve and describe these incidents, all are sequences, following one another in natural order; even as from the seed-germ result successively the trunk, limbs, branches, twigs, and leafage of a tree.

This, if I have put my meaning clearly, shows that a conscientiously written novel is by no means a piece of impulsive, accidental scribbling, but a deliberate work of art; that though in one sense it is also a work of nature, since every part ought to result from and be kept subservient to the whole, still, in another, the novel is the last thing that ought to be allowed to say of itself, like Topsy, "Spects I growed."

Not even as to the mere writing of it. Style or composition, though to some it comes naturally, does not come to all. When I was young, an older and more experienced writer once said to me, "Never use two adjectives where one will do; never use an adjective at all where a noun will do. Avoid italics, notes of exclamation, foreign words and quotations. Put full stops instead of colons; make your sentences as short and clear as you possibly can, and whenever you think you have written a particularly fine sentence, cut it out."

More valuable advice could not be given to any young author. It strikes at the root of that slipshod literature of which we find so much nowadays, even in writers of genius. To these latter indeed it is a greater temptation; their rapid, easy pen runs on as the fancy strikes, and they do not pause to consider that in a novel, as in a picture, breadth is indispensable. Every part should be made subservient to the whole. You must have a foreground and background, and a middle distance. If you persist in working up one character, or finishing up minutely one incident, your perspective will be destroyed, and your book become a mere collection of fragments, not a work of art at all. The true artist will always be ready to sacrifice any pet detail to the perfection of the whole.

Sometimes, I allow, this is hard. One gets interested—novel-writers only know how interested! in some particular character or portion of the plot, and is tempted to work out these, to the in-

jury of the rest. Then there usually comes a flat time, say about the second volume, when the first impetus has subsided, and the excitement of the denouement has not yet come, yet the story must be spun on somehow, if only to get to something more exciting. This may account for the fact that so many second volumes are rather dull. But a worse failure is when vol. iii. dwindles down, the interest slowly diminishing to nothing. Or else the story is all huddled up, everybody married or killed somehow—not as we novelists try to do it, “comfortably”—but in a hasty, unsatisfactory manner, which makes readers wonder why the end is so unworthy of the beginning.

Either mistake is fatal, and both commonly proceed from carelessness, or from the lack of that quality, without which no good work is possible, the infinite capacity of taking trouble. “Look at my MS.,” said a voluminous writer once to me; “there is hardly a single correction in it, and this is my first draught. I never copy, and I rarely alter a line.” It would have been uncivil to say so, but I could not help thinking that both author and public would have been none the worse if my friend had altered a good many lines, and re-copied not a few pages!

While on the question of MSS. let me say one practical word. Authors are apt to think that any sort of “copy” is good enough for the press. Quite the contrary. An untidy, useless, illegible MS. is an offence to the publisher, dangerous irritation to his “reader,” and to the printer an absolute cruelty. Also, many proof corrections often made so wantonly, and costing so much trouble and money, are severely to be condemned. Doubtless the *genus irritabile* has its wrongs, from hard-headed and often hard-hearted men of business, but volumes might be written about the worry, the loss, the actual torment that inaccurate, irregular, impecunious and extravagant authors are to that much-enduring and necessarily silent class—their publishers.

An accusation is often made against us novelists, that we paint our characters, especially our ridiculous or unpleasant characters, from life. Doubtless many second-rate writers do this—

thereby catching the ill-natured class of readers, which always enjoys seeing its neighbor “shown up.” But a really good novelist would scorn to attain popularity by such mean devices. Besides, any artist knows that to paint exactly from life is so difficult as to be almost impossible. Study from life he must—copying suitable heads, arms, or legs, and appropriating bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncrasies, making use of the real to perfect the ideal. But the ideal, his own, should be behind and beyond it all. The nature to which he holds up the mirror should be abstract, not individual; and he must be a poor creator who can only make his book by gibbeting therein real people, like kites and owls on a barn-door, for the amusement and warning of society.

We authors cannot but smile when asked if such-and-such a character is “drawn from life,” and especially when ingenious critics fancy they have identified certain persons, places, or incidents—almost always falsely. Of course, we go about the world with our eyes open—but what we see and how we use it, is known only to ourselves. Our sitters are never aware they are being painted, and rarely, if ever, recognize their own likenesses. Whether or not it may be allowable to hold up to public obloquy a bad or contemptible character, I suppose it would be fair to describe a perfect character—if we could find it! which is not too probable. For me, I can only say that during all the years I have studied humanity, I never met one human being who could have been “put in a book,” as a whole, without injuring it. The only time I ever attempted (by request) to make a study from nature—absolutely literal—all the reviewers cried out, to my extreme amusement, “This character is altogether unnatural.”

Hitherto I have considered the novel simply as a literary achievement—a book “clever,” “interesting,” above all, a book “that will sell.” But there is a higher and deeper view of it, which no writer can escape, and no conscientious writer would ever wish to escape. If we, poor finite mortals, begin telling stories, we take into our feeble hands the complicated machinery of life, of which none can understand the whole,

and very few even the smallest bit ; we work it out after our own fancy, moral or no moral ; we invent our own puppets, and put them through their marionette-like antics, in imitation of the great drama which a mysterious hand is for ever playing with us human beings—and sometimes we think we can do it quite as well, if we had the chance ! But do we ever consider that in making up from imagination a picture of reality, we are, in rather a dangerous way, mimicking Providence ? much as children do with their dolls when they make them go to school, or be put to bed, or have the measles : imitating ordinary child-life, so far as they understand it, in their innocent way. But our ways are not always innocent, and our wisdom is sometimes less than a child's. A bad novel, which does not "justify the ways of God to men"—as Milton vainly tried to do in "Paradise Lost"—but leaves behind it the impression that the world is all out of joint, that there is no difference between right and wrong, and nothing in life worth living for—such a novel does more harm than a dozen atheistical books, or a hundred dull, narrow-minded sermons. Poison taken as such, may find an antidote ; there is no defence against it when administered in the form of food.

That the novel, not only in its literary but moral form, is an engine of enormous power, no one could doubt who had the reading of the letters received, say in a single year, or even a single month, by any tolerably well-known author, from all parts of the world, and from total strangers of every age, class, and degree. Not merely the everlasting autograph beggars, or the eulogists, generally conceited egotists, who enjoy the vanity of corresponding with celebrated folk, but the honest, well-meaning, and often most touching letter writers, who pour out their simple hearts to the unknown friend who has exercised so strong an influence over their lives. To this friend they appeal not only for sympathy but advice—often of the most extraordinary kind—on love affairs, the education of children, business or domestic difficulties, impulses of gratitude, revelations of perplexing secrets, outcries of intolerable pain, coming sometimes from the very ends of the earth,

in a mixture of tragedy and comedy, to the silent recipient of these strange phases of human life—stranger than anything he or she has ever dared to put into any novel. Yet so it is ; and any conscientious author can but stand mute and trembling in face of the awful responsibility which follows every written line.

This, even of the ordinarily good books—but what of the bad ones ?

I believe a thoroughly "bad" book, as we of the last generation used to style such—bad either for coarseness of style, as "Tristram Shandy," or laxity of morals, like "Don Juan"—does infinitely less harm than many modern novels which we lay on our drawing-room tables, and let our young daughters read *ad infinitum*, or *ad nauseam* ; novels chiefly, I grieve to say, written by women, who, either out of pure ignorance, or a boastful morbid pleasure in meddling with forbidden topics, often write things that men would be ashamed to write.

Absolute wickedness, crime represented as crime, and licentiousness put forward as licentiousness is far less dangerous to the young and naturally pure mind than that charming sentimental dallying with sin, which makes it appear so piteous, so interesting, so beautiful. Nay, without even entering upon the merits of the favorite modern style of fiction—in which love to be attractive must necessarily be unlawful—there is a style of novel in which right and wrong are muddled up together into a sort of neutral tint, the author, and consequently the reader, taking no trouble to distinguish between them. The characters are made interesting not by their virtues but their faults ; a good woman worships a bad man, and *vice versa*. Now this may be true in real life, though I doubt ; but to present it in fiction, to make a really noble woman the abject willing slave of a contemptible brute not worthy to tie her shoes, or an honorable man doing all sorts of erring things for the sake of a feeble or vile woman, whom her own sex, and the best of the other, would heartily despise—the effect of such a picture as this is to confuse all one's notions of good and bad, and produce a blurred and blotted vision of life, which, to those

just beginning life, is either infinitely sad or infinitely harmful. Besides, it is *not true*. Time brings its revenges; and if there is one certainty in life, it is the certainty of retribution—ay, even in this life: and alas! down to the third and fourth generation—a creed, by the young doubted or despised, but which the old, whether optimists or pessimists, know to be only too true.

There is another favorite subject of modern fiction: a man or woman married hastily or unhappily, and meeting afterward some "elective affinity," the right man, or woman, or apparently such. No doubt this is a terrible position, pathetic, tragic, which may happen to the most guiltless persons, and does happen, perhaps, oftener than any one knows. Novelists seize upon it as a dramatic position, and paint it in such glowing, tender, and pathetic colors that, absorbed in the pity of the thing, one quite forgets its sin. The hapless lovers rouse our deepest sympathy; we follow them to the very verge of crime, almost regretting that it is called crime, and when the obnoxious husband or wife dies, and the lovers are dismissed to happiness—as is usually done—we feel quite relieved and comfortable!

Now, surely this is immoral, as immoral as the coarsest sentence Shakspeare ever penned, or the most passionate picture that Shelley or Byron ever drew. Nay, more so, for these are only nature—vicious, undisguised, but natural still, and making no pretence of virtue; but your sentimentalist assumes a virtue, and expects sympathy for his immorality, which is none the less immoral because, God knows, it is a delineation often only too true, and perhaps only too deserving of pity—his pity, who can see into the soul of man. Many a condemned thief and hanged murderer may have done the deed under most piteous and extenuating circumstances; but theft still remains theft, and murder murder. And—let us not mince words—though modern taste may enwrap it in ever such pathetic, heroic, and picturesque form, adultery is still adultery. Never do our really great authors—our Shaksperes, our Scotts, our Thackerays, our George Eliots—deny this, or leave us in the slightest doubt between virtue and vice. It is the mild sentimentalists who, how-

ever they may resent being classed with the "fast" authors—alas! too often authoresses—of modern fiction, are equally immoral; because they hold the balance of virtue and vice with so feeble and uncertain a hand, as to leave both utterly confused, in the writer's opinion and the reader's mind.

But, putting aside the question of morality, there is another well deserving the consideration of novelists, viz. whether the subjects they choose are within the fair limits of art? Legitimate comedy ought to be based on humor and wit, free from coarseness and vulgarity; and in true tragedy the terrible becomes the heroic by the elimination of every element which is merely horrible or disgusting. In the dying martyr we ought to see, not the streaming blood or the shrivelling of the burnt flesh, but the gaze of ecstatic faith into an opened heaven; and the noblest battle ever represented is misrepresented when the artist chooses scenes fit only for a hospital operating-table or a butcher's shambles.

I cannot but think that certain modern novels, despite their extreme cleverness, deal with topics beyond the legitimate province of fiction. Vivid descriptions of hangings, of prison-whippings, of tortures inflicted on sane persons in lunatic asylums, are not fit subjects for art; at least, the art which can choose them and dilate upon them is scarcely of a healthy kind, or likely to conduce to the moral health of the reader.

The answer to this objection is, that such things are; therefore why not write about them? So must medical and surgical books be written; so must the most loathsome details of crime and misery be investigated by statesmen and political economists. But all these are professional studies which, however painful, require to be gone through. No one would ever enter into them as a matter of mere amusement. Besides, as is almost inevitable in a novel "with a purpose," or one in which the chief interest centres in some ghastly phase of humanity, there is generally a certain amount of, perhaps involuntary, exaggeration, against which the calm, judicial mind instinctively rebels. "Two sides to every subject; I should rather like to hear the other side."

Without holding the unwise creed that ignorance is innocence, and that immunity from painful sensations induces strength of character, I still maintain that these are topics which are best kept in shadow, especially from the young. We sometimes admit to our public galleries—though I question if we should—the magnificently painted but gross pictures of a few old masters, and the realistic horrors upon which a certain French school has made its fame. But few of us would choose a Potiphar's wife or a newly guillotined Charlotte Corday for the adornment of the domestic hearth. Such subjects, though manipulated by the most delicate and yet the firmest hand, are apt, either in art or literature, to do more harm than the moral drawn from them is likely to do good.

Of course, the case may be argued pretty strongly from the other side. Life is not all "roses and lilies and daffydowndillies," therefore why should fiction represent it as such? Men and women are not angels, and bad people are often much more "interesting" than good people in real life: why should we not make them so in novels?

I answer, simply because it is *we* who make them—we short-sighted mortals, who take upon us to paint life, and can only do so as far as our feeble vision allows us to see it; which in some of us is scarcely an inch beyond our own nose. Only a few—but these are always the truly great—can see with larger eyes, and reproduce what they see with a calm, steady, and almost always kindly hand, which seems like the hand of Providence, because its work is done with a belief in Providence—in those "mysterious ways"—by which, soon or late, everything—and everybody—finds its own level; virtue its reward, and vice its retribution. To judge authors solely by their works is not always fair, because most people put their best selves into their books, which are the cream of their life, and the residuum may be but skimmed-milk for daily use. But, in the department of fiction at least, the individual character gives its stamp to every page. Not all good novelists may be ideal men and women, but I doubt much if any really

immoral man, or irreligious woman, ever made a good novelist.

I wish not to malign my brethren. Most of them do their best, and I think we may fairly decline to believe such stories as that of the "popular author-ess" who, having starved as a moral, prosy, and altogether unpopular author-ess for several seasons, was advised to try "spicy" writing, and now makes her thousands a year. And even after weeding from our ranks the "fast," the sentimental, the ghastly, the feeble and prosy, the clap-trap and altogether silly school, there still remains a good number of moderately clever and moderately wholesome writers of fiction, who redeem our literature from disgrace, or could do so if they chose—if they could be made to feel themselves responsible, not to man only, but to God. "For every idle word that men shall say"—(how much more write?)—"they shall answer in the day of judgment."

To us, who are old enough to have read pretty thoroughly the book of human life, it matters little what we read in mere novels, which are at best a poor imaginary imitation of what we have studied as a solemn reality; but to the young it matters a great deal. Impressions are made, lessons taught, and influences given, which, whether for good or for evil, nothing can afterward efface. The parental yearning, which only parents can understand, is to save our children from all we can—alas, how little! They must enter upon the battle of life; the utmost we can do is to give them their armor and show them how to fight. But what wise father or mother would thrust them, unarmed, into a premature conflict, putting into their pure minds sinful thoughts that had never been there before, and sickening their tender hearts by needless horrors which should only be faced by those who deal with evil for the express purpose of amending it? Truly, there are certain novels which I have lately read, which I would no more think of leaving about on my drawing-room table, than I would take my son to a casino in order to teach him morals, or make my daughter compassionate-hearted by sending her to see a Spanish bull fight.

Finally, as an example in proof of many, almost all, the arguments and

theories here advanced, I would advise any one who has gone through a course of modern fiction, to go through another, considered a little out of date, except by the old, and I am glad to say, the very young. Nothing shows more clearly the taste of the uncorrupted healthy palate for wholesome food, than the eagerness with which almost all children, or children passing into young people, from thirteen and upward, devour the *Waverley Novels*. A dozen pages, taken at random this moment from a volume which a youthful reader, I might say gormandiser, has just laid down, will instance what I mean.

It is the story of Nanty Ewart, told by himself to Alan Fairford, on board the *Jumping Jenny*, in "*Redgauntlet*." Herein the author touches deepest tragedy, blackest crime, and sharpest pathos (instance the line where Nanty suddenly stops short with "*Poor Jess!*"). He deals with elements essentially human, even vicious; his hero is a "*miserable sinner*," no doubt of that, either in the author's mind, or the impression conveyed to that of the reader. There is no paltering with vice, no sentimental gloss-

ing over of sin; the man is a bad man, at least he has done evil, and his sin has found him out, yet we pity him. Though handling pitch, we are not defiled; however and whatever our author paints, it is never with an uncertain or feeble touch. We give him our hand, and are led by him fearlessly into the very darkest-places, knowing that he carries the light with him, and that no harm will come. I think it is not too much to say that we might go through the *Waverley Novels* from beginning to end, without finding one page, perhaps not even one line, that we would hesitate to read aloud to any young people, old enough to understand that evil exists in the world, and that the truly virtuous are those who know how to refuse the evil and to choose the good. And I—who having written novels all my life, know more than most readers how to admire a great novelist—should esteem it a good sign of any son or daughter of mine who would throw a whole cart-load of modern fiction into the gutter, often its fittest place, in order to clasp a huge wholesome armful of Walter Scott.—*Good Words*.

THE LOVE OF THE PAST.

As sailors watch from their prison
For the long, grey line of the coasts,
I look to the past rearisen,
And joys come over in hosts
Like the white sea-birds from their roosts.

I love not th' indelicate present,
The future's unknown to our quest,
To-day is the life of the peasant,
But the past is a haven of rest—
The joy of the past is the best.

The rose of the past is better
Than the rose we ravish to-day;
Tis holier, purer, and fitter
To place on the shrine where we pray—
For the secret thoughts we obey.

There, are no deceptions nor changes,
There, all is placid and still;
No grief, nor fate that estranges,
Nor hope that no life can fulfil,
But ethereal shelter from ill.

The coarser delights of the hour
Tempt, and debauch and deprave ;
And we joy in a poisonous flower,
Knowing that nothing can save
Our flesh from the fate of the grave.

But surely we leave them, returning,
In grief to the well-loved nest,
Filled with an infinite yearning,
Knowing the past to be rest—
That the things of the past are the best.

The Spectator.

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

VIII.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE.

If any one were to ask what is the origin of hunger or what is the origin of thirst, the idleness of the question would be felt at once. And yet hunger and thirst have had an origin. But that origin cannot be separated from the origin of Organic Life, and the absurdity of the question lies in this—that in asking it, the possibility of making such a separation is assumed. It involves either the supposition that there have been living creatures which had no need of food and drink, or else the supposition that there have been living creatures which, having that need, were nevertheless destitute of any corresponding appetite. Both of these suppositions, although not in the abstract inconceivable, are so contrary to all that we know of the laws of nature, that practically they are rejected as impossible. There always is, and there always must be, a close correspondence between the intimations of sensibility and the necessities of life. Hunger is the witness in sensation to the law which demands for all living things a renewal of force from the assimilation of external matter. To theorize about its origin is to theorize about the origin of that law, and consequently about the origin of embodied life. The Darwinian formula is not applicable here. Appetite cannot have arisen out of the accidents of varia-

tion. It must have been coeval with organization, of which it is a necessary part. The same principle applies to all elementary appetites and affections, whether they be the lower appetites of the body or the higher appetites of the mind. They exist because of the existence of certain facts and of certain laws to which they stand in a relation which is natural and necessary, because it is a relation which is reasonable and fitting. Really to understand how these appetites and affections arose, it would be necessary to understand how all the corresponding facts and laws came to be. But in many cases—indeed in most cases—any such understanding is impossible, because the facts and the laws to which every appetite corresponds are in their very nature ultimate. They are laws behind which, or beyond which, we cannot get. The only true explanation of the appetite lies in the simple recognition of the adjusted relations of which it forms a part ; that is to say—in a recognition of the whole system of nature as a reasonable system, and of this particular part of it as in harmony with the rest. Any attempted explanation of it which does not start with that recognition of the reasonableness of nature must be futile. Any explanation which not only fails in this recognition, but assumes that the origin of anything can be interpreted without it, must be not only futile but erroneous.

Men have been very busy of late in speculating on the origin of religion. In asking this question they generally

make, often as it seems unconsciously, one or other of two assumptions. One is the assumption that there is no God, and that it must have taken a long time to invent him. The other is that there is a God, but that men were born, or created, or developed, without any sense or feeling of his existence, and that the acquisition of such a sense must of necessity have been the work of time.

I do not now say that either of these assumptions is in itself inconceivable, any more than the supposition that at some former time there were creatures needing food and drink and yet having no appetites to inform them of the fact. But what I desire to point out is, first, that one or other of these assumptions is necessarily involved in most speculations on the subject, and secondly, that, to say the least, it is possible that neither of these assumptions may be true. Yet the method of inquiry to be pursued respecting the origin of religion must be entirely different, according as we start from one or other of these assumptions, or as we reject them both. If we assume that there is no God, then the question how mankind have come so widely to invent one or more of such imaginary beings, is indeed a question well worthy of our utmost curiosity and research. But, on the other hand, if we start with the assumption that there is a God, or indeed if we assume no more than that there are intelligences in the universe superior to man, and possessing some power greater than his own over the natural system in which he lives, then the method of inquiry into the origin of religion is immensely simplified. Obviously the question how man first came to recognize the existence of his Creator, if we suppose such a being to exist, becomes in virtue of that supposition relegated to the same class as the question how he first came to recognize any other of the facts or truths which it concerns him most to know. Indeed from its very nature this truth is evidently one which might be more easily and more directly made known to him than many others. The existence of a being from whom our own being has been derived involves, at least, the possibility of some communication direct or indirect. Yet the impossibility or the improbability of any such communica-

tion is another of the assumptions continually involved in current theories about the origin of religion. But no such assumption can be reasonably made. The perceptions of the human mind are accessible to the intimations of external truth through many avenues of approach. In its very structure it is made to be responsive to some of these intimations by immediate apprehension. Man has that within him by which the invisible can be seen, and the inaudible can be heard, and the intangible can be felt. Not as the result of any reasoning, but by the same power by which it sees and feels the postulates on which all reasoning rests, the human mind may from the very first have felt that it was in contact with a mind which was the fountain of its own.

No argument can be conducted without some assumptions. But neither ought any argument to be conducted without a clear understanding what these assumptions are. Having now cleared up the assumptions which are usually made, we can proceed with greater confidence in the discussion of the great problem before us. The origin of particular systems of religious belief is, of course, a mere question of fact. A few of these systems belong to our own time; others have arisen late in the historic ages and in the full light of contemporary evidence. Some, again, are first recognized in the dawn of those ages, and their distinctive features can only be dimly traced through evidence which is scanty and obscure. Religion is the origin of all these systems of belief, but no one of them represents the origin of religion. None of them throw any other light on the origin of religion than as all exhibiting the one essential element in which all religion consists. And it would be well if men, before philosophizing on the origin of religion, had a more accurate conception of what they mean by it. The definitions of religion have been even worse than the definitions of morality. Just as the attempt is made to account for morals apart from the sense of duty or of obligation in conduct, so is the attempt made to account for religion apart from the sense of mind or will in nature. The great effort seems to have been to try how the essential idea of religion

could be either most completely eliminated or else most effectually concealed. For example, a feeling of absolute dependence has been specified by Schleiermacher as the essence of religion. Yet it is evident that a sense of absolute dependence may be urgent and oppressive without the slightest tincture of religious feeling. A man carried off in a flood, and clinging to a log of wood, may have, and must have, a painful sense of absolute dependence on the log. But no one would think of describing this sense as a feeling of religion. A savage may have a feeling of absolute dependence on his bows and arrows, or on the other implements of his chase; or disease may bring home to him a sense of his absolute dependence on the organs of his own body, which alone enable him to use his weapons with success. But it does not follow that the savage has any feeling of religion toward his bow, or his arrow, or his net, or his fish-spear, or even to his own legs and arms. Any plausibility, therefore, which may attach to the proposition which identifies religion with the mere sense of dependence, is due entirely to the fact that when men speak of a sense of dependence they suggest the idea of a particular kind of dependence—namely, dependence upon a Being or a Personality, and not dependence upon a thing. That is to say, that the plausibility of the definition is entirely due to an element of thought which it is specially framed to keep out of sight. A sense of absolute dependence on purely physical things does not necessarily contain any religious element whatever. But, on the other hand, a sense of dependence on personal or living agencies, whether they are supposed to be supreme or only superior to our own, is a feeling which is essentially religious.* But the element in that feeling which makes it religious is the element of belief in a being or in beings who have power and will. When we say of any man, or of any tribe of men, that they have no religion, we mean that they have no belief in the existence of any such being or beings, or at least no such

belief as to require any acknowledgment or any worship.

The practice of worship of some kind or another is so generally associated with religion, that we do not usually think of it otherwise than as a necessary accompaniment. It is a natural accompaniment, for the simple reason that in the very act of thinking of superhuman beings the mind has an inevitable tendency to think of them as possessing not only an intellectual but a moral nature which has analogies with our own. It conceives of them as having dispositions and feelings as well as mere intellect and will. Complete indifference toward other creatures is not natural or usual in ourselves, nor can it be natural to attribute it to other beings. In proportion therefore as we ascribe to the superhuman personalities, in whose existence we believe, the authorship or the rule over, or even a mere partnership in the activities round us, in the same proportion is it natural to regard those beings as capable of exercising some influence upon us, whether for evil or for good. This conception of them must lead to worship—that is to say, to the cherishing of some feeling and sentiment in regard to them, and to some methods of giving it expression. There is, therefore, no mystery whatever in the usual and all but universal association of worship of some kind with all conceptions of a religious nature.

It is to be remembered, however, that, as a matter of fact, the belief in the existence of a God, or of more Gods than one, has come, though rarely, to be separated from the worship of them. Among speculative philosophers this separation may arise from theories about the divine nature, which represent it as inaccessible to supplication, or as indifferent to the sentiments of men. Among savages it may arise from the evolution of decay. It may be nothing but "a sleep and a forgetting"—the result of the breaking up of ancient homes, and the consequent impossibility of continuing the practice of rites which had become inseparably associated with local usages. Among philosophers this divorce between the one essential element of religion and the natural accompaniments of worship, is well exhibited in the Lucretian conception of the Olym-

* Professor Tiele's definition of religion corresponds with that here given: "The relation between man and the superhuman powers in which he believes." (*Outlines of the History of the Ancient Religions*, p. 2.)

pian gods, as well as in the condition of mind of many men in our own day, who have not rejected the idea of a God, but who do not feel the need of addressing Him in the language either of prayer or praise. Of this same divorce among savages we have an example in certain Australian tribes, who are said to have a theology so definite as to believe in the existence of one God, the omnipotent Creator of heaven and of earth, and yet to be absolutely destitute of any worship.* Both of these, however, are aberrant phenomena—conditions of mind which are anomalous, and in all probability essentially transitional. It has been shown in the preceding pages how impossible it is to regard Australian or any other savages of the present time as representing the probable condition of primeval man. It needs no argument to prove that it is equally impossible to regard speculative philosophers of any school as representing the mind of the earliest progenitors of our race. But neither of savages nor of philosophers who believe in a God but do not pray to Him, would it be proper to say that they have no religion. They may be on the way to having none, or they may be on the way to having more. But men who believe in the existence of any personal or living agency in nature superior to our own, are in possession of the one essential element of all religion. This belief is almost universally associated with practices which are in the nature of worship—with sentiments of awe, or of reverence, or of fear.

It is not inconsistent with this definition to admit that sects or individuals, who have come to reject all definite theological conceptions and to deny the existence of a living God, have, nevertheless, been able to retain feelings and sentiments which may justly claim to be called religious. In the first place, with many men of this kind, their denial of a God is not in reality a complete denial. What they deny is very often only some particular conception of the Godhead, which is involved, or which they think is involved, in the popular theology. They are repelled, perhaps, by the familiarity with which the least elevated of human passions are sometimes attrib-

uted to the Divine Being. Or they may be puzzled by the anomalies of nature, and find it impossible to reconcile them intellectually with any definite conception of a Being who is both all powerful and all-good. But in faltering under this difficulty, or under other difficulties of the same kind, and in denying the possibility of forming any clear or definite conceptions of the Godhead, they do not necessarily renounce other conceptions which, though vague and indefinite, are nevertheless sufficient to form the nucleus of a hazy atmosphere of religious feeling and emotion. Such men may or may not recognize the fact that these feelings and emotions have been inherited from ancestors whose beliefs were purely theological, and that it is in the highest degree doubtful how long these feelings can be retained as mere survivals. It is remarkable that such feelings are even now artificially propped up and supported by a system of investing abstract terms with all the elements of personality. When men who profess to have rejected the idea of a God declare, nevertheless, as Strauss has declared, that "the world is to them the workshop of the rational and the good"—when they explain that "that on which they feel themselves to be absolutely dependent is by no means a brute power, but that it is order and law, reason and goodness, to which they surrender themselves with loving confidence," we cannot be mistaken that the whole of this language, and the whole conceptions which underlie it, are language and conceptions appropriate to agencies and powers which are possessed of all the characteristics of mind and will. Order and law are, indeed, in some minds associated with nothing except matter and material forces. But neither reason nor goodness can be thus dissociated from the idea of personality. All other definitions which have been given of religion will be found on analysis to borrow whatever strength they have from involving, either expressly or implicitly, this one conception. Morality, for example, becomes religion in proportion as all duty and all obligation is regarded as resting on the sanctions of a divine authority. In like manner, knowledge may be identified with religion in proportion as all knowledge is

* "Hibbert Lectures," by Max Müller, 1878, pp. 16, 17.

summed up and comprehended in the perfect knowledge of One who is all in all. Nor is there any real escape from this one primary and fundamental element of religion in the attempt made by Comte to set up man himself—humanity—as the object of religious worship. It is the human mind and will abstracted and personified that is the object of this worship. Accordingly, in the system of Comte, it is the language of Christian and even of Catholic adoration that is borrowed as the best and fullest expression of its aspirations and desires. Such an impersonation of the human mind and will, considered as an aggregate of the past and of the future, and separated from the individual who is required to worship it, does contain the one element, or at least some faint outline and shadow of the one element, which has been here represented as essential to religion—the element, namely, of some power in nature other than mere brute matter or mere physical force—which power is thought of and conceived as invested with the higher attributes of the human personality.

Like methods of analysis are sufficient to detect the same element in other definitions of religion, which are much more common. When, for example, it is said that "the supernatural" or "the infinite" are the objects of religious thought, the same fundamental conception is involved, and is more or less consciously intended. The first of those two abstract expressions, "the supernatural," is avowedly an expression for the existence and the agency of superhuman personalities. It is objectionable only in so far as it seems to imply that such agency is no part of "nature." This is in one sense a mere question of definition. We may choose to look upon our own human agency as an agency which is outside of nature. If we do so, then, of course, it is natural to think of the agency of other beings as outside of nature also. But, on the other hand, if we choose to understand by "nature" the whole system of things in which we live and of which we form a part, then the belief in the agency of other beings of greater power does not necessarily involve any belief whatever that they are outside of that system. On the contrary, the belief in such an agency may

be identified with all our conceptions of what that system, as a whole, is, and especially of its order and of its intelligibility. While, therefore, "the supernatural," as commonly understood, gives a true indication of the only real objects of religious thought, it complicates that indication by coupling the idea of living agencies above our own with a description of them which at the best is irrelevant, and is very apt to be misleading. The question of the existence of living beings superior to man, and having more or less power over him and over his destinies, is quite a separate question from the relation in which those beings may stand to what is commonly but variously understood by "nature."

The other phrase, now often used to express the objects of religious thought and feeling, "the infinite," is a phrase open to objection of a very different kind. It is ambiguous, not merely as "the supernatural" is ambiguous, by reason of its involving a separate and adventitious meaning besides the meaning which is prominent and essential; but it is ambiguous by reason of not necessarily containing at all the one meaning which is essential to religion. "The infinite" is a pure and bare abstraction, which may or may not include the one only object of religious consciousness and thought. An infinite being if that be the meaning of "the infinite," is indeed the highest and most perfect object of religion. But an infinite space is no object of religious feeling. An infinite number of material units is no object of religious thought. On the other hand, infinite power not only may be, but must be, an object of religious contemplation in proportion as it is connected with the idea of power in a living will. Infinite goodness must be the object of religious thought and emotion; because in its very nature this conception involves that of a personal being. But if all this is what is intended by "the infinite," then it would be best to say so plainly. The only use of the phrase, as the one selected to indicate the object of religion, is that it may be understood in a sense that is kept out of sight. And the explanations which have been given of it are generally open to the same charge of studied ambiguity. "The infinite" has been defined as that

which transcends sense and reason—that which cannot be comprehended or completely and wholly understood, although it may be apprehended or partially conceived.* And no doubt, if this definition be applied, as by implication it always is applied, to the power and to the resources, or to any other feature in the character of an infinite being, then it becomes a fair definition of the highest conceivable object of religious thought. But, again, if it be not so applied—if it be understood as only applying to the impossibility under which we find ourselves of grasping anything which is limitless—of counting an infinite number of units—of traversing, even in thought, an infinite space—of living out an infinite time—then “the infinite” does not contain the one essential element which constitutes religion.

Similar objections apply to another abstract phrase, sometimes used as a definition of the object of religious feeling, namely, “the invisible.” Mere material things, which are either too large to be wholly seen, or too small to be seen at all, can never supply the one indispensable element of religion. In so far, therefore, as invisibility applies to them only, it suggests nothing of a religious nature. But in so far as “the invisible” means, and is intended to apply to, living beings who are out of sight, to personal agencies which either have no bodily form, or who are thought of and conceived as separate from such form—in so far, of course, “the invisible,” like “the infinite,” does cover and include the conception without which there can be no religion.

Definitions of meaning are more or less important in all discussions; but there are many questions in which they are by no means essential, because of the facility with which we refer the abstract words we may be using to the concrete things—to the actual phenomena to which they are applied. When, for example, we speak of the religion of Mahomet, or of the religion of Confucius, or of the religion of Buddha, we do not need to define what we mean by the word “religion,” because in all of these cases the system of doctrine and the conceptions

which constitute those religions are known, or are matters of historical evidence. But when we come to discuss the origin, not of any particular system of belief, but of religion in the abstract, some clear and intelligible definition of the word religion becomes absolutely essential, because in that discussion we are dealing with a question which is purely speculative. It is idle to enter upon that speculative discussion unless we have some definite understanding what we are speculating about. In the case of religion we cannot keep our understanding of the word fresh and distinct by thinking of any well-known and admitted facts respecting the beginnings of belief. There are no such facts to go upon as regards the religion of primeval man. Those, indeed, who accept the narrative attributed to the inspired authority of the Jewish lawgiver have no need to speculate. In that narrative the origin of religion is identified with the origin of man, and the Creator is represented as having had, in some form or another, direct communication with the creature He had made. But those who do not accept that narrative, or who, without rejecting it altogether, regard it as so full of metaphor that it gives us no satisfying explanation, and who assume that religion has had an origin subsequent to the origin of the species, have absolutely nothing to rely upon in the nature of history. There is no contemporary evidence, nor is there any tradition which can be trusted. Primeval man has kept no journal of his own first religious emotions, any more than of his own first appearance in the world. We are therefore thrown back upon pure speculation—speculation, indeed, which may find in the present, and in a comparatively recent past, some data for arriving at conclusions, more or less probable, on the conditions of a time which is out of sight. But among the very first of these data, if it be not indeed the one datum without which all others are useless, is a clear conception of the element which is common to all religions as they exist now, or as they can be traced back beyond the dawn of history into the dim twilight of tradition. Of this universal element in all religions “the infinite” is no definition at all. It is itself much more vague and indefinite

* Max Müller, “Hibbert Lectures,” 1878.

in meaning than the word which it professes to explain. And this is all the more needless, seeing that the common element in all religions, such as we know them now, is one of the greatest simplicity. It is the element of a belief in superhuman beings—in living agencies, other and higher than our own.

It is astonishing how much the path of investigation is cleared before us the moment we have arrived at this definition of the belief which is fundamental to all religions. That belief is simply a belief in the existence of beings of whom our own being is the type, although it need not be the measure or the form. By the very terms of the definition the origin of this belief is and must be in ourselves. That is to say, the disposition to believe in the existence of such beings arises out of the felt unity of our own nature with the whole system of things in which we live and of which we are a part. It is the simplest and most natural of all conceptions that the agency of which we are most conscious in ourselves is like the agency which works in the world around us. Even supposing this conception to be groundless, and that, as some now maintain, a more scientific investigation of natural agencies abolishes the conception of design or purpose, or of personal will being at all concerned therein—even supposing this, it is not the less true that the transfer of conceptions founded on our own consciousness of agency and of power within us to the agencies and powers around us, is a natural, if it be not indeed a necessary, conception. That it is a natural conception is proved by the fact that it has been, and still is, so widely prevalent; as well as by the fact that what is called the purely scientific conception of natural agencies is a modern conception, and one which is confessedly of difficult attainment. So difficult indeed is it to expel from the mind the conception of personality in or behind the agencies of nature, that it may fairly be questioned whether it has ever been effectually done. Verbal devices for keeping the idea out of sight are indeed very common; but even these are not very successful. I have elsewhere pointed out* that those naturalists and

philosophers who are most opposed to all theological explanations or conceptions of natural forces do, nevertheless, habitually in spite of themselves, have recourse to language which derives its whole form as well as its whole intelligibility from those elements of meaning which refer to the familiar operations of our own mind and will. The very phrase "natural selection" is one which likens the operations of nature to the operations of a mind exercising the power of choice. The whole meaning of the phrase is to indicate how nature attains certain ends which are like "selection." And what "selection" is we know, because it is an operation familiar to ourselves. But the personal element of will and of purpose lies even deeper than this in the scientific theory of evolution. When we ourselves select, we may very often choose only among things ready made to our hands. But in the theory of evolution, nature is not merely represented as choosing among things ready made, but as at first making the things which are to be afterward fitted for selection. Organs are represented as growing in certain forms and shapes "in order that" they may serve certain uses, and then as being "selected" by that use in order that they may be established and prevail. The same idea runs throughout all the detailed descriptions of growth and of development by which these processes are directed to useful and serviceable results. So long as in the mere description of phenomena men find themselves compelled to have recourse to language of this sort, they have not emancipated themselves from the natural tendency of all human thought to see the elements of our own personality in the energies and in the works of nature.

But whether the attempt at such emancipation be successful or not, the very effort which it requires is a proof of the natural servitude under which we lie. And if it be indeed a natural servitude, the difficulty of getting rid of it is explained. It is hard to kick against the pricks. There is no successful rebellion against the servitudes of nature. The suggestions which come to us from the external world, and which are of such necessity that we cannot choose but hear them, have their origin in the whole con-

* "Reign of Law," chaps. i. and v.

stitution and course of things. To seek for any origin of them apart from the origin of our whole intellectual nature, and apart from the relations between that nature and the facts of the universe around us, is to seek for something which does not exist. We may choose to assume that there are no intelligences in nature superior to our own; but the fact remains that it is a part of our mental constitution to imagine otherwise. If, on the other hand, we assume that such intelligences do exist, then the recognition of that existence, or the impression of it, is involved in no other difficulty than is involved in the origin of any other part of the furniture of our minds. What is the origin of reason? The perception of logical necessity is the perception of a real relation between things; and this relation between things is represented by a corresponding relation between our conceptions of them. We can give no account of the origin of that perception unless we can give an account of the origin of man, and of the whole system to which he stands related. What, again, is the origin of imagination? It is the mental power by which we handle the elementary conceptions derived from our mental constitution in contact and in harmony with external things, and by which we recombine these conceptions in an endless variety of forms. We can give no account of the origin of such a power or of such a habit. What is the origin of wonder? In the lower animals a lower form of it exists in the shape of curiosity, being little more than an impulse to seek for that which may be food, or to avoid that which may be danger. But in man it is one of the most powerful and the most fruitful of all his mental characteristics. Of its origin we can give no other account than that there exists in man an indefinite power of knowing, in contact with an equally indefinite number of things which are to him unknown. Between these two facts the connecting link is the wish to know. And, indeed, if the system of nature were not a reasonable system, the power of knowing might exist in man without any wish to use it. But the system of nature, being what it is—a system which is the very embodiment of wisdom and knowledge—such a departure from its unity is im-

possible. That unity consists in the universal and rational correspondence of all its essential facts. There would be no such correspondence between the powers of the human mind and the ideas which they are fitted to entertain, if these powers were not incited by an appetite of inquiry. Accordingly, the desire of knowledge is as much born with man as the desire of food. The impression that there are things around him which he does not know or understand, but which he can know and understand by effort and inquiry, is so much part of man's nature that man would not be man without it. Religion is but a part of this impression—or rather it is the sum and consummation of all the intimations from which this impression is derived. Among the things of which he has an impression as existing, and respecting which he desires to know more, are above all other things personalities or agencies, or beings having powers like, but superior to his own. This is religion. In this impression is to be found the origin of all theologies. But of its own origin we can give no account until we know the origin of man.

I have dwelt upon this point of definition because those who discuss the origin of religion seem very often to be wholly unconscious of various assumptions which are necessarily involved in the very question they propound. One of these assumptions clearly is that there was a time when man existed without any feeling or impression that any being or beings superior to himself existed in nature or behind it. The assumption is that the idea of the existence of such beings is a matter of high and difficult attainment, to be reached only after some long process of evolution and development. Whereas the truth may very well be, and probably is, that there never was a time since man became possessed of the mental constitution which separates him from the brutes, when he was destitute of some conception of the existence of living agencies other than his own. Instead of being a difficult conception, it may very well turn out to be, on investigation, the very simplest of all conceptions. The real difficulty may lie not in entertaining it, but in getting rid of it, or in restraining its undue immanence and power. The reason of

this difficulty is obvious. Of all the intuitive faculties which are peculiar to man, that of self-consciousness is the most prominent. In virtue of that faculty or power, without any deliberate reasoning or logical process of any formal kind, man must have been always familiar with the idea of energies which are themselves invisible, and only to be seen in their effects. His own loves and hates, his own gratitude and revenge, his own schemes and resolves, must have been familiar to him from the first as things in themselves invisible, and yet having power to determine the most opposite and the most decisive changes for good or evil in things which are visible and material. The idea of personality, therefore, or of the efficiency of mind and will, never could have been to him inseparable from the attribute of visibility. It never could have been any difficulty with him to think of living agencies other than his own, and yet without any form, or with forms concealed from sight. There is no need therefore to hunt farther afield for the origin of this conception than man's own consciousness of himself. There is no need of going to the winds which are invisible, or to the heavenly bodies which are intangible, or to the sky which is immeasurable. None of these, in virtue either of mere invisibility, or of mere intangibility, or of mere immeasurableness, could have suggested the idea which is fundamental in religion. That idea was indeed supplied to man from nature; but it was from his own nature in communion with the nature of all things around him. To conceive of the energies that are outside of him as like the energies that he feels within him, is simply to think of the unknown in terms of the familiar and the known. To think thus can never have been to him any matter of difficult attainment. It must have been, in the very nature of things, the earliest, the simplest, and the most necessary of all conceptions.

The conclusion, then, to which we come from this analysis of religion is that there is no reason to believe, but on the contrary many reasons to disbelieve, that there ever was a time when man, with his existing constitution, lived in contact with the forces and in face of the energies of nature, and yet with no

impression or belief that in those energies, or behind them, there were living agencies other than his own. And if man, ever since he became man, had always some such impression or belief, then he always had a religion, and the question of its origin cannot be separated from the origin of the species.

It is a part of the unity of nature that the clear perception of any one truth leads almost always to the perception of some other, which follows from or is connected with the first. And so it is in this case. The same analysis which establishes a necessary connection between the self-consciousness of man and the one fundamental element of all religious emotion and belief, establishes an equally natural connection between another part of the same self-consciousness and certain tendencies in the development of religion which we know to have been widely prevalent. For although in the operations of our own mind and spirit, with their strong and often violent emotions, we are familiar with a powerful agency which is in itself invisible, yet it is equally true that we are familiar with that agency as always working in and through a body. It is natural, therefore, when we think of living agencies in nature other than our own, to think of them as having some form, or at least as having some abode. Seeing, however, and knowing the work of those agencies to be work exhibiting power and resources so much greater than our own, there is obviously unlimited scope for the imagination in conceiving what that form and where that abode may be. Given, therefore, these two inevitable tendencies of the human mind—the tendency to believe in the existence of personalities other than our own, and the tendency to think of them as living in some shape and in some place—we have a natural and sufficient explanation, not only of the existence of religion, but of the thousand forms in which it has found expression in the world. For as man since he became man, in respect to the existing powers and apparatus of his mind, has never been without the consciousness of self, nor without some desire of interpreting the things around him in terms of his own thoughts, so neither has he been without the power of imagination. By

virtue of it he re-combines into countless new forms not only the images of sense but his own instinctive interpretations of them. Obviously we have in this faculty the prolific source of an infinite variety of conceptions, which may be pure and simple or foul and unnatural, according to the elements supplied out of the moral and intellectual character of the minds which are imagining. Obviously, too, we have in this process an unlimited field for the development of good or of evil germs. The work which in the last chapter I have shown to be the inevitable work of reason when it starts from any datum which is false, must be, in religious conceptions above all others, a work of rapid and continuous evolution. The steps of natural consequence, when they are downward here, must be downward along the steepest gradients. It must be so because the conceptions which men have formed respecting the supreme agencies in nature are of necessity conceptions which give energy to all the springs of action. They touch the deepest roots of motive. In thought they open the most copious fountains of suggestion. In conduct they affect the supreme influence of authority, and the next most powerful of all influences, the influence of example. Whatever may have been false or wrong, therefore, from the first in any religious conception must inevitably tend to become worse and worse with time, and with the temptation under which men have lain to follow up the steps of evil consequence to their most extreme conclusions.

Armed with the certainties which thus arise out of the very nature of the conceptions we are dealing with when we inquire into the origin of religion, we can now approach that question by consulting the only other sources of authentic information, which are, first, the facts which religion presents among the existing generations of men, and, secondly, such facts as can be safely gathered from the records of the past.

On one main point which has been questioned respecting existing facts, the progress of inquiry seems to have established beyond any reasonable doubt that no race of men now exists so savage and degraded as to be, or to have been when discovered, wholly destitute of any con-

ceptions of a religious nature. It is now well understood that all the cases in which the existence of such savages has been reported, are cases which break down upon more intimate knowledge and more scientific inquiry.

Such is the conclusion arrived at by a careful modern inquirer, Professor Tiele, who says: "The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion, rests either on inaccurate observations or on a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of belief in any higher beings, and travellers who asserted their existence have been afterward refuted by facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call religion, in its most general sense, an universal phenomenon of humanity."*

Although this conclusion on a matter of fact is satisfactory, it must be remembered that, even if it had been true that some savages do exist with no conception whatever of living beings higher than themselves, it would be no proof whatever that such was the primeval condition of man. The arguments adduced in a former chapter, that the most degraded savagery of the present day is or may be the result of evolution working upon highly unfavorable conditions, are arguments which deprive such facts, even if they existed, of all value in support of the assumption that the lowest savagery was the condition of the first progenitors of our race. Degradation being a process which has certainly operated, and is now operating, upon some races, and to some extent, it must always remain a question how far this process may go in paralyzing the activity of our higher powers or in setting them, as it were, to sleep. It is well, however, that we have no such problem to discuss. Whether any savages exist with absolutely no religious conceptions is, after all, a question of subordinate importance; because it is certain that, if they exist at all, they are a very extreme case and a very rare exception. It is notorious that, in the case of most savages and of all barbarians, not only have they some religion, but their religion is one of the very worst elements in their savagery or their barbarism.

Looking now to the facts presented

* "History of Religion," p. 6.

by the existing religions of the world, there is one of these facts which at once arrests attention, and that is the tendency of all religions, whether savage or civilized, to connect the personal agencies who are feared or worshipped with some material object. The nature of that connection may not be always—it may not be even in any case—perfectly clear and definite. The rigorous analysis of our own thoughts upon such subjects is difficult, even to the most enlightened men. To rude and savage men it is impossible. There is no mystery, therefore, in the fact that the connection which exists between various material objects and the beings who are worshipped in them or through them, is a connection which remains generally vague in the mind of the worshipper himself. Sometimes the material object is an embodiment; sometimes it is a symbol; often it may be only an abode. Nor is it wonderful that there should be a like variety in the particular objects which have come to be so regarded. Sometimes they are such material objects as the heavenly bodies. Sometimes they are natural productions of our own planet, such as particular trees, or particular animals, or particular things in themselves inanimate, such as springs, or streams, or mountains. Sometimes they are manufactured articles, stones or blocks of wood cut into some shape which has a meaning either obvious or traditional.

The universality of this tendency to connect some material objects with religious worship, and the immense variety of modes in which this tendency has been manifested, is a fact which receives a full and adequate explanation in our natural disposition to conceive of all

personal agencies as living in some form and in some place, or as having some other special connection with particular things in nature. Nor is it difficult to understand how the embodiments, or the symbols, or the abodes, which may be imagined and devised by men, will vary according as their mental condition has been developed in a good or in a wrong direction. And as these imaginings and devices are never, as we see them now among savages, the work of any one generation of men, but are the accumulated inheritance of many generations, all existing systems of worship among them must be regarded as presumably very wide departures from the conceptions which were primeval. And this presumption gains additional force when we observe the distinction which exists between the fundamental conceptions of religious belief and the forms of worship which have come to be the expression and embodiment of these. In the religion of the highest and best races, in Christianity itself, we know the wide difference which obtains between the theology of the church and the popular superstitions which have been developed under it. These superstitions may be, and often are, of the grossest kind. They may be indeed, and in many cases are known to be, vestiges of pagan worship which have survived all religious revolutions and reforms; but in other cases they are the natural and legitimate development of some erroneous belief accepted as part of the Christian creed. Here, as elsewhere, reason working on false data has been, as under such conditions it must always be, the great agent in degradation and decay.—*Contemporary Review*.

THACKERAY AS A POET.

It has come to be believed that there is one language for poetry and another for prose, and indeed it is seldom that one and the same man attains to excellence as a poet and a prose writer. The diction of a certain modern school of poetry has, to use their own favorite though singular metaphor, "a coloring" which is both unnatural and monotonous, and which would not for a single

moment be tolerated in prose. Against this tendency, however, a healthy reaction has set in. The writers of *vers de société* choose no subjects which are out of the reach of ordinary men, and no language but what is readily understood, and for this very reason their intrinsic excellence is frequently overlooked.

As in society we endeavor to hide our feelings and emotions under a calm exte-

rior, which cannot however entirely prevent our moods from being seen, so these unconsidered trifles have some real feeling just visible beneath the surface. Their great charm in fact is that, while they are written in ordinary language, they convey a *souffron* of extraordinary thought and pathos. Such productions reveal themselves in their full force only to the sympathetic reader, while to many they remain merely superficial. But for their rhythm, such compositions appear at first sight to be little more than prose, and yet they possess a vein of the truest poetry. Præd's sparkling wit and finished satire are already highly valued, and he has been rightly termed the father of the school of poetry. Fæther Prout's humorous songs, Calverly's inimitable odes, and Locker's elegant lyrics, are good examples of the merits of *vers de société*.

It has been said that poetry is above and beyond all rules and reason. If this be true and sublimity be taken as the test of poetical excellence, Thackeray, we fear, cannot be considered a poet. There is in his poetry nothing but what is within the comprehension of all who are susceptible to the touch of humor and the tear of pathos. He deals only with familiar feelings and affections. But if poetry is "a criticism of life and the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, to the question how to live," to Thackeray must be assigned a high place among the poets of the century. His theme is life as it is. His verses teach no new philosophy, they only depict in pure coloring and true outline the objects and feelings which are around and within us as we live our daily lives. They may seem to be the spontaneous overflow of unstudied fancy, but most of them are in reality the result of deep thought.

The exact position of these writers has to be determined. They combine in their poetry the essential features of the lyric and the ballad. Their verses are an expression in ordinary language of the ordinary feelings of humanity.

They perhaps go farther than this, and present to us human nature *as it is*, and that side of human nature with which we are most familiar. There is a peculiar charm in light lyrical and ballad verse. "Ballad," says a critic, "is a word fre-

quently used as synonymous with song, but it properly denotes an historical song, or a song containing a narrative of adventures or exploits, either serious or comic." The numerous old English and Scotch ballads extant vividly represent the habits and thought which existed in remote times. The modern ballad in like manner preserves a record of our own; but the artificial needs of our advanced refinement are not supplied "by a short chronicle in verse of a well-defined transaction" as the ballad has been aptly called. Among the writers of the present century are many whose lyrics and ballads will ever be remembered, and with the foremost of these we may place Thackeray himself. Vivid description and smooth rhythm are the characteristics of his poetry; depth and simplicity of thought are united with ease and elegance of style. Like his prose, it is both grave and gay, tender and humorous. Imagination is not its predominant feature; but satire, playfulness, and tenderness are abundant. "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" might serve as a model of these qualities. Its writer shows here the wonderful attachment he felt for old things, old places, and old faces. It is also a good example of Thackeray's inimitable versatility, and we can read it now with the light of his life's story upon the page.

"But who could doubt the 'Bouillabaisse'?" says Mr. Trollope (whose recent life of Thackeray in 'English Men of Letters' is a valuable contribution to contemporary literature).

"Who else could have written that? Who at the same moment could have gone so deep into the regrets of life, with words so appropriate to its jollities? I do not know how far my readers will agree with me that to read it always must be a fresh pleasure. . . . If there be one whom it does not please, he will like nothing that Thackeray ever wrote in verse."

Take for example:—

"There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette*;
On James's head the grass is growing;
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup."

Thackeray's humor is infectious because of his own thorough sympathy with human nature. It is not cynical, but smiles through tears. Of this quality, and of his rare dexterity of language, "The White Squall" is a good instance. This ballad was written in 1844, after his visit to Turkey and Egypt, and it appeared in his "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo."

"On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!"

Again, there is a touch true to nature in the closing lines:—

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

We may read Thackeray's poetry again and again, and wish there was more of it, and though it is not, of course, to be understood that it is all of equal merit, yet most of it is very good. No better example of his style can be given than "The Cane Bottom'd Chair." It is natural and flowing, and affords glimpses of greater power and breadth of thought than appear on the surface:

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And with a ragged old jacket perfumed with
cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its
cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of
stairs.

* * * * *

"This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all
nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old
books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keep-
sakes from friends.

* * * * *

"But of all the cheap treasures that garnish
my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with
hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd
chair.

"'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shouldered, worm-
eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and silly old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat
there,
I bless and I love thee, old cane-bottom'd
chair.

* * * * *

"And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a
prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd
chair.

* * * * *

"She comes from the past and revisits my
room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and
bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane bottom'd
chair."

"At the Church Gate," a poem familiar to all who have read "Pendennis," is exquisite in many ways, and its tenderness, unsullied by mawkish sentimentality, must touch all hearts. Thackeray's poetry is not seldom distinguished by the true feeling which peeps out in simple pieces like this. "The Chronicle of the Drum," too, is a thoroughly natural and unstrained ballad. It is a

"story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum."

It was composed at Paris, at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon. The picture here given of the French nation is very true to life: the drummer tells the story of the wars of France through which he and his ancestors have drummed. Through the whole there runs a deep undercurrent of love of his country, whether it be under a monarchy, a republic, or an empire. Seldom, perhaps, has anything been depicted in a more realistic manner, than the graphic portrait of "Mère Guillotine" contained in this ballad:

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.

Ventrebleu ! but we pamper'd our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a king !

"She called for the blood of our king,
And straight from his prison we drew him ;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
'The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance :
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'"

Thackeray gives his pen a tongue in
"The Pen and the Album," and it
speaks to us eloquently of its master's
life :

"Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through this queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and
page.

* * * * *
"I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain ;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused
pain ;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

"I've helped him to pen many a line for bread ;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head ;
And make your laughter while his own heart
bled."

Who does not remember the light
dancing music of "Peg of Limavaddy"
in "The Irish Sketch Book ?"

"Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city ;
Weary was his soul
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy."

In striking contrast with this may be
placed the lines "Abd-el-Kader at Tou-
lon," they seem to give us a glimpse of
what Thackeray might have done in
heroic poetry.

"No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk,
of desert life for thee ;
No more across the sultry sands shalt thou
go swooping free ;
Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of
thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er
may'st spread again."

The teaching of Thackeray's poetry is
well summed up in that grand ode
"Vanitas Vanitatum," which is said to
have been written in a lady's album,
containing the autographs of kings,
princes, poets, diplomatists, musicians,
statesmen artists and men of letters of

all nations, between a page by Jules Janin
and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador.
It is not a dirge, withering up energy,
and paralysing effort ; it is written in a
healthy, if regretful tone, and there is
nothing in it which leads one to de-
spond, although it has been objected to
upon that ground. It is doubtful if
"truer words were ever spoke by ancient
or by modern sage."

"O vanity of vanities !
How wayward the decrees of Fate are ;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are !

* * * * *
"Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

"The Ballads of Policeman X." have
long been famous. They appeared in
the pages of *Punch*, with which journal
Thackeray was associated during the
earlier part of his literary career. They
are truly humorous, and though some-
what unequal, yet show throughout that
vigor of thought, and facility of expres-
sion, for which their author became
afterwards remarkable. "The Wofle
New Ballad of Jane Roney and Mary
Brown" is inimitable ; but perhaps the
most popular is "Jacob Omnium's
Hoss." Thackeray's humor often
enough disguises indignation as well as
pathos, and, "though he rarely uttered
a word, either with his pen or with his
mouth, in which there was not an inten-
tion to reach our sense of humor, he
never was only funny."

Thackeray's place among the writers
of *vers de société*, nay, perhaps among the
poets of his time, will be decided in
years to come. His present reputation
as the greatest novelist of his time, is
still an almost insuperable bar to any
recognition being given to the poetical
value of his scattered verses. Who
could support both reputations ? In all
examples which occur to us we find that
the one gives place to the other ; but
Thackeray may be the exception which
proves the rule.

Mr. Frederick Locker, in his "Lon-
don Lyrics," says :

"Light lyrical verse should be short, elegant,
refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished
by chastened sentiment, and often playful, and
it should have one uniform and simple design.

The tone should not be pitched high, and the language should be idiomatic, the rhythm crisp and sparkling, the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness, for, however trivial the subject-matter may be, indeed, rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition, and perfection of execution, should be strictly enforced. Each piece cannot be ex-

pected to exhibit all these characteristics, but the qualities of brevity and buoyancy are essential.

We may accept these conditions as the true test of excellence, and applying this test to the poetry of Thackeray we can arrive at some definite conclusion as to its intrinsic worth.—*Temple Bar.*

A STORY OF THE WHITE CZAR.

I

EVERY ONE remembers, or has read, how, for some years after the Peace of Paris and the accession of the late Czar, it was said that Russia "*sulked*," or that Russia "*rested*"—the words getting to be characteristic in England, the one of the Patriotic School (those who had been, or who would like to be thought to have been, "in the Crimea, damme"), the other of the Manchester School and its humble admirers. In a certain narrow sense, both terms were true; in a wider and better sense, neither—as has been abundantly testified by recent competent writers. Russia was smitten with wonder and shame at her defeat, and at the utter collapse of the magnificent autocratic system of Nicholas. But these feelings did not last long. Only those who know the Russian character can believe how quickly shame and indignation passed in the sincerity into penitence before heaven, and how the wild throes of that again gave speedy birth to ecstatic resolves, and schemes for the most searching social and fiscal reforms—in theory.

The *philosophe* liberals in particular, when the country got wind of the Czar's emancipation idea, were carried away by the most unbounded enthusiasm, such enthusiasm as ordinary Englishmen have no conception of, as seems possible to be felt on this side of Europe only by people of Celtic stock. Englishmen have a foolish insular habit of sneering at anything of this kind they fail to understand as "sentiment," by the mere name condemning and dismissing it, or of denying its reality, and calling it hypocrisy. Of the genuineness of this Russian enthusiasm there can surely be scarce a doubt, when it is remembered

that very many, if not most, of the enthusiasts were nobles, who fully expected to lose seriously by the great emancipation and other projected reforms, but who were ready to sacrifice their interests for the good of their country, to prove in a fine theoretical way how sweet it is *pro patria mori*. They expected that in "something less than no time" their dear country, with a reforming White Czar at its head, would be not merely abreast of the nations of Western Europe, but far ahead of them, in the very van of liberty and civilization. Whether it was a wise enthusiasm, likely to lead to much practical result, is another question.

It will be remembered how these generous gentlemen were disappointed and snubbed as soon as the great ideas began to take practical shape; how the *noblesse* had been asked to send through their marshals to the Czar suggestions as to the great emancipation and cognate questions, how they rejoiced at this, because they took it for a sign that the Czar was to break the *Tchinovnik*, or bureaucratic yoke, and to settle and arrange all reforms in consultation with a parliament of his nobles and notables; and how after all it was apparent that the bureaucracy had triumphed over both Czar and nobles, and were arranging things pretty much as they pleased. The following authentic story concerns that crisis, and is very characteristic of the temper to which the Russian nobles had been brought.

In the winter of 1860-61, Olgaroff, a wealthy noble of a northern district, was at home sulking and smarting under what he considered the humiliating trick that had been played on him and his peers. He was marshal of his district, and the long, elaborate, and eloquent

report he had drawn up and sent in to St. Petersburg had been, like other reports, disregarded and thrown aside for waste paper. He was eight-and-twenty, liberal, philosophic, and excitable; he was unmarried, and had now for company in the house with him his old mother, a shrewd, cheerful friend, of a squat Finnish figure, and a collection of new books, mostly magazines.

One morning Olgaroff and his friend sat smoking in the stifling, stove-warmed room he called his own, when in the still crisp air without could be heard the jingle of bells, and presently the strange, remonstrant cry with which a Russian driver appeals to his horses.

"Iván," cried Olgaroff, letting the magazine drop which he had been loosely holding in his fingers. "Iván Iván! itch!"

In the passage was heard a growling like that of a big dog, a heavy flop like that of a big dog leaping, and the door was opened, and disclosed a big old man in a sheepskin, with sharp, fearless eyes looking out of a mass of gray hair. He stood in the doorway without a word.

"Oh," said Olgaroff, "go and see who that is come."

Iván went out, leaving the door open for his return. In a few moments he returned leisurely and said, "Feodor Demidoff."

"Iván," said Olgaroff, turning to his friend, "is quite independent and republican already. It only wants to turn his sheepskin the other way to make him a free citizen at once."

"See," said Iván, taking no notice of his words, "you are burning your shoes on the stove."

"Go," said Olgaroff, "and bring Feodor here."

Feodor entered, a tallish, fair, middle-aged man, wrapped in furs. With an easy nod to Olgaroff and his friend, he began ridding himself of his wraps.

"See there, blockhead," said Olgaroff to Iván, who stood looking on, "can't you help?"

"Old sticks," said Iván, lending an unwilling hand, "must still stir about, while young ones get warped with being idle."

Feodor, with a laugh, and with an inclination of his head toward Iván, and

a quick glance to Olgaroff, as if to say, "He is still the same Iván, then," shook off his wraps into Iván's hands and sat down. But, turning suddenly as the old fellow was going out, he cried, "No, no, Iván, my friend, I am not going to lend you those things to curl yourself up and go to sleep in. See, you had better leave them here." Iván turned and did as he was bid, with a look of disgust. "Now you can go and warm yourself with praying for the Little Father, and with confessing the many sins you must have committed in your foolish old life."

"Feodor Demidoff," said Iván, coming a step nearer, without a trace of anger, "I have never in all my life done any wrong I know of; except, perhaps," he added after an odd reflective pause, "that I have never had enough food or enough sleep." And he went out.

"The lazy dog!" exclaimed Feodor. Olgaroff looked at the stove and was silent. The Finnish friend smiled. "Does he," continued Feodor, "know? Does he understand what is going to happen?"

"He knows, as they all do. He believes what he hears said, that the good Little Father is going to take all the land from the masters to give to them, and he thinks it good. But as to understanding liberty and that, it is to him nothing. He has been all his days more independent than if he were free and earning wages."

"Yes," said Feodor; "my creatures all think the land is going to pass all into their possession. I used to find them on the sly, before the ground was covered, standing alone coveting some desirable plot; and, of course, they feel sure of it, because it looks as if their Little Father were doing this against the will and over the heads of the nobles."

"It is unbearable! It is atrocious treachery!" exclaimed Olgaroff, starting up.

"It is!" echoed the Finnish friend.

"But of course we know," said Feodor with a quick look, "that we have the officials and the court to thank for this. I knew Alexander Nicola'tch well enough before he became Czar; if he had been surrounded by his old friends, he would never have put this disgrace on his loyal, generous nobles."

"No," said Olgaroff; "but what does that matter now?"

"Well, this. I have a magnificent idea; I have driven over express to have dinner and to discuss it with you. We must strike a *grand coup*. See here: the Czar is coming in a day or two to Zeliakoff's for bear-hunting; there will then be many old friends about him: the ukase, as you know, is not yet issued. Could we not in a week or so get many of our party, of our way of thinking, assembled at Moscow, and—*hey, presto!*—whisk our Little Father off there, impress him with the injustice and shame he is doing us, and get him to cancel this *Tchinovnik* business before it goes farther? He has a kind, gentle heart, has the Little Father. Could not this in some way be done?"

Olgaroff looked in silence at Feodor, and from him to his friend, who looked trustfully back to him. He grew pale, and bit his nails; his fingers trembled visibly; his excitable nature was seized by the audacity of the idea, though he could not disregard its peril.

"Yes; but how?" said he, walking up and down. "How can you get him to Moscow?" He stopped full before Feodor.

"That's it. That's what I came to advise with you about. You are rather clever at hitting upon plots and expedients."

Olgaroff resumed his pacing up and down, showing by his little nervous actions—biting his fingers, picking his teeth, grinding his hands together, kicking at scraps of paper on the floor—the stew of excitement he was in. The little Finnish friend puckered his good-humored face, and tried to look as if he were thinking hard. Olgaroff seized a book and threw it into his friend's lap; a magazine, and threw it to Feodor. "Try," said he, "and get hold of a hint." He himself restlessly poked about and walked about; taking up a magazine, peeping into it, and throwing it down with an impatient "Tush!" snatching a book from the shelves, and playing the same tricks with it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly, "bear-hunting, you said? Here, I have it!"—reading from a book—"Enter a man dressed as a bear."

That's the very thing! Look!" He dashed at one of Feodor's furs, a fine bearskin, with the head dressed to serve as a hood. This he threw about the Finnish friend, calling to him to "stand up." "He will be the very figure to enter as a bear. There is upstairs a very fine complete skin of a big bear my father shot. We will disguise him in it. We must have no confederates; only we three; it might miscarry else. Him there, and a handkerchief with chloroform—you have heard of chloroform?—we make our simple, harmless means. Is it not a good idea?"

"I do not quite understand—"

"Here, sluggish head! We write at once to our friends all round to meet at once in Moscow, and wait. In a few days after the Czar has come and settled himself comfortably with the Zeliadoffs, we are sure to be invited to join a hunt. You and I are both known as good hunters. Presently we get the Little Father's ear. He likes an adventure—does he not?"

"He does."

"We whisper him that we know of a most huge bear across our way in the forest, and get him to draw himself away from his attendants and the rest, that we may have a good shot all by ourselves. He"—pointing to his friend—"shall be our great and tight-hugging bear. Oh, do not fear, little one, our rifles shall be without ball, and we shall see that the Little Father's is the same. This bear shall be in a pre-arranged difficult spot—that bit of defile, fifteen versts from here, is best—you know it? We shall let the Little Father advance to give the shot; the bear, of course, comes on; we shoot; the bear comes with a rush and hugs the Little Father, lets him smell his handkerchief, and we carry him insensible to the sledge we have in waiting, and away through the forest to Moscow. Does it please you?"

"It is perfect!" exclaimed Feodor.

"And I am to be the bear?" said the friend with a shrewd twinkle. "I must practice hugging. Have you any—?"

"No, no, little one!" cried Olgaroff "Not that."

There was a shuffling in the passage, a fumbling at the door, and Iván appeared and said, "Dinner."

II.

In the still, hard winter, travelling is much more rapid than at any other time of the year. Friends were quickly communicated with, and advised to *rendezvous* by a certain time at Moscow and wait, and they would see what they would see. I have had no precise information as to how long this took, nor how long it was before the invitation came to the two chief conspirators to join the imperial hunt; but I have understood it all fitted well with their expectations. The Finnish bear was at his savage post in the head of the stiff little defile, and the sledge waited withdrawn some little way in the forest.

The Czar always fretted against the ceremonials of "attendance." The Zeliadoffs were particularly obsequious and troublesome in these respects, and the Czar, when he chanced to overhear (as he was meant to do) one famous bear-hunter, Demidoff, say to another, Olgaroff, "I wish we could let the Little Father know, without anyone else knowing, of that big brute over our way in the forest. Wouldn't it be grand sport?"—

"Ah, what's that?" said he, aside.

"A great bear, sir," whispered Demidoff, "we would like you to get a shot at. Only, sir, we think there would be no adventure nor sport in it if we go to find him in a crowd."

"Yes; let us get away, Demidoff," said the Czar. "But I should have my trusty old huntsman with me, should I not?"

"If you had him with you, sir, how could you slip away from the company? You and he both absent, they would soon miss you, and come hallooing about and spoil the whole game; and we have an old man with us, the finest bear-hunter in the country. See, there is Berinsky, something like you, sir, and keeps always well in the front of the hunt; tell your old huntsman to attach himself to him, then they will think there you are in front."

"A good idea. So, gentlemen, I am with you," said he, with the zest of a schoolboy to get out of bounds. "I will slip away among the trees—this way, is it not?—as soon as ever I can."

Olgaroff stood a little aloof, gnawing his finger.

When the hunt was well started into the forest, they observed the Czar at a favorable moment slip behind a tree, and then, when the hunt had passed on, from tree to tree into the haze of the forest. They—Demidoff and Olgaroff, that is, with their stolid attendant, Iván Ivan'itch—hurriedly followed. When they came up with the Czar, he laughed cheerily like a schoolboy, and seemed not a little surprised at their glum looks.

"Think it is rather a rash adventure after all, perhaps;—eh?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Demidoff. "We are numerous enough and strong enough to face and kill the fiercest bear that ever trod the forest. Only we must get on the track quickly and quietly; the place where we last saw him is not far off. Permit me, sir, to look to the loading of your gun."

"Feodor," whispered Olgaroff, "I don't like it at all. It's mad. Is there no way of getting out of it?"

"Eh?" said the Czar with a turn.

"Olgaroff was saying sir, am I sure I am not getting out of the way? See; here is the track, the marks of his big 'cushions.' Peace, little one; peace child;"—to the dogs Iván, held in leash, which were growing restless, sniffing and whining.

They pushed on steadily and in silence, Demidoff supporting well the pretence of tracking the bear, Olgaroff scarcely at all. On and on, among the trees, over the smooth, hard snow, till they neared the defile.

Iván Ivan'itch was leading. Presently he stopped, and motioned to the others to stop, too. He laid his ear to the ground, and almost immediately rose, looking as alert as his dogs. He pointed forward into the little defile, which seemed to have been originally a mere wide crooked crack or fissure in a roughish hillock, and to have been further widened and worn by the weather of centuries. Iván led on into a turn in the defile. Peeping from behind a tree that grew at the angle, he whispered eagerly, "Oh, Holy Mother, what an infidel of a brute! Come, Little Father, stand behind this tree. It is odd. He looks terribly roused, and

growls deep. Hark! . . . Mark for the left shoulder, Little Father, a little behind it. So, so; there's for you, my big black hugger!"

"Tush!" exclaimed the Little Father. "Missed!—Be quick, friends," cried he, hastily reloading; "he is coming on apace."

The sight of the reloading—with ball of course—and the sound of the bear's deep growl struck a strange fear to Olgaroff's heart.

"I never heard the little one," whispered he to Demidoff, who was quietly taking aim, "growl like that!"

"Tush!" said Demidoff. "He takes his part better than you do. He growls well." He fired. "Pah! Splintered only the bark of a tree! Now, Olgaroff; he is not ten yards off."

Iván looked amazed at this ineffectual shooting; but his master, at least, was a cool, steady shot. Olgaroff went behind the tree, but had no sooner looked than he started back white and trembling, and exclaiming:—

"It is a bear! There is blood on his shoulder and his muzzle! It is a bear!"

"God confound the man!" cried the Czar, advancing for a shot. "What did he think it was?—a jackass?"

"Oh, fly, sir! fly! he is here!"

"Fly, sir? Are you an Olgaroff?"

He fired, and this time the bear was hit; but still on he came, with greater fury and deeper growls now that he saw his assailants. There was no time to reload before he would be upon them. If they attempted to escape out of that difficult place, he would overtake them before they had got twenty yards. Demidoff was now alive to the fact, and roused his energies; Olgaroff stood white and helpless, leaning against the tree.

"Let loose the dogs, Iván," said Demidoff.

One was at once seized in a fatal hug, and the bear, leaving the other to bark and "gnaw at his toes," advanced upon his hind legs against Demidoff, who met him with his knife. But the bear seemed with ease to brush aside the weapon and at once to get the man in his embrace. There was a crunch.

"Great God!" cried Olgaroff, and fled.

The Czar advanced with his knife, when an exposed tendon of the tree-root tripped him up. The knife flew from his hand, and he sprawled on the ground at the very feet of the bear. The brute growled, and loosened his embrace of Demidoff.

"Hist, Little Father!" whispered Iván, the old hunter. "Lie still!"

At the same moment he stepped coolly forward and drove his knife into the bear's heart.

* * * * *

And that was the end of the Olgaroff-Demidoff Conspiracy; of which the Czar himself never knew more than that it was a rather exciting adventure with a big bear, made the more memorable by the death of one companion and the extraordinary cowardice of another, by the discovery some little distance off of the crushed and torn body of a man in a complete bearskin, and by the acquisition of a faithful servant in Iván Ivanitch. How long "the friends," cooled their heels in Moscow, waiting to see what they would see I never heard; nor did Olgaroff. He left Russia that very day, and has never returned.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

A STRANGE and difficult life, and the production of much art-work in poetry and painting of which the merit has been fiercely debated, give interest of a peculiar kind to the story of William Blake. *Pictor Ignotus* he was styled years ago, and to a large portion of the public an unknown painter he still remains. Prob-

ably the amount of uncouth design of which he must perforce be accused, and the volume of incomprehensible verse in which he expressed a part of his aspirations, have largely contributed to delay the universal admission of success to the designs which are not uncouth and the verse which is not incomprehensible. The

debate about the merits of William Blake has never been of a very satisfactory kind. Some people have been too enthusiastic, and many have been too ignorant. We owe much, however, to the late Mr. Gilchrist, to Mr. Rosetti, Mr. Swinburne, and one or two writers who have yet more lately expressed themselves. None of these gentlemen are to be charged with the worst exaggerations. All are patient and sympathetic students to whom Blake's genius has opened itself—Mr. Gilchrist undoubtedly foremost among them, and always the chief. And indeed there are few persons who can take up the study of Blake—his life and his poetry still more than his design—without submitting in some sort to a spell, a fascination, such as Blake personally exercised upon the best of those who came near to him in the flesh. Probably the strongest proof of Blake's real genius—despite his many deficiencies and his occasional wildness—is to be found in the inevitableness of the charm he exercises over all minds that are not quite hopelessly commonplace. To know Blake is to be glad to be with him. To know a little of his design and nothing of his life and of his poetry, may perhaps be to deride and undervalue him. But a more complete knowledge of him, and of the various ways in which his spirit was manifested, brings about the rare joy that it is proper to feel in presence of a sweet nature and of a high mind.

The essential unworldliness of Blake is one of the most interesting of his characteristics; he was unworldly, not in the sense of the theologian who is more occupied with points of doctrine than with the facts of life, but as one upon whom the deepest facts of life have a strong hold—as one who is in love with Nature, and with beauty wherever it is seen, who values and delights in the simplicity of children, appreciates entirely the matters of sex, and because he is wiser than clever men is himself as simple as a child. His unworldliness was of the kind that sees toward the bottom of things, through the appearance of things. His long brooding meditation had deeper results than the surface observation with which many painters and writers must needs be content. He watched and considered, now with sweet-

ness and now with indignation, men's chequered destiny. In his mind, in the end, it was the sweetness that triumphed. He lived obscure and died in indigence—was born over a shop in Broad Street, Golden Square, and died, an old man, in a mean court out of the Strand. In his age, and in his poverty, and in his experience that the world had brought him few of its recognized goods, he could yet say to a child, as his blessing, "May God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me." So much was his own life, as has been well said, "instinctive and wholly interior"—so faithful was he to a conception of life untainted by the bitterness of evil chance.

The Broad Street, Golden Square, of Blake's childhood—the middle of the last century, for he was born in 1757—was not quite so dull a place in which first to see the light as it would be now. For the neighborhood has greatly fallen. Mr. Gilchrist—who must have had much of that rare love of imaginative men for cities and the associations of cities—has properly reminded us that the Golden Square neighborhood, the neighborhood immediately east of what is now the lower part of Regent Street, and yet immediately west of Soho proper, held social status at least equal to the Cavendish Square neighborhood of our own day. Wardour Street, the busy manufactory of new old furniture; Poland Street, with its small printing-offices, its coffee-houses, its dwellings apportioned in many tenements to the lodgings of theatrical artists not yet celebrated and of dressmakers never to be in vogue; Golden Square, itself, with its one or two foreign hotels, its minor hospital, its mansions devoted to the bookbinder or the fencing-master, all this was then fairly "fashionable," if not precisely "aristocratic." And Broad Street, like the Wigmore Street, or the Mount Street, or North Audley Street, of to-day, was a street chiefly of good shops, varied by a few private houses, instead of the decayed if spacious thoroughfare which we see at present, where a barber who occasionally sells a cheap violin to a member of the Royalty or of the Princess' orchestra, has a shop next to that of a furniture dealer's, at which you pick up brass fenders bought at country sales, and where next again comes the French

washerwoman's—the *blanchisseuse de fin*—whose apprentices are ironing delicate linen in the open room as you pass by. Thus, though Blake's first associations were prosaic—since he was a draper's son—they were not sordid nor mean.

It is strange, however, to think of the wonderful artist and poet, the man of high imagination, brought up among even these surroundings. A poetic spirit of weaker quality would have found itself crushed by them. On Blake they had no effect, for it was in the main truly that in his maturest years, he was able to write, "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action." Where other people saw the sun rise—a round disc like a guinea—Blake saw "an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying Holy! holy: holy!"—and praising God—not indeed for Broad Street, Golden Square—but for the wealth of Nature and beauty that were so much outside of it.

But Blake's pre-occupation with spiritual matters, with the lasting essentials of life, did not prevent him from observing keenly the people he met, and from judging their characters with a rapid correctness which belongs only to the man of the world, and to that deeper man of the world, a great poet. A story of his boyhood confirms in us this belief. He was fourteen years old when it was finally decided that he should be educated as a professional engraver, and it was at first proposed that a quite noted engraver of the day, one Ryland, should become his master. Father and son went to Ryland's work-room, to see the engraver at work. "I do not like the man's face," said William Blake to his parent, on coming away; "it looks as if he will live to be hanged." Twelve years afterward, the then prosperous engraver fell into evil ways—committed a forgery—and was hung as the boy had predicted. Blake's dislike to Ryland's countenance had had the effect of causing his father to seek some other master. The one selected was James Basire, the most distinguished member of a family of engravers, a man whose sterling but necessarily uninspired work is worthy even nowadays of quite as much respect as it receives. It is amusing to remember how Blake, affectionate and ardent,

earnestly upheld it long after he had ceased to be Basire's pupil. For him, Basire's name was the symbol of all that was good in recent engraving, and the more popular Woollett's the symbol of all that was bad. Of course Blake's zeal outstepped his judgment here: the real beauty of William Woollett's work, obtained by delicate observation and patient hand, no one who is removed from the controversies of the moment will care to gainsay. Masters of classic grace and of elegant pastoral—masters like Berghem, Claude, and Richard Wilson—he was born to interpret. But Blake said that Woollett did not know how to grind his graver; did not know how to put so much labor into a hand or foot as Basire did; did not know how to draw the leaf of a tree. "All his study was clean strokes and mossy tints."

At James Basire's, in Great Queen Street, nearly opposite Freemasons' Tavern, young William Blake's prentice-hand began to grow into the hand of a master. Also he was sent into Westminster Abbey and various old churches to make drawings from the monuments and buildings, which Basire was employed by Gough, the antiquary, to engrave. "a circumstance he always mentioned with gratitude to Basire," and one which, as Blake's best biographer has rightly discerned, was much adapted to foster the romantic turn of his imagination, and to strengthen his natural affinities for the spiritual in art. The character of Blake was fast developing: there were seen already those many-sided sympathies with art which made him engraver, painter, and poet. The task of the engraver, however artistic as one, was too slow and too little spontaneous to content Blake wholly. A copyist, even of the most intelligent and learned kind, he was not satisfied always to remain. He would not only reproduce—he must directly create. And so we come upon the first of his inventions in design and upon the first of his poems. In both, with whatever faults of execution, he showed himself original; but at first perhaps more particularly in poetry. The poetry of Nature and of natural sentiment, that a generation or two later was to sweep all other poetical effort away, had then hardly begun in Eng-

land. Blake composed his earlier verses years before Burns addressed the public of Kilmarnock; years before William Cowper, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, had issued his "Poems"—still longer before the "Lyrical Ballads" which, in 1798, Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, gave to but few readers, had proceeded from the close association and friendship of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

A freedom of natural sentiment was in these earliest poems of Blake's—a happy and inspired carelessness as to the way the thing was said, if only the feeling at the bottom of all did get itself expressed—very remarkable indeed in a generation which had for its models poetry quite obviously artificial, poetry in which thin thought and shallow feeling were wrought into fineness of phrase. But yet these earliest poems are not the poems by which Blake secures his immortality. They are not the poems which thoughtful and tasteful folk will most care about, nor are they the obscure if profound work which, as days went on, Blake himself, it may be, got to consider his highest productions. A little time had yet to pass before Blake's poetic genius found full expression—before there came to him both the best theme and the artless art to treat it. He had to pass through his period of studentship at the newly formed Royal Academy, he had to be a lover and he had to be an independent artist, before his mind was ready with the "Songs of Innocence," or could be delivered later of the "Songs of Experience."

Blake's marriage was a marriage of consolation. He had thought himself in love—he had perhaps been actually in love—with that mysterious being whom the sentimental dramatist and the sentimental novel-writer describe as "another." And "another" had been careless about the young painter and poet; "another" had been obdurate and unkind. Having suffered his addresses for a certain season—having talked and walked with him in unconventional ways which bred great hopefulness in his mind—she suddenly tired of it. And the young lover was left, not pining in silence, but somewhat loudly lamenting. A girl, who was more of a bystander than an acquaintance, said very frankly, that "she pitied him

from the bottom of her heart," and William Blake began to love her for her pity, and she accepted his love. Catherine Sophia Boucher, born of humble parents in the then remote suburb of Battersea, was a good-looking brunette, with a fine figure, with industrious hands, an active mind, and little or no education. She could not sign her name in the parish register kept at Battersea Church, where she and Blake were married; but she was capable of learning, and for many long years after he first met her—from his youth to the time of his old age, when she alone watched by him in his last moments—she was a pleasure and a help to Blake. A little of the spirit of the artist seems to have been in her. As time went on, she was found capable of making a very few designs in the Blake manner, and both during Blake's life, and, we suppose, after his death, she colored some of the prints which he published—if almost private issue can be called publication—along with his poems. She did not, it is true, color them very well, and the Blake collector likes to have his copies colored by the more skilled hand of the original inventor; but still she seconded him to the best of her powers—had always a wise interest in her husband's work, and a full belief in him.

Employed to engrave designs after Stothard and other in the *Wits' Magazine*—which was by no means a wholly comic miscellany, but politely intended rather for people who had wits than for witty people—Blake fell into various employment. In 1784 he made his second appearance as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and in the following year he likewise exhibited. His father was now dead, but Blake was living in the street of his birth—Broad Street—in partnership for a time with one Parker, as it seemed necessary to be print-seller as well as artist. Parker and he disagreed—the partnership was dissolved—and Blake moved a short way from Broad Street, to Poland Street, near the top on the eastern side. He was very poorly off, and Mrs. Blake, in household matters, had to practise the severest economy. There had already long been evident much in Blake's character that was incompatible with the attainment of material success.

The man who, on the death of his brother Robert, whom he had greatly loved, had been able to declare that that brother's spirit, loth at first to leave the earth, had at length clapped its hands for peaceful joy at departure, as it passed upward through the ceiling, was a man whose imagination was not likely to be of the kind admired by the ordinary picture buyer. That indeed was the crazy side of Blake—a craziness absolutely harmless except as far as concerns the material prospects of the person who is a prey to it—but such occasional craziness in Blake was inseparably united to the fineness of his imagination. The force of his vision of spiritual things brought with it, almost as a necessity, these fancies, and both incapacitated him for popular work. Both would have told against him perhaps at any time, but never more decidedly and surely than in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when intellect was constantly sceptical and hardly at all imaginative—when there was the least disposition and the least ability to make allowance for the vagaries of a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams.

Unencouraged then, and uncommissioned, by the public—thus far in the cold and dark of general neglect—the simple man set himself to the accomplishment of a congenial task, and the "Songs of Innocence" were gradually written and furnished with their appropriate designs. Of late years "Songs of Innocence" have been given to the public in the form of common print, like the work of every other poet, who has written and published, since printing was known. But it was not so that Blake sought to present his poems to that limited world for which alone he expected to cater. He laboriously engraved the verses, as he engraved the designs, and the ornamental borders, and having printed it all off—picture, verse, and ornamental border—he set himself, as copies were wanted for sale, to fill in the picture and the border with wash and stroke of color, and this plan, first conceived for the "Songs of Innocence" he adhered to throughout his life. The pecuniary reward of such a plan was not necessarily so slight as in Blake's experience it turned out to be. A painter-poet of our own day could

make it yield a sufficient harvest of money, if he tried. Curiosity would be roused about it; there would be ecstatic brethren to sing its praises in society; it would be written about in the weekly newspapers—especially if it were not going to be exhibited. But with Blake, the presence of these beautiful designs—their outlines printed indeed, but their colors filled in by hand, so that no two copies could be alike—with Blake, the presence of these beautiful designs did not so greatly enhance the price of the verse. Whoever chose to buy the wonderful work could buy it at a price that was absolutely insignificant. Moreover, the demand for it was always limited, though it never quite ceased.

In each department of Art that Blake essayed in the "Songs of Innocence" he was without doubt triumphant. He made homely and beautiful designs, poems which in their order of merit are yet more unique than the drawings, and in the treatment of the ornamental borders he showed himself a fine decorative artist. There is present in the designs, as we know them by the necessarily uncolored examples in Gilchrist's "Life," something that is common to a group of eighteenth century artists and much that is only Blake's. Fuseli said that Blake was good to steal from. Blake, later in his life, charged Stothard with stealing from him in "The Canterbury Pilgrims;" and with many of Blake's other designs Stothard's have much affinity. In both men's work there is apparent the easy and simple grace in movement and costume which belonged to the end of the eighteenth century, and which—often, however, with some touch of the masquerade—is with us again to-day. To those who do not know Blake himself, to say that the grouping of figures in the simple costume of the period very slightly idealized, very slightly classicized—as in the "Echoing Green" for instance—is Stothard-like, is to convey a first general idea. But in such a drawing as that of "The Lamb," wherein a naked child extends his arms, welcoming, to creatures made and loved like himself by God (for that is the moral of the poem), it is a pure naturalist who conceives the situation and expresses it in line—his only reminiscences being, seemingly, of Florentine art. In the

landscape, too, whether it be the thatched roof of the cattle shed, or the thick-spreading elm tree, or the bit of bending willow, there is more of naturalism than would have been quite acceptable to the orderly art of Stothard. And with all appreciation of Stothard's art—of its more constant suavity, its greater general correctness—we are bound to hold it, in its rendering of the gesture of the figure, less expressive than Blake's. It is more occupied with an external grace. There is less emotion in it. The designs for the "Songs of Experience," that after some lapse of years followed the earlier series, are—as fitting accompaniments to the poems themselves—at once bolder and more obscure, with figures of gesture more fearful or more enraptured, with a passionate abandonment, never sought for, and never wanted, in the "Songs of Innocence."

And now we have come to the brief consideration of these two collections of poems. The two collections of designs may be considered apart, but the poems must be considered together. The mood in each collection is so different, yet it is the same nature that is at bottom of the passing mood.

The "Songs of Innocence" were written when the young manhood of Blake, filled with the joy of his work, had hardly realized how much of failure there was in the world—still less how much of failure was coming to him. In the "Songs of Innocence" the spiritual man entered into the heart of a child, and sang, in joyous temper, of the life of children in country and town. The "Echoing Green" is a piece of delightful music made to celebrate the pleasures of the place where village children make holiday. "Holy Thursday" sings pleasantly, and touchingly about the charity children at St. Paul's. The introduction to the series—the poem beginning "Piping down the valleys wild"—tells by an allegory how Blake was singing for children and for those who cared for them; a piper, he says, was piping to a child, and the child made him repeat his tune, and "sing his songs of happy cheer," and told him finally, in sign of satisfaction, that he must sit down and write, "in a book that all may read." "So he vanished from my side," says

William Blake, in the character of the piper,—

"So he vanished from my side,
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear."

The "Songs of Experience" were written only a few years after, but in a temper widely different. It would be particularly interesting if some one of the few people who know Blake profoundly and minutely, and who have derived a part of their knowledge from old men still living who came into intimate contact with him—John Linnell is one of these—it would be interesting, we say, if some one so qualified would tell us what brought in so comparatively short a time a change of temper so complete. The problem is one which Mr. Gilchrist's admirable book does not absolutely solve. Blake himself must have been conscious of the thoroughness of the change—conscious too, as we have declared before, that the same nature lay behind the varying moods. For by a method peculiar to himself he may almost be said to have called attention to the change—to have emphasized the difference. To begin with, his very titles establish a sort of antithesis between "Innocence" and "Experience." Clearly the one is to be contrasted with the other. Again, at least two of the separate poems have their titles repeated; the title of something in the first publication is found again in the second. "The Chimney Sweeper" and "Holy Thursday" are the cases in point. Both are poems of the city, and naturally so; for, first, the country never suggested the contrasts which are here in question, and, secondly, the "Songs of Experience" are little occupied with the country at all. The "Chimney Sweeper," as we find it in the two volumes, presents the contrast most sharply: from the *allegro* of the first song we proceed suddenly to a depth "deeper than ever the *andante* dived." The first tells of a little boy—one Tom Dacre—who

"cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved,"
and to whom the speaker, a little boy sweep also, spoke reassuringly:

"And so he was quiet, and that very night
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight;
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned,
and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.
And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all
free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing,
they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun."

And the angel speaks very hopefully to the chimney sweeper, telling him chiefly that if he were a good boy he would have "God for his father, and never want joy." The two promises express Blake's conception of Heaven: the sense of the reality of the first was constantly with him.

Now the "Chimney Sweeper" in "Songs of Experience," breaks in upon this innocent peace. Even the little child, who speaks in the poem, catches the shadow of the writer's gloom. He says that his father and his mother are gone up to the church to pray, having taken him from the heath where he was happy, to make him the little black slave of his master. They clothed him in "the clothes of death," and by the hard fate to which they condemned him, they taught him to "sing the notes of woe." Somehow, as Blake so subtly saw, the youth of his spirit asserted itself. They could not quite crush out of him his childhood and its instinctive joy. But they had done their worst, and there was the bitterness of it.

"And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest
and King,
Who make up a Heaven of our misery."

In the two "Holy Thursdays," again, two different views are taken of the lives of children. The one is the view suggested to an easily satisfied man by the spectacle of the charity children under the dome of St. Paul's. He sees, complacently, "their innocent faces clean." They are to him "these flowers of London town." To him they have "a radiance all their own." But in the second "Holy Thursday," Blake wants to know whether it is "a holy thing" to see, in a rich and fruitful land, "babes reduced to misery?"

"Is that trembling cry a song,
Can it be a song of joy,

And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty."

And the moral, to the poet, still simple in his bitterness, is that things are very wrong:

"For where'er the sun does shine
And where'er the rain does fall,
Babes should never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appal."

Having stated which truth, or truism, in his strongest poet's way, and so done his part, he ends—leaving the matter to the political economists, who, as it would appear, have not, during these hundred years, succeeded in settling it.

But the strongest and most passionate note uttered in "Songs of Experience" is one which is uttered only there, and there only once. It is in the poem which he calls simply "London"—in it, before his mental eye, the evils of the town are concentrated, are brought to a focus. It seems that as he walks in London the faces that he sees make him wretched. His view, however it may be morbid and exaggerated, shows at all events one side of a truth—he sees, in every face he meets, "marks of weakness, marks of woe." There is something sad to him in "the cry of every man"—the infant's, the chimney sweep's, the ill-fated soldier's. But most it is a woman's cry that strikes upon his spiritual ear.

"Most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage
hearse."

His feeling here has waxed too strong for his power of expression. He is so intense that he becomes obscure. But his obscurity, with his volume of passion, is worth, many times over, the lucid mediocrity of less inspired bards.

Perhaps we have now succeeded—as far as brevity allowed—in making clear to some the order of beauty, both of design and of song, which is to be found, if it is properly sought, in the finest works of Blake—in the things by which he will certainly live. That is what we wanted to do. In other places it is easy and convenient to find accounts of his later and more voluminous writings, of his more ambitious designs; such a great series as that, for instance, which he executed for the "Night Thoughts"

of Young; such poems of his own as those included under the name of the "Prophetic Books," some of them strange visions and strange prophecies which we take to be more curious than finally satisfactory.

To return, with however short a treatment, to the story of his outward life. He lived long in Lambeth after he was in Broad Street—Hercules Buildings—the abode, if we mistake not, of another neglected genius, the Triplet of "Masks and Faces." Hayley, the biographer of Romney, and himself quite a considerable poet in his own day—people estimated him, of course, a good deal by his riches and by the excellence of his country house—Hayley encouraged Blake for awhile, and induced him to remove to Felpham in Sussex, at the foot of that Sussex Down country which Copley Fielding afterward painted, and which Mr. Hine, in our own day, is painting with even more wonderful subtlety. Hayley lived in that countryside—had the good house of the district—it was there that the too frequent painter of the "Divine Emma" came on his annual visit. And Hayley gave Blake commissions, during Blake's residence there. But at length the almost inevitable fussiness of a wealthy *dilettante* of absolute leisure began to annoy Blake very much—began to disturb and to thwart him. He wrote to London friends that he felt bound to return. He looked for the day of his deliverance, and at last it came. In London, at that period, Mr. Butts was his best patron: the friendly and always businesslike purchaser of so many of Blake's designs. Interesting accounts between them are furnished in Mrs. Gilchrist's new edition of her husband's book.

Returning to town, and living long in South Molton Street, Blake was associated more or less with Flaxman and Stothard; he was considerably wronged, it seems, by Cromek; and he had the faithful friendship of John Linnell. Linnell lived then at a remote farmhouse on the far side of Hampstead, and there Blake used very often to visit him, unbending, giving himself out in genial chat. It must have seemed pretty clear to the poet by that time that no wide popularity was coming to his verses—that no great prices, such as the most

impudent of incapacity cheerfully asks in our own day, were ever to be got for his pictures. But he, and his wife with him, went contentedly on—she, believing altogether in her husband; he, believing altogether in the paramount importance of his spiritual world, the comparative insignificance of material things. Poverty closed round him. He had no studio rich with the spoils of the East and of Italy, and adroitly enhancing to the innocent purchaser the value of all work done in it. He had now a few bareish rooms in Fountain Court, out of the Strand. There ill-health and enfeebled age fell upon him. He engraved what plates he could—realized what inventions he could—sometimes even when confined not only to his rooms, but to his bed. Getting out, now and again, he fetches his own beer from some public house at the corner—meets, under those circumstances, an artist who is just sufficiently celebrated to be careful with whom he is seen, and not exalted enough to be indifferent to what may be thought of the company he chooses to keep. And the just sufficiently celebrated artist does not, under those circumstances, think it prudent to speak to him. Blake goes home, only a little amused by the incident, to the rooms in Fountain Court.

There he was known by, among other artists, an artist then quite young, and now venerable—Samuel Palmer. Mr. Gilchrist wanted Mr. Samuel Palmer's impression of Blake, and in a very graphic, touching, and significant letter, Mr. Palmer gave it. This is how he concludes:

"He was one of the few to be met with in our passage through life who are not in some way or other 'double-minded' and inconsistent with themselves; one of the very few who cannot be depressed by neglect, and to whose name rank and station could add no lustre. Moving apart, in a sphere above the attraction of worldly honors, he did not accept greatness, but confer it. He ennobled poverty, and by his conversation and the influence of his genius, made two small rooms in Fountain Court more attractive than the threshold of princes."

Such, in the testimony of one who knew him—of one who was able to appreciate him—was William Blake. And so died on the 12th of August, 1827—watched chiefly by his wife—the great in-

ventor, the seer of visions so powerful and so terribly direct, engaged at the last in "composing and uttering songs to his Maker." His wife, Catherine, thought them so beautiful that the poor old man had need to tell her his belief that they were not *his* songs; he was but the instrument that uttered them. A lowly neighbor, who went away when

the old man had finally sunk, declared that she had been at the death of an angel. Was there then, in that humble room, any vision to gladden him like to his own most beautiful and most impressive design, "the Morning Stars singing for joy"—the expression of an aspiration of his life, at last, after long years, to be realized?—*Temple Bar*.

 LOST.

A STRANGE stillness and darkness, a gray, black twilight everywhere, broken only by a whiteness beneath; yet the darkness and stillness were nothing to me save as conditions that existed, but in which I had no concern. I passed out of the room, though no door opened for me, and down the stairs. There were faces I knew dimly, as in a dream; they went by sad and silent, not even seeing me. In a room beneath, where a flickering candle burned, were two human beings, the one a babe sleeping in its cot; I stood by its side for a moment, not knowing what made me stay, but I saw the child's face, and felt a strange comfort from the sight. The other was a man sitting by a table, his arms stretched out across it, and his head resting down upon them. He did not move or stir, his face was hidden, but I knew that he was bowed down by sorrow, and there was something that drew me to his side, that made me long to comfort him, to say pitying words, telling him how short were sorrow and sleep, how long were thought and waking. But the longing was undefined, and had no power to shape itself into action, and I stood silent and still. Then I put out my hand and touched his shoulder. He did not raise his head, but for the first time he moved, his frame was suddenly convulsed, and he sobbed bitterly. And so the night passed, he weeping and I watching, and stealthily and cruelly the morning light crept in at the staring uncurtained windows.

I was in the upper room again; I knew not how, nor how long after, for time and space had no more measure for me. I looked round the room; it was draped with white, and at one end there was a bed, and on it the outline of a hu-

man form covered by a sheet. There seemed some dim memory hanging about the room; but that was all, for consciousness returns but slowly, and knowledge remains but of few things, and only of those beings that have made a mark upon our souls that even death cannot efface. The door opened, and the man who had been weeping below entered, and suddenly I remembered and knew my husband. His face was sad and pale, his eyes were dim, his head was bent, but he raised it for a moment as he entered, and looked nervously round the room. I held out my arms to him, but he passed me by taking no notice; I called him by his name, but he did not hear me. He went up to the bed, and, kneeling down, took the handkerchief from over the dead face; step by step I went forward to look at it.

It was my own!

"Ah! no, no, no!" I shrieked, "it is not I! I am here beside you, my husband! Oh! my love—my love—it is not I! I am here! Look at me, speak to me—I am here!" but the words died away, and he did not hear them, and I knew that sound had gone from me for ever. And still he knelt by the dead, giving it dear names, and showering down kisses upon it; and I stood by longing for all that was given for love of me, and yet not to me; stood looking with strange fear and shrinking at the white face and the still lips and the closed eyes—at that which had been my own self and was myself no more. But still he knelt there calling it me, and crying out to that which heard not, and saw not, and was but waiting for the black grave to hide it.

At last he covered the face with the handkerchief again, and rose and left the room. I could not follow him, and

waited in unutterable longing, to weep, but having no tears; to speak, but having no words; to die, but finding that time and death had passed by—that to death I had paid tribute and yet remained.

I looked round the room, and slowly there came dim memories of many things—of pain, and sorrow, and parting; of pain, that death had conquered, and that lay forever vanquished in that still form; of sorrow, that death had left, and that only one soul could conquer—a soul still living within a human body. I knew the room now: it was the one I used to sleep in and had called my own; they had covered the furniture with white, and yet around and about lay things my hands had fashioned—hands that never more might stir a single leaf or move one atom from its place. Suddenly, in a corner of the room, I saw the uncovered looking-glass, and, wondering, remembered; and fearing and shrinking with a strange terror, I went forward, and standing before it, looked and saw—nothing. All else I saw—the room, the shrouded furniture, some fading flowers in a vase, the outline of the dead woman lying on the bed—everything; but of me that stood before it there was no sign, no trace—nothing—nothing. And still, scarce believing, and holding out my hands to it in my agony, I stood before it, but the vacant glass gave no sign, no trace; showed nothing—nothing. Then I understood—then I realized—that sight and sound knew me no longer, and that the eyes I loved were blind to me in their waking hours—blind for evermore while time should last: and time, that heaps dust on all things, would heap it up higher and higher between the memory of my face and him. But did he not feel my presence? did he not know that I was by him, and would be by him, until, at last, from out of the worn body, the soul should slowly lift itself into that which is but one step higher in the universe?—till meeting should be again, and sorrow and parting no more?

For as the clay-fetters fall, dear, and the earthly chains one by one give way, our souls shall draw nearer and nearer, until slowly the mist shall clear and we shall see each other once

more face to face, and out of the darkness of human pain shall come everlasting light. How the knowledge of this would help you! how it would comfort you to know that though sight and sound have gone, yet there is one thing that links the worlds together—one memory that binds the mortal to the immortal! For love, that is stronger than life, shall be stronger than death, and, passing on, shall look back upon death—the love that came to us from without, and shall pass out with us into that which ever has been and shall be, unto which no end is. . . .

Through all the long days that followed I was with him, through all his lonely hours and passionate grief. I stood by him while he slept, and whispered loving words into his ears, and he heard them and was comforted. And we traveled back together along the dream-road to all that had been in the far-off time, and the remembrance of old sweet days came before his sleeping eyes; but things were not as we had left them, but shaped themselves differently, and wore strange and terrible faces that made him start from his sleep and look round the dark room, half fearing, half wondering, and he saw, not me standing beside him, but only the black hopelessness of the night. Or I would say strange words to him as he slept—words that in life I had never said, so that he might know there was a meeting-time yet to come, for of that I dared not speak; but he would not hear them.

"Come to me in my waking hours," he cried, and I could make no sign, no response. It is only in dreams that the dead have power over the living, for theirs is the land of which the living see only fitful gleams in their sleep—a land where, to the living, all seems, and nothing is, and nothing earthly has an abiding place. "It is only a dream," he would cry out in his despair; "it means nothing, it is only the fevered picture-making of my own brain." Yet a world of our own creation we can in some way control; but in the world that we enter in our sleep, we have no power, no control.

At first I was always with him, for his thought and will and longing had power to bring me, to give me a voice in his

dreams, to grant me a sight of his face, but I could not tell him; I could but wait and hope and wait again. . . .

Dear, was it only the clay that held you, was it only the touch of my hands that caressed you, the tone of my voice that ever had tender words for you, and the sound of my eager feet that hurried swiftly toward you ever, and stayed before you waiting? Was it not my soul you loved, and its human form but as the house in which that soul dwelt? For the body is but a mere accident, a chance garment flung aside and dropping to decay when no longer strong enough to hold the soul it covers, a refuge in which for a time we take shelter and use human symbols to do our work and say our say; a place of lodging for that which has been and is for ever, and which, while it stays in the body, is fed and strengthened and beautified, and then goes forth again, or is weakened and starved and disfigured, and at last is scattered to be gathered up no more. Was it not my soul you loved, dear, and that is not sleeping in the dead woman? Life was not only in the beating heart and aching head, but in the hurrying feet and tender hands and the little eager fingers, in every atom of flesh, and from every one of these it has gone forth and waits till you shall choose whether eternity shall be ours or not. . . .

I came to him and knew by his face that a long time had passed since our last meeting, and he was changed. Strange faces were around him, and strange voices pleased him, and the old tenderness was not in his eyes when he thought of me, and my flowers were no longer on his table, my portrait no more before him, and songs that had not been mine were on his lips. The brightness came back to his face and the happy ring to his voice, and he passed on into a world in which I had no part or memory. But I knew that it must be so, I would not have had him grieve always, and is not life sweet, even to those to whom death will be sweeter?

Fearing and dreading, I stood by his side once more, but only to know that the thought of me saddened him, to watch him struggle with the past, and try to shut out the remembrance of the dead face he had stood beside. . . . and with him there was a woman, young and

fair, fairer than I even in my fairest days, and in her eyes there was a look of love, and on her lips were tender words, and he looked down upon her face and listened to her, just as long ago, he had looked down at my face and listened to my words. I stood beside him and put my hand upon his arm, and he started as if he felt a deathly coldness. I tried to look into his eyes, but shudderingly he turned away. I whispered old words into his ear, and he heard them in his heart and remembered them, and I knew that thoughts of me were strong upon him; yet with a sigh he turned away and wound his arms round the woman who had taken my place. "He is lonely and sad," I cried; "he cannot be always alone, without mortal hands to soothe him, and human tones to comfort him; it is this that draws him to her, for he is yet human. It is her humanity he craves to help him along the lonely road; the sound of a voice, the sight of a face, and all that I can be to him no more; but it is me he loves, it is my face he shall see once more before him in his dying hour, when the companionship of human life is ended.

It is not her soul that will know his when only love gives recognition, and only love may guide him over the great threshold. . . .

He rested his head down upon her hair, and she whispered longingly, "If I had only had your first love!" He looked at her sadly and gravely, and into his voice there came a sweetness I had never heard, as he answered her slowly, "You have my *best* love." . . . And still I stayed looking at him and listening to him, knowing that I should do so nevermore—that now indeed was the great parting between us. For that which he had called love had been but a delight in sound and sight and touch, born of the flesh and dying with it, and not worthy of the name, and nothing else could bring me to him. And I would have been content, since he had willed it so, had she that was with him had power to give him a perfect love; but I knew that it was not so. And still I stayed, even while he clung to her until he shut his eyes so that in fancy he might not see me, and hid his face so that he might not hear me, and with a wrench he shut all remembrance of me out of his heart

and turned to her again. . . . And then I fled out into the night, knowing that if we met again there would be no memory of me with him, for memory dies with the body unless it is strong enough to outlive death, or love is there to carry it on. And even if he saw my face again in some dim future of which I knew not yet, it would be strange to him, as a flickering thought that can be identified with no past and which we dare not call memory, is strange. For as the body knows much the soul may not remember, so has the soul secrets that can never be known to the body. . . . And I cried out to the darkness in my anguish, and the wind lent me its voice and shrieked in at the crevices and beat against the windows; but I knew he standing within heard not or took no heed, and thought of nothing save of the woman beside him. "Oh, could you but know!" I cried, "could you but know how with our own hands we make our heavens and hells of those we love!" For that which is in our hearts to the end is always, and so ourselves do we work out our own immortality. The choice is with us, and the material in our own hands, to live or die even as we will; but to live the soul must have strength—strength that is greater than death, greater than the power that comes after to gather us in until separate life is ours no more, and the strength that is greatest is born of love that is perfect. And of perfect love are all things born, of love that in its highest has gathered beauty and knowledge and wisdom to itself, until the mortal life has become immortal and passes on with all things in its hands.

I do not know how far I went, on and on, into what strange lands, on and on, borne by the wind and hurried by the

storm, making no sign, leaving no footprint behind. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind that met me understood, and went by moaning and pitying, and carried on, perhaps to him, some sad message, for in its tone there seemed a cry of parting and despair that was my own. . . . And then I went back once more to see the babe that had slept in its cot the night I had first stood beside my husband in his sorrow. There is only one being with which one's soul longs for affinity, an affinity born of love and sympathy; and now my soul knew that this was denied it, my thoughts went back to the child that was mine and his. And I loved it chiefly for the life that was in it—life that was his once and might know me still. I stole in the darkness through the quiet house and found the room where the child lay sleeping in its bed. I saw its face and its soft hair and closed eyes, and heard the sweet sound of breathing that came through its parted lips, and I longed for human life again, and would have given my soul up thankfully to have had my flesh and blood back for one single instant, to have held that little one in my arms. And I stooped and kissed it, but it turned shrinkingly away even in its sleep, and then, affrighted, woke and cried "Mother, mother!" And from an inner room the fair woman came; but I stood close to the child still, and touched it softly; and again, shrinking and affrighted, it held out its hands to her and cried "Mother, mother!" and she took it into her arms, and the child looked up at her face and smiled, and was satisfied. . . . And I passed out into the night, and on and on for evermore, farther and farther away—on and on, seeking the infinite and finding it never. . . . —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

WHAT IS A MOLECULE?

MODERN science declares that every substance consists of an aggregation of extremely small particles, which are called molecules. Thus, if we conceive a drop of water magnified to the size of the earth, each molecule being magnified to the same extent, it would exhibit a structure about as coarse-grained as

shot; and these particles represent real masses of matter, which, however, are incapable of further subdivision consistently with their existence as matter. A lump of sugar crushed to the finest powder, retains its qualities; dissolved in water, the mass is divided into its molecules, which are still particles of sugar, though

they are far too small to be seen by the highest powers of the microscope. The physical subdivision of every body is limited by the dimensions of its molecules; but the chemist can carry the process farther. He "decomposes," or breaks up these molecules into "atoms;" but the parts thus obtained have no longer the qualities of the original substance. Hence the molecule may be considered as the smallest particle of a substance in which its qualities inhere; and every molecule though physically indivisible, can be broken up chemically into atoms, which are themselves the molecules of other and elementary bodies.

No one has ever seen or handled a single molecule, and molecular science therefore deals with things invisible, and imperceptible by our senses. We cannot magnify a drop of water sufficiently to see its structure; and the theory that matter is built up of molecules depends, like the philosophy of every science, on its competence to explain observed facts. These are of two kinds—namely, physical and chemical. A physical change in the condition of a body is illustrated by dissolving a lump of sugar in water. The sugar disappears, but remains present in the water, from which it may be recovered by evaporation. But if we burn a lump, we effect a chemical change in its condition. The sugar again disappears, and in its place we get two other substances—namely, carbon and water.

Similarly, water is converted by boiling into the invisible vapor, steam; but the change in its condition is physical only, for the steam condenses to water on being cooled. If, however, we pass water through a red-hot iron tube, it disappears, and is replaced by the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. In the latter case, the liquid suffers a chemical change, or as we say, is "decomposed" into its constituent elements. Those changes, therefore, which bodies undergo without alteration of substance are called physical; while those which are accompanied by alteration of substance are called chemical.

Turning our attention first to the physical side of the question, let us inquire how far some of the fundamental laws of science are illustrated by the molecular

hypothesis. Among the most important of these is the law of Boyle, which declares that the pressure of gases is proportional to their density. The theory under review is based at present on the phenomena of gases, and considers these as aggregations of molecules in constant motion. Their movements are supposed to take place in straight lines, the molecules hurrying to and fro across the containing vessel, striking its sides, or coming into contact with their neighbors, and rebounding after every collision, like a swarm of bees in a hive flying hither and thither in all directions.

We know that air, or any gas, confined in a vessel, presses against its sides, and against the surface of any body placed within it. This pressure is due to the impact of the flying molecules; and the constant succession of their strokes is, according to this theory, the sole cause of what is called the pressure of air and other gases. As each molecule strikes the side of the vessel the same number of times, and with an impulse of the same magnitude, the pressure in a vessel of given size must be proportionate to the number of molecules—that is, to the quantity of gas in it; and this is a complete explanation of Boyle's law. Let us next suppose that the velocity of the molecules is increased. Then each molecule will strike the side of the containing vessel not only more times per second, but with greater force. Now, an increase in the velocity of the molecules corresponds in theory to a rise of temperature; and in this way we can explain the increase of pressure, and the proportions of such increase which result from heating a gas. Similarly, Charles's important law, that the volume of a given mass of gas under a constant pressure varies directly as its temperature, follows obviously from the hypothesis.

Priestley was the first to remark that gases diffuse through each other. This fact is familiarly illustrated by the passage of odorous gases through the atmosphere. If a bottle of ether is opened in a room, its vapor diffuses through the air, and its presence is soon recognized by the sense of smell. In this case, the ether molecules may be figured as issuing from the bottle with great velocity; and if their course were not interrupted

by striking against the molecules of the air, the room would be instantaneously permeated by their odor. But the molecular particles of both air and ether are so inconceivably numerous, that they cannot avoid striking one another frequently in their flight. Every time a collision occurs between two molecules, the paths of both are changed; and the course of each is so continually altered, that it is a long time in making any great progress from the point at which it set out, notwithstanding its great velocity.

We must next inquire how these velocities are measured, and what is their amount. We have seen that the pressure exerted by a gas is due to what may be appropriately called the molecular bombardment of the walls of its containing vessel; and knowing this pressure, we can calculate the velocity of the projectiles, if we can ascertain their weight; just as we can estimate the speed of a bullet when its weight and mechanical effect are known. Now, a cubic centimeter of hydrogen at a pressure of one atmosphere weighs about one-thousandth part of a gramme; we have therefore to find at what rate this mass must move—whether altogether or in separate molecules makes no difference—to produce this pressure on the sides of a cubic centimeter. The result gives six thousand feet per second as the velocity of the molecule of hydrogen; while in other gases the speed is much less.

The question of molecular weights brings us face to face with the chemical aspect of the hypothesis; and we have now to examine the support which is given to it by chemical phenomena, and show how wonderfully these are correlated with the physical proofs. Bearing in mind the distinction between physical and chemical changes, we know that we can make a mixture of finely divided sulphur and iron, for example, in any proportion. But these bodies when heated combine chemically to form a new substance called sulphide of iron; and the two classes of products exhibit great differences, which are indicated by a most remarkable characteristic. Chemical combination, unlike mechanical mixture, always takes place in certain definite proportions. Thus fifty-six grains

of iron combine with exactly thirty-two grains of sulphur; and if there is any excess of either substance, it remains uncombined. This principle is known as the law of definite combining proportions, and the Atomic Theory, which, in one shape or another is as old as philosophy, was first applied to its explanation by the English chemist Dalton, in 1807. He suggested that the ultimate particles of matter, or atoms between which union is assumed to take place, have a definite weight; in other words, that they are distinct masses of matter. In the combination of the two elements in question, therefore, an atom of iron unites with an atom of sulphur to form a molecule of sulphide of iron; and the union takes place in the proportion by weight of fifty-six to thirty-two, simply because these numbers represent the relative weights of the two sorts of atoms. Now, Dalton may be wrong, and there may be no such things as atoms; but every science postulates fundamental principles, of which the only proof that can be offered is a certain harmony with observed facts; and the chemist assumes the reality of atoms and molecules because they enable him to explain what would otherwise be a chaos of unrelated facts. The combining proportions of substances, then, indicate their relative molecular weights; and bearing this in mind, we must turn again for a moment to the physical side of the question, to inquire whether, and in what way, the physicist can determine the weight of a molecule.

Water, alcohol and ether expand when heated like other forms of matter, but they do so very unequally. Their vapors on the other hand are expanded by heat at exactly the same rate under like conditions. The theory supposes that the molecules which are close together in the liquids become widely separated when these are converted into vapors; and the action of the particles on each other becomes less and less as they are driven farther apart by heat, until at last it is inappreciated. When the molecules of the vapors in question are thus freed from other influences, it is found that heat acts in an exactly similar manner upon each of them; and this is found to be true of all gaseous bodies. The obvious explanation in the case be-

fore us is, that there are the same number of particles within a given space in the vapors of all three liquids. This is the law of Avogadro, which is formulated as follows: "Equal volumes of all substances when in the form of gas, contain the same number of molecules;" and we shall see how simply this conception is applied for the purpose of determining the molecular weights of all bodies which are capable of being vaporized. It will be understood that we are still dealing, as in the case of chemical combination, with relative weights only. We have no means of ascertaining the absolute weight of a molecule of any substance; but we can state with perfect accuracy what relation these weights bear to one another. For this purpose, the molecule of hydrogen, which is the lightest body known to science, has been selected as the unit. Calling the weight of a litre of hydrogen one, we find by the balance that a litre of oxygen weighs sixteen; and as, by Avogadro's law, both litres contain the same number of molecules, the molecule of oxygen is sixteen times heavier than that of hydrogen. The molecular weight of any substance, therefore, which can be brought into the gaseous condition, is found by simply determining experimentally the specific gravity of its vapor relatively to hydrogen.

In this way the physicist ascertains the molecular weights of all easily vaporizable bodies, and these are found to be in uniform and exact agreement with those which the chemist deduces from the law of combining proportions. The molecular hypothesis is thus brought to a crucial test; and two entirely independent lines of inquiry agree in giving it support of such a character as compels conviction. The law of gravitation and the undulatory theory of light do not command more cogent circumstantial evidence than this.

We have now briefly reviewed the fields from which the certain data of molecular science are gathered. We have weighed the molecules of gases, and measured their velocity with a high degree of precision. But there are other points, such as the relative size of the molecules of various substances, and the number of their collisions per sec-

ond, about which something is known, though not accurately.

With regard to the absolute diameter of a molecule and their number in a given space, everything at present is only probable conjecture. Still, it may be interesting to state the views which are held on these questions by such investigators as Sir William Thompson and the late Professor Clerk-Maxwell; but we give these without attempting to indicate the character of the speculations on which their conclusions rest.

Summing up then both the known and unknown, we may say that the molecular weights and velocities of many substances are accurately known. It is also *conjectured* that collisions take place among the molecules of hydrogen at the rate of seventeen million-million-million per second; and in oxygen they are less than half that number. The diameter of the hydrogen molecule may be such that two million of them in a row would measure a millimeter. Lastly, it is conjectured that a million-million-million-million hydrogen molecules would weigh about four grammes; while nineteen million-million-million would be contained in a cubic centimetre. Figures like these convey no meaning to the mind, and they are introduced here only to show the character and present state of the research.

A few concluding words must indicate the tremendous energy residing in the forces by which the molecules of matter are bound together. The molecules of water, for example, cannot be separated from each other without changing the liquid into a gas, or in other words, converting the water into steam; and this can only be accomplished by heat. The force required is enormous; but since the determination, by Joule, of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we are able not only to measure this force, but also to express it in terms of our mechanical standard. It has been found that in order to pull apart the molecules of one pound of water, it is necessary to exert a mechanical power which would raise eight tons to the height of one hundred feet. Such is the energy with which the molecules of bodies grasp each other; such is the strength of the solder which binds the universe together.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE MORALITY OF THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE profession of letters has been lately debated in the public prints ; and it has been debated, to put the matter mildly, from a point of view that was calculated to surprise high-minded men, and bring a general contempt on books and reading. Some time ago, in particular, a lively, pleasant, popular writer devoted an essay, lively and pleasant like himself, to a very encouraging view of the profession. We may be glad that his experience is so cheering, and we may hope that all others, who deserve it, shall be as handsomely rewarded ; but I do not think we need be at all glad to have this question, so important to the public and ourselves, debated solely on the ground of money. The salary in any business under heaven is not the only, nor indeed the first, question. That you should continue to exist is a matter for your own consideration ; but that your business should be first honest, and second useful, are points in which honor and morality are concerned. If the writer to whom I refer succeeds in persuading a number of young persons to adopt this way of life with an eye set singly on the livelihood, we must expect them in their works to follow profit only, and we must expect in consequence, if he will pardon me the epithets, a slovenly, base, untrue, and empty literature. Of that writer himself I am not speaking ; he is diligent, clean, and pleasing ; we all owe him periods of entertainment, and he has achieved an amiable popularity which he has adequately deserved. But the truth is, he does not, or did not when he first embraced it, regard his profession from this purely mercenary side. He went into it, I shall venture to say, if not with any noble design, at least in the ardor of a first love ; and he enjoyed its practice long before he paused to calculate the wage. The other day an author was complimented on a piece of work, good in itself and exceptionally good for him, and replied in terms unworthy of a commercial traveler, that as the book was not briskly selling he did not give a copper farthing for its merit.

It must not be supposed that the person to whom this answer was addressed received it as a profession of faith ; he knew, on the other hand, that it was only a whiff of irritation ; just as we know, when a respectable writer talks of literature as a way of life, like shoemaking, but not so useful, that he is only debating one aspect of a question, and is still clearly conscious of a dozen others more important in themselves and more central to the matter in hand. But while those who treat literature in this penny-wise and virtue-foolish spirit are themselves truly in possession of a better light, it does not follow that the treatment is decent or improving, whether for themselves or others. To treat all subjects in the highest, the most honorable, and the pluckiest spirit, consistent with the fact, is the first duty of a writer. If he be well paid, as I am glad to hear he is, this duty becomes the more urgent, the neglect of it the more disgraceful. And perhaps there is no subject on which a man should speak so gravely as that industry, whatever it may be, which is the occupation or delight of his life ; which is his tool to earn or serve with ; and which, if it be unworthy, stamps himself as a mere incubus of dumb and greedy bowels on the shoulders of laboring humanity. On that subject alone even to force the note might lean to virtue's side. It is to be hoped that a numerous and enterprising generation of writers will follow and surpass the present one ; but it would be better if the stream were stayed, and the roll of our old, honest, English books were closed, than that esurient bookmakers should continue and debase a brave tradition and lower, in their own eyes, a famous race. Better that our serene temples were deserted than filled with trafficking and juggling priests.

There are two just reasons for the choice of any way of life : the first is inbred taste in the chooser ; the second some high utility in the industry selected. Literature, like any other art, is singularly interesting to the artist ; and in a degree peculiar to itself among the arts,

it is useful to mankind. These are the sufficient justifications for any young man or woman who adopts it as the business of his life. I shall not say much about the wages. A writer can live by his writing. If not so luxuriously as by other trades, then less luxuriously. The nature of the work he does all day will more affect his happiness than the quality of his dinner at night. Whatever be your calling, and however much it brings you in the year, you could still, you know, get more by cheating. We all suffer ourselves to be too much concerned about a little poverty; but such considerations should not move us in the choice of that which is to be the business and justification of so great a portion of our lives; and like the missionary, the patriot, or the philosopher, we should all choose that poor and brave career in which we can do the most and best for mankind. Now nature, faithfully followed, proves herself a careful mother. A lad, for some liking to the jingle of words, betakes himself to letters for his life; by-and-by, when he learns more gravity, he finds that he has chosen better than he knew; that if he earns little, he is earning it amply; that if he receives a small wage, he is in a position to do considerable services; that it is in his power, in some small measure, to protect the oppressed and to defend the truth. So kindly is the world arranged, such great profit may arise from a small degree of human reliance on oneself, and such, in particular, is the happy star of this trade of writing, that it should combine pleasure and profit to both parties, and be at once agreeable, like fiddling, and useful, like good preaching.

This is to speak of literature at its highest; and with the four great elders who are still spared to our respect and admiration, with Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, and Tennyson before us, it would be cowardly to consider it at first in any lesser aspect.* But while we cannot follow these athletes, while we may none of us, perhaps, be very vigorous, very original, or very wise, I still contend that, in the humblest sort of literary work, we have it in our power either to

do great harm or great good. We may seek merely to please; we may seek, having no higher gift, merely to gratify the idle nine-days' curiosity of our contemporaries; or we may essay, however feebly, to instruct. In each of these we shall have to deal with that remarkable art of words which, because it is the dialect of life, comes home so easily and powerfully to the minds of men; and since that is so, we contribute, in each of these branches, to build up the sum of sentiments and appreciations which goes by the name of Public Opinion or Public Feeling. The total of a nation's reading, in these days of daily papers, greatly modifies the total of the nation's speech; and the speech and reading, taken together, form the efficient educational medium of youth. A good man or woman may keep a youth some little while in clearer air; but the contemporary atmosphere is all powerful in the end on the average of mediocre characters. The copious Corinthian baseness of the American reporter or the Parisian *chroniqueur*, both so lightly readable, must exercise an incalculable influence for ill; they touch upon all subjects, and on all with the same ungenerous hand; they begin the consideration of all, in young and unprepared minds, in an unworthy spirit; on all, they supply some pungency for dull people to quote. The mere body of this ugly matter overwhelms the rarer utterances of good men; the sneering, the selfish, and the cowardly are scattered in broad sheets on every table, while the antidote, in small volumes, lies unread upon the shelf. I have spoken of the American and the French, not because they are so much baser, but so much more readable, than the English; their evil is done more effectively, in America for the masses, in France for the few that care to read; but with us as with them, the duties of literature are daily neglected, truth daily perverted and suppressed, and grave subjects daily degraded in the treatment. The journalist is not reckoned an important officer; yet judge of the good he might do, the harm he does; judge of it by one instance only: that when we find two journals on the reverse sides of politics each, on the same day, openly garbling a piece of news for the interest of its own party, we smile at

* Since this article was written, only three of these remain. But the other, being dead, yet speaketh.

the discovery (no discovery now!) as over a good joke and pardonable stratagem. Lying so open is scarce lying, it is true; but one of the things that we profess to teach our young is a respect for truth; and I cannot think this piece of education will be crowned with any great success so long as some of us practise and the rest openly approve of public falsehood.

There are two duties incumbent upon any man who enters on the business of writing: truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment. In every department of literature, though so low as hardly to deserve the name, truth to the fact is of importance to the education and comfort of mankind, and so hard to preserve, that the faithful trying to do so will lend some dignity to the man who tries it. Our judgments are based upon two things: first, upon the original preferences of our soul; but, second, upon the mass of testimony to the nature of God, man, and the universe which reaches us, in divers manners, from without. For the most part these divers manners are reducible to one, all that we learn of past times and much that we learn of our own reaching us through the medium of books or papers, and even he who cannot read learning from the same source at second hand and by the report of him who can. Thus the sum of the contemporary knowledge or ignorance of good and evil is, in large measure, the handiwork of those who write. Those who write have to see that each man's knowledge is, as near as they can make it, answerable to the facts of life; that he shall not suppose himself an angel or a monster; nor take this world for a hell; nor be suffered to imagine that all rights are concentrated in his own caste or country, or all veracities in his own parochial creed. Each man should learn what is within him, that he may strive to mend; he must be taught what is without him, that he may be kind to others. It can never be wrong to tell him the truth; for, in his disputable state, weaving as he goes his theory of life, steering himself, cheering or reproving others, all facts are of the first importance to his conduct; and even if a fact shall discourage or corrupt him, it is still best that he should know it; for it is in this world as it is, and

not in a world made easy by educational suppressions, that he must win his way to shame or glory. In one word, it must always be foul to tell what is false; and it can never be safe to suppress what is true. The very fact that you omit may be what somebody was wanting, for one man's meat is another man's poison, and I have known a person who was cheered by the perusal of "Candide." Every fact is a part of that great puzzle we must set together; and none that comes directly in a writer's path but has some nice relations, unperceivable by him, to the totality and bearing of the subject under hand. Yet there are certain classes of fact eternally more necessary than others, and it is with these that literature must first bestir itself. They are not hard to distinguish, nature once more easily leading us; for the necessary, because the efficacious, facts, are those which are most interesting to the natural mind of man. Those which are colored, picturesque, human, and rooted in morality, and those, on the other hand, which are clear, indisputable, and a part of science, are alone vital in importance, seizing by their interest, or useful to communicate. So far as the writer merely narrates, he should principally tell of these. He should tell of the kind and wholesome and beautiful elements of our life; he should tell us unsparingly of the evil and sorrow of the present, to move us with instances; he should tell of wise and good people in the past, to excite us by example; and of these he should tell soberly and truthfully, not glossing faults, that we may neither grow discouraged with ourselves nor exacting to our neighbors. So the body of contemporary literature, ephemeral and feeble in itself, touches in the minds of men the springs of thought and kindness, and supports them (for those who will go at all are easily supported) on their way to what is true and right. And if, in any degree, it does so now, how much more might it do so if the writers chose! There is not a life in all the records of the past but, properly studied, might lend a hint and a help to some contemporary. There is not a juncture in to-days' affairs but some useful word may yet be said of it. Even the reporter has an office, and, with clear eyes and hon-

est language, may unveil injustices and point the way to progress. And for a last word : in all narration there is only one way to be clever, and that is to be exact. To be vivid is a secondary quality which must presuppose the first ; for vividly to convey a wrong impression is only to make failure conspicuous.

But a fact may be viewed on many sides ; it may be chronicled with rage, tears, laughter, indifference, or admiration, and by each of these the story will be transformed to something else. The newspapers that told of the return of our representatives from Berlin, even if they had not differed as to the facts, would have sufficiently differed by their spirit ; so that the one description would have been a second ovation, and the other a prolonged insult. The subject makes but a trifling part of any piece of literature, and the view of the writer is itself a fact more important because less disputable than the others. Now this spirit in which a subject is regarded, important in all kinds of literary work, becomes all important in works of fiction, meditation, or rhapsody ; for there it not only colors but itself chooses the facts ; not only modifies but shapes the work. And hence, over the far larger proportion of the field of literature, the health or disease of the writer's mind or momentary humor forms not only the leading feature of his work, but is, at not-tom, the only thing he can communicate to others. In all works of art, widely speaking, it is first of all the author's attitude that is narrated, though in the attitude there be implied a whole experience and a theory of life. An author who has begged the question and reposes in some narrow faith, cannot, if he would, express the whole or even many of the sides of this various existence ; for his own life being maim, some of them are not admitted in his theory, and were only dimly and unwillingly recognized in his experience. Hence the smallness, the triteness, and the inhumanity in works of merely sectarian religion ; and hence we find equal although unsimilar limitations in works inspired by the spirit of the flesh or the despicable taste for high society. So that the first duty of any man who is to write is intellectual. Designedly or not, he has so far set himself up for a leader

of the minds of men ; and he must see that his own mind is kept supple, charitable, and bright. Everything but prejudice should find a voice through him ; he should see the good in all things ; where he has even a fear that he does not wholly understand, there he should be wholly silent ; and he should recognize from the first that he has only one tool in his workshop, and that tool is sympathy.*

The second duty, far harder to define, is moral. There are a thousand different humors in the mind, and about each of them, when it is uppermost, some literature tends to be deposited. Is this to be allowed ? not certainly in every case, and yet perhaps in more than rigorists would fancy. It were to be desired that all literary work, and chiefly works of art, issued from sound, human, healthy, and potent impulses, whether grave or laughing, humorous, romantic, or religious. Yet it cannot be denied that some valuable books are partially insane ; some, mostly religious, partially inhuman ; and very many tainted with morbidity and impotence. We do not loathe a masterpiece although we gird against its blemishes. We are not, above all, to look for faults but merits. There is no book perfect, even in design ; but there are many that will delight, improve, or encourage the reader. On the one hand, the Hebrew Psalms are the only religious poetry on earth ; yet they contain sallies that savor rankly of the man of blood. On the other hand, Alfred de Musset had a poisoned and a contorted nature ; I am only quoting that generous and frivolous giant, old Dumas, when I accuse him of a bad heart ; yet, when the impulse under which he wrote was purely creative, he could give us works like "Carmosine" or "Fantasio," in which the lost note of the romantic comedy seems to have been found again to touch and please us. When Flaubert wrote "Madame Bovary," I believe he thought chiefly of a

* A foot-note, at least, is due to the admirable example set before all young writers in the width of literary sympathy displayed by Mr. Swinburne. He runs forth to welcome merit, whether in Dickens or Trollope, whether in Villon, Milton, or Pope. This is, in criticism, the attitude we should all seek to preserve, not only in that, but in every branch of literary work.

somewhat morbid realism ; and behold ! the book turned in his hands into a masterpiece of appalling morality. But the truth is, when books are conceived under a great stress, with a soul of nine-fold power nine times heated and electrified by effort, the conditions of our being are seized with such an ample grasp, that, even should the main design be trivial or base, some truth and beauty cannot fail to be expressed. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness ; but an ill thing poorly done is an ill thing top and bottom. And so this can be no encouragement to knock-kneed, feeble-wristed scribes, who must take their business conscientiously or be ashamed to practise it.

Man is imperfect ; yet, in his literature, he must express himself and his own views and preferences ; for to do anything else, is to do a far more perilous thing than to risk being immoral : it is to be sure of being untrue. To ape a sentiment, even a good one, is to travesty a sentiment ; that will not be helpful. To conceal a sentiment, if you are sure you hold it, is to take a liberty with truth. There is probably no point of view possible to a sane man but contains some truth and, in the true connection, might be profitable to the race. I am not afraid of the truth, if any one could tell it me, but I am afraid of parts of it impertinently uttered. There is a time to dance and a time to mourn ; to be harsh as well as to be sentimental ; to be ascetic as well as to glorify the appetites ; and if a man were to combine all these extremes into his work, each in its place and proportion, that work would be the world's masterpiece of morality as well as of art. Partiality is immorality ; for any book is wrong that gives a misleading picture of the world and life. The trouble is that the weakling must be partial ; the work of one proving dank and depressing ; of another, cheap and vulgar ; of a third, epileptically sensual ; of a fourth, sourly ascetic. In literature as in conduct, you can never hope to do exactly right. All you can do is to make as sure as possible ; and for that there is but one rule. Nothing should be done in a hurry that can be done slowly. It is no use to write a book and put it by for nine or even ninety years ; for in the writing you will

have partly convinced yourself ; the delay must precede any beginning ; and if you meditate a work of art, you should first long roll the subject under the tongue to make sure you like the flavor, before you brew a volume that shall taste of it from end to end ; or if you propose to enter on the field of controversy, you should first have thought upon the question under all conditions, in health as well as in sickness, in sorrow as well as in joy. It is this nearness of examination necessary for any true and kind writing, that makes the practice of the art a prolonged and noble education for the writer.

There is plenty to do, plenty to say, or to say over again, in the meantime. Any literary work which conveys faithful facts or pleasing impressions is a service to the public. It is even a service to be thankfully proud of having rendered. The slightest novels are a blessing to those in distress, not chloroform itself a greater. Our fine old sea-captain's life was justified when Carlyle soothed his mind with "The King's Own" or "Newton Forster." To please is to serve ; and so far from its being difficult to instruct while you amuse, it is difficult to do the one thoroughly without the other. Some part of the writer or his life will crop out in even a vapid book ; and to read a novel that was conceived with any force, is to multiply experience and to exercise the sympathies. Every article, every piece of verse, every essay, every *entre-filet*, is destined to pass, however swiftly, through the minds of some portion of the public, and to color, however transiently, their thoughts. When any subject falls to be discussed, some scribbler on a paper has the invaluable opportunity of beginning its discussion in a dignified and human spirit ; and if there were enough who did so in our public press, neither the public nor the parliament would find it in their minds to drop to meaner thoughts. The writer has the chance to stumble, by the way, on something pleasing, something interesting, something encouraging, were it only to a single reader. He will be unfortunate, indeed, if he suit no one. He has the chance, besides, to stumble on something that a dull person shall be able to comprehend ; and for a dull person to have

read anything and, for that once, comprehended it, makes a marking epoch in his education.

Here then is work worth doing and worth trying to do well. And so, if I were minded to welcome any great accession to our trade, it should not be from any reason of a higher wage, but because it was a trade which was useful in a very great and in a very high degree; which every honest tradesman could make more serviceable to mankind in his single strength; which was difficult to do

well and possible to do better every year; which called for scrupulous thought on the part of all who practised it, and hence became a perpetual education to their nobler natures; and which, pay it as you please, in the large majority of the best cases will still be underpaid. For surely, at this time of day in the nineteenth century, there is nothing that an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves.—*Fortnightly Review.*

ONE YEAR IN A GERMAN COOKERY SCHOOL.

Dienen lerne bei Zeiten das Weib nach ihrer Bestimmung;
Denn durch Dienen allein gelangt sie endlich zum Herrschen,
Zu der verdienten Gewalt, die doch ihr im Hause gehöret.

Goethe.

IT was the last day of April, at half-past ten in the evening. Bed-time had come; and my father embraced me more tenderly than usual, saying, "God bless you, my child," and then left me alone. I was alone, alone for the last time in my father's house, in my own dear friendly room, which I had to leave next morning early for the first time in my life.

I was sixteen years of age; and, according to a common custom of German families, I had now to go for twelve months to what is called a Cookery School, in order to learn there everything that is expected from a German housewife. This custom is not universal in Germany; but it prevails in many districts, especially in the north-western provinces. A girl may be a countess, or a baroness; a clergyman's or a general's daughter; or else the child of a butcher or shoemaker. It does not signify how or where she has been born, or what her rank is. The manners of her country require that, whoever she is, she should know how to cook, wash, iron, to clean the rooms, mend the linen, and plant the garden. Of course I do not mean to say that all girls, even in those parts of Germany where the custom is most general, are forced to undergo this training. Very many, as may be imagined, shirk it; and some parents do not

feel the necessity of imposing this useful education on their daughters. Yet the good sense of the majority makes them alive to its advantages. For it must be remembered that, whether a woman's future life obliges her to do these things herself or not, and even if her position in the world allows her to keep as many servants as she chooses, these very servants, being German servants, expect her to know how to do all the work which she requires of them. There is only one difference between a baroness and the child of a tradesman. The latter learns the several duties I have mentioned in her father's house and from her mother; while the former leaves her home to learn the same details of domestic service in a strange house.

My luggage was prepared and everything was finished. I had nothing to do but to lie down once more in my white-curtained bed, with my head full of all sorts of pictures of my immediate future. They were not very nice pictures that bothered my poor brain that evening. Every girl is more or less conceited, and I am not at all ashamed to confess that I was kept awake far beyond midnight by the idea that my hands, which until now had never touched anything nasty, would from the next day begin to peel potatoes, and kill ducks and pigeons, and that my complexion would be spoiled by the heat of the kitchen fire.

Morning came, and with it the farewell from my father, brothers, sisters, and all dear friends. They all accompanied me to the station; another kiss,

another shaking of the hand, and the train started, carrying me toward unknown people and unknown work.

The same afternoon I arrived at the station of S——, in the Thuringian Forest. The train had scarcely stopped, when a very venerable-looking tall old clergyman, with long white curly hair and kind blue eyes, opened the door of my carriage, asking if Fräulein H—— was in there. I said yes, and, shaking hands with me, he told me that he was the clergyman K—— from Bellstädt, my foster-father for the coming year.* He told me to follow him to his carriage, which was waiting outside the station. Although I was not otherwise than pleased with the old pastor's appearance, my heart beat fast that moment; and while Mr. K—— went to inquire about my luggage, I felt such a wish to cry that, in order to restrain my tears, and regardless of the strange coachman who was standing by, I stepped up to the horses and embraced them tenderly, whispering into their sympathetic ears that I was very, very unhappy! I think the coachman, fond as he was of his horses, liked my caressing them.

He came up to me, tapped my shoulder familiarly, and asked me in his homely Thuringian dialect, not to be unhappy. "Oh," he said, "my dear fräulein, about forty young girls have I fetched at this station in these last years; everyone was unhappy then, or at least pretended to be so; but oh! how much more unhappy they were when they had to leave this station! And, fräulein," he continued, "believe in my prophecy: —you do not look as if you were going to be the first to leave this place without regret!"

I blessed that simple sincere man with all my heart; and it may be said here that to the very last day of my stay at Bellstädt he and I were good and faithful friends. After half an hour we started. The weather was splendid; and we enjoyed a delicious drive through the fascinating valleys of the Thuringian Forest, till at last our carriage, after having passed a small but pretty village, stopped before the front door of a two-

* *Pflege-Vater* is the name given to the head of the house where the German girl is sent to learn her household duties, and indicates that for the time he has become her guardian.

storied house, overgrown with vines and ivy, which lay nestled behind old and shadowy linden-trees. A rather small but neatly kept garden, with a beautiful green grass-plot, roses and other flowers in beds, was to be seen at the right side of the house; while another bigger one, full of fruit-trees, potatoes, and all the vegetables required in the kitchen, lay behind the house. From this second garden I heard the joyful voices of girls at play, while a lady, the mistress of the house, kindly greeting me, was standing in the doorway. According to our education, and the courtesy we use toward elderly ladies, I went and kissed her hand; and she in return kissed my forehead, wishing me a most hearty welcome. Then she took me by the hand, and asked my Christian name, telling me at the same time, that all girls in her house were called by their Christian names. After this, we went to my room, where I and two other girls had to dwell. Everything was nice and comfortable, but without luxury. She—"Aunt Mary," as we all had to call her—told me that I had seven companions, and that she hoped I would make friends with them. Then she helped me to unpack my luggage, making a close inspection, to be sure I had everything I wanted. And yes, it was all at hand. There were two winter and two summer dresses, made with short sleeves of dark and useful stuff; besides twelve large dark-blue aprons or pinafores for hard and dirty kitchen-work, twelve white ones for house work, and twelve nice and neat ones for serving at dinner. After having praised my useful things, Aunt Mary smiled at my pretty dresses and hats, which we were allowed to wear on Sundays, for picnics, and other occasions. "You little vanity," she said, kissing me, "come now, I will show you the house and introduce you to your companions."

After dinner, where two of the "Pensionairinnen," as we were called, had served, Mr. K. read out of the Bible, gave us his blessing, and we went to bed, for the next morning had to see us up early. At five, Aunt Mary came to call us; we took our bath, and then one girl helped to comb the other's hair. This—probably because of our German nationality, but assuredly not (as the au-

thor of "German Home Life" kindly pretends) in consequence of our never having had our heads washed as children—was very long and strong; and therefore would have taken too much time to comb it out ourselves.

From half-past five in the morning our day was divided in the following manner. The newly-arrived and still stupid girls began with easy work, two and two always working together. Two had to clean the rooms and lamps, and to mend the linen; two worked in the garden, and had to feed the animals; but except during the first month, they were only expected to attend to the poultry. Two had to arrange the dinner, tea and coffee table, and to wash the dishes we used at meals. Two again were busy in the kitchen. All of us had to go every afternoon to milk the cows, and on a wash or ironing-day to take part also in that labor. According to this plan we changed our work every week.

I began my studies. Aunt Mary was the head of all, the minister of the interior and foreign affairs, as we used to say; while four under-ministers supported her in both departments. These four were those girls who had been in her house for six months; and each of the newly-arrived girls was given to the special guardianship of one of these. It would be too detailed if I were to describe every day of my training. I began the first week by cleaning the rooms and the lamps. This, by the way, is a very unpleasant duty. We were not allowed to complain of any work; and I am glad and proud to say we never did, for we knew "it must be!" The first week is not the worst, for the work is easy. The next begins to be harder; for our backs, quite unaccustomed to bend all day, digging earth, planting flowers, and weeding borders, ached badly in the evening. The third week again is a sort of repose. With a neat coquettish apron pinned upon one's frock, one serves at the meals and washes the dishes, accompanying that monotonous work by cheerful songs. But then, last but not least, that fourth week—oh! I shiver, only thinking of it! I see myself again, standing in the kitchen, peeling my potatoes, preparing the vegetables, and ah! killing the poul-

try; while my six-months-experienced companion looks at me, pitifully smiling at my tears that I can't restrain, when Aunt Mary for the first time teaches me how—to kill poultry! What I suffered that moment no pen possibly could describe. It was my first kitchen-day. I had just, mournfully looking at my hands, finished my potatoes, when Aunt Mary came in with six pigeons, telling me that I had to kill them. My heart beat impetuously; I went up to her; she took one pigeon; touched its head and—turned it round. "You see that it is simple," she said then; "do it now."

She gave me a white pigeon with dear dark eyes. I held it in my left hand; I looked at it; and oh! everything seemed to turn round with me; I felt as if I could not move one limb. I was silently looking at the pigeon in my hand, wishing myself far, far away in the land where the pepper grows; but suddenly, Aunt Mary shook my arm, saying: "Well, Elizabeth, are we going to stand here all day, dreaming heaven knows about what?"—"One, two, three," she counted with a voice that permitted no disobedience, and one, two, three, and my right hand was holding the poor pigeon's head that I myself in my bitter duty had twirled off. Tears were streaming out of my eyes; my companion had to kill the four other pigeons. While I was spending the dimmest day of my life, the eyes of my dead pigeon followed me everywhere. Even that night was restless; all the pigeons of the world pursued me in my dreams, calling out for revenge on me for their dead sister.

The following weeks brought hard work. To remain in the hot kitchen day after day, was not easy. To wash the greasy crockery was no joke. And then when we had to stand and wash from morning to night at the sheets, table-napkins, and all the body-linen, then afterward to iron, mangle it, and all that, I assure you that was not just a pleasure for spoiled young ladies. It is the custom in Germany to wash table-linen and sheets as seldom as possible. Indeed, it is even a sign of wealth when one washes these things but four times a year, because it shows that lots of them are possessed by the family. Whether

the custom is a nice one or not, there can be no doubt about the work it causes.

As soon as this great wash began, we gave up all but the most important house and kitchen-work ; and you might have seen us standing all eight of us round a huge tub, rubbing with soap in hot water the sheets and napkins. Certainly it was severe labor, and my hands bled fast the first evening. But while standing and washing, even if almost tired to death by work so unaccustomed, we tried to sweeten it by cheerful part-songs. When the washing was finished, Carl, the coachman, had to put the horses to the wagon. All the things, heaped up in large white baskets, were put on it, we all got in after, and off it went down to the little river. There the things were unloaded, and each of us, kneeling on a board, rinse out the linen in the clear flowing water. I dare say that this part of the wash was the most amusing one ; whether it was the kneeling at the river, or the happy thought that all would be soon at an end, I am sure I don't know. But we were certainly in high spirits, and Carl, who silently watched us, often had to get out of the way of the shoots of water that we extravagant girls sent at him !

So the weeks went on, each bringing its appointed task, and yet never anything seemed to be too hard. Having once got accustomed to our work, we did it with good temper and love. This was the reason, I think, why the spirit of the house was merry and cheerful. Aunt Mary was our best friend ; and in Mr. K—— we admired the real type of a country clergyman. I said that I never found my work too hard, but still there was one which I always did with showers of tears. That, as you can guess, was—killing poultry : ducks, geese, pigeons. I think I killed about three dozen, but I am sure that their sufferings were not half as bad as mine !

After six months' hard work I had learned enough to get a new girl under my care, and there was no roast meat, no vegetable, no pudding or cake I could not cook. Now the pleasure came ; for in teaching others I saw for the first time how much I knew.

Perhaps, dear reader, you have had enough of our German Cookery School,

and I see many a young lady comfortably leaning back in her arm-chair saying, " Nothing in the world would induce *me* to lead such a dull, hard life ! Thank God that I am not a German girl ! " Fiddlesticks ! Noah's ark ! My proud young lady, it is not quite so dull as it seems, and I am sure that after having read what follows of my story, you will understand my saying that the year in the Cookery School was one of the happiest I ever spent.

I said that the place I lived in was a village. It was a dear old place, and I should like to tell you a little more about it. It was situated, as I said before, in the Thuringian Forest, and was full of all the charm a place possesses that is far away from railroads. The village was surrounded by splendid old fir woods, and pleasantly animated by a small, swiftly running, sun-bright river. The population was made up of middle-sized folk, neither especially good nor yet bad looking, but dressed in a very pretty bright costume. The men wore light-blue trousers and a wide blue blouse ; the women short red petticoats, colored apron, a black velvet bodice, and white short sleeves. Their hair, plaited in about eight tresses, was coiled about the head, with a red or blue handkerchief twisted over it.

The village contained about twenty-four houses, all (except the Squire's and parson's) with a straw-thatched roof, and on nearly every third roof a stork was nested. Those dear storks ; what a pleasure they are to every German heart ! It seems as if they belonged to the family, and no greater joy is ever seen on any face, be it young or old, than on the day when the stork, after a long absence, comes home to his old nest, first of all looking into it, and then, convinced that everything is in order, beginning to clatter with his bill, giving greeting to all his friends who are standing about beneath, waving their pocket-handkerchiefs in welcome. We have a sort of divine adoration for our storks ; a stork's nest on a roof is called the greatest sign of luck. No one ever thinks of killing a stork, and if this happens, the crime is punished with from seven to ten years of imprisonment.

Never in my life but once have I heard of a stork being wilfully killed.

It happened in this village, and often, indeed, have I heard the event talked about. The story is so sad and strange that I should like to tell it here. It took place as follows. A young man, out of mere boyish wantonness, shot the hen-stork some days before they began their long and troublesome journey to Africa. Winter was gone; the stork's nest was again without snow, and the warm sun and mild spring air made people look forward to the arrival of the storks. At last they came. All the nests, except the one which through human cruelty had lost its mistress, were soon full of eggs, which the hen birds were busy hatching. One day, a stork which was flying alone toward the village, came to the nest upon the parsonage roof. The female stork, unmindful of approaching danger, was sitting silently in her nest alone, when the strange bird swooped passionately down, and began a furious fight with her. She defended her nest, her eggs, herself, as bravely as she could, but at last her strength failed, and the stranger stork succeeded in hacking the eggs to pieces and throwing them out of the nest. Then, but not till then, he seemed satisfied with what he had done, and with a savage rattling in his throat, he flew away. The villagers, meanwhile, stood watching this horrible scene without being able to help the injured mother bird. This story shows curiously that the feelings and passions both of men and animals are very much alike. The poor stork, pining for his mate who had been murdered, sees another in her full maternal happiness. Mad jealousy comes over him, and being himself unhappy, he wants to make others unhappy too. The wretched bird, it may be added, was never seen again after the tragedy. Most probably he put a speedy end to his own miserable life.

We had not much society in our village. There was only the squire's family, consisting of a father, mother, three grown-up sons and four young men who were being taught farming. The Sundays were our usual days for meeting. Sometimes we were all invited to the Squire's house, or else they used to call on us. The greatest pleasure for us girls was of course to go there, for then we had no work to do, and could enjoy our holiday. And oh, how well we

knew how to do that! The old people left us to ourselves, giving us full leave to do whatever we liked. The dining-room was at our disposal; and, by the by, this noble old room is worth while making acquaintance with. It was in the old part of the house, built about two hundred years ago. The walls and ceiling were panelled with wood, admirably carved. An old-fashioned chandelier that with the brightness of its lights had served at many happy and sad family occurrences, hung in the middle of the room, while the walls were decorated with magnificent horns of stags and deer, shot long ago by ancestors of the house. To this room we went; a cupboard containing an old hand-organ was opened; and while one played this oft-used and obedient instrument, the rest of us danced waltzes and galops. Sometimes we had games or acted plays; and when tired of all these, it was pleasant to sit or walk about arm-in-arm, under the moon-lighted oak-tree that from generation to generation had secretly harkened to the ever-old and ever-new whispering of young and hopeful love.

I see, dear friends, you don't trust your eyes any longer, reading about love, real poetical love in a Cooking School, where you expected that sentimentality and higher feelings would dry up in the hot atmosphere of the kitchen. Yet if you will promise not to tell about it, I may confess to you that my best friend and companion in the school, while she was there, engaged herself secretly to the Squire's eldest son, and she is now a happy wife. It must be admitted that not every love-story which began there, ended so happily. I know of one young man, who once under the oak-tree asked a certain young lady to become his wife, but she refused, pretending that long before she came there her heart had been given away irrevocably.

Again the last day of April arrived; my year was at an end. I had to leave my dear school, Aunt Mary, my companions. I did not dare to think of it.

But the day appeared, and again the carriage was waiting at the door; and, embracing them all with tears of gratitude and love in my eyes, I drove away, easily reading in my driver's good-natured smiling face, "I told you that you would not be the first to leave the place without regret!"—*Cornhill Magazine*.

PRESAGES OF APPROACHING ILL.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

THERE can be little doubt of the unhealthy influence exercised over the minds of all but the most philosophic by the innumerable presages of future ill which our country folk long cherished. Burton tells us two stories of the power of imagination in causing disease; the first of a good woman who was told by her physician that she had cramp (from which she had never suffered), "and straightway, on the force of imagination, went home and was sore troubled;" the second of a parson's wife in Northamptonshire in the beginning of the seventeenth century, who fell into a grievous fit of sciatica, shortly after being told that she suffered from it, but when she really had not been ill;* and if disease of a serious nature could be conjured up on the simple assertion of a medical man, it was even more likely to appear when the mind had been prepared for some unusual and terrible occurrence by an unhealthy brooding over events to which the traditions of generations had imparted a semi-religious mystery. If an untrimmed candle folded over on the cooling grease, the Cornwall peasant saw in its folds the handle of a coffin, and danger was surely in store for him to whom the handle seemed to reach. If a piece of bituminous coal burst, and the upper section of it seemed oblong, he would say that one of the group round the fire must be prepared for the worst. In Veryan parish there is a tradition that if the church clock strikes during the singing of the hymn before the morning sermon, or before the third collect at evening prayer, there will be a death in the parish before another Sunday comes round.† A sudden incursion of mice denotes in some parts an approaching death (though a flippant one might think it denoted principally the absence of the cat), and mice squeaking behind an invalid's bed or running over his person were regarded as infallible signs of ill.‡

The late Mr. Hawker of Morwenstow was staying with a friend; the table suddenly gave a crack, and Mr. Hawker started: "Mark my words," he said, laying his hand on the table, "there has been a death in my family." Unfortunately for the perpetuation of such superstitions, the next post brought news of the death of one of the Miss I'ans.* In my grandfather's family the old cook was accustomed to bake cakes in large rounds, which she cut into four with a sharp knife, each quarter being put to bake by itself. She was most careful that during baking the pointed end of each of these quarters should not be broken, otherwise a death might shortly be expected. Even the slipping of a piece of soap from a person's hands when washing has been construed to mean that the death of some relative is imminent, as indeed is also the persistent burning of a fire on one side only of the grate. Every one knows that to dream of losing teeth means that some calamity may be looked for. If the eyes of a corpse are difficult to close, they are said to be looking for a successor; and if the limbs do not become quickly stiff, it is supposed that some one of the family will be soon also among the dead.† If the house-door is closed upon the corpse before the friends have come out to take their places in the carriages, Sheffield people say another death will happen before many days; and if at a funeral where the mourners walked, the procession went in a scattered or straggling manner, this was thought in the west of Scotland to betoken the same misfortune. Even if the mourners walked quickly, the omen was bad.‡ To walk under a ladden betokens misfortune, if not hanging, as it does in Holland. To meet a funeral when going to or coming from a marriage was considered very unlucky in Lanarkshire; for if the funeral

* Burton: "Anatomy of Melancholy," p. 168.

† Hunt: "Romances and Drolls of the West of England," 2d Series, pp. 165, 166.

‡ R. Passingham in *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, i. 204; "Choice Notes," p. 12.

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* Haring Gould: "Life of R. S. Hawker," p. 165.

† *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, iv. 9; *ibid.* 5th Series, iii. 247. Hunt: "Romances and Drolls," 2d Series, p. 241.

‡ "Choice Notes," p. 25. Napier: "Folklore," p. 63.

was that of a woman, the newly made wife would not live long, and if it was that of a man, the fate of the bridegroom was sealed. If one heard a tingling in his ears it was the "deid bells," and news of the death of a friend or neighbor might soon be expected. If knocks were heard at the door of a patient's room, and no person was found there when the door was opened, there was little chance of recovery; and if a man caught a glimpse of a person he knew, and found on looking out that he was nowhere to be seen, this was, says Mr. Napier, a sign of the approaching death of the person seen.* Yet the apparition of a wraith did not always bode evil. If the wraith was that of a person ill at the time, and it appeared in the forenoon the sick man would recover; a curious belief, which may recall the belief of the Zulus that if they dream of the funeral rites being paid to a man they know to be sick at the time, they may with confidence say on waking, 'Because we have dreamt of his death he will not die.' In the same way the Scotsman, when he saw the spirit of his friend in the morning—that wraith which would so certainly betoken approaching death if seen in the afternoon or evening—thought that the appearance foreshadowed complete recovery.†

If a patient found a dead worm in the well of Ardnacloich in Appin, he knew he must die, as certainly as he knew that had he found a live one there, or in the spring at Strathden, he would have recovered. If a sixpence were dropped into water, and the cross-side (this proves that the superstition belongs to a bygone generation) turned up, then enquirers after the health of an absent friend knew he was well—if not, that he was unwell; and if, when water for the use of an invalid was drawn from the well near the Chapel of Killemorie in Kirkholme parish, the water suddenly rose, good health was anticipated; but if the well of Muntluck in Kirkmaiden was found almost dry when sought for the same purpose, it was known that the distemper was mortal.‡

The tapping of a robin thrice at a window, the appearance of a white dove, the entrance of a wild bee into a cottage are bad omens. To hear a hen crow is generally feared; when a cock crows at midnight, they know in Cornwall that the angel of death is passing; the cries of the seven whistlers—the souls of those Jews who mocked at the Crucifixion—forebodes disaster.* A raven's croaking fills a Cornwall family with as much dread as the hooting of an owl does a Chinese family, or the chirping of a cricket one in Wälsch-Tirol. Before the death of a farmer, his poultry go to roost at noonday.†

To hear a dog howl in the night has been regarded of old with the same dislike as in modern times, and arises from the belief that the dog can see things which are not visible to other eyes. In the "Odyssey," when the dogs knew Athene, they "fled to the stalls' far side," and the dogs of the north were conscious "wenn Hel umgeht." Rabbi Bechai, in his Exposition of the Five Books of Moses, says: "Our Rabbins of blessed memory have said when the dogs howl, then cometh the angel of death into the city; but when the dogs are at play, then cometh Elias into the city;" and in the exposition of another Rabbi: "Our Rabbins of blessed memory have said, when the angel of death enters into a city, the dogs do howl. And I have seen it written by one of the disciples of Rabbi Jehudo the Just, that upon a time a dog did howl, and clapt his tail between his legs, and went aside for fear of the angel of death, and somebody coming and kicking the dog to the place from which he had fled, the dog presently died."‡ German peasants believe that if a dog barks looking upwards, a recovery may be expected, but if he looks towards the earth, death is certain. In Cornwall the howling of a

land," pp. 506, 112, 113, citing Martin, "Western Isles," and Symson, "Description of Galway."

* "Choice Notes," pp. 13, 15. Hunt, ii. 166; *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, ii. 264; "Lancashire Folklore," p. 167.

† Hunt, 2d Series, p. 166; Denny's "Folklore of China," p. 34; Miss Busk: "Valleys of Tirol," p. 439; "Choice Notes," p. 13.

‡ *Odyssey*, xvi. 160; Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," ii. p. 555; *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, iii. p. 204.

* *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, p. 387; Napier, pp. 51, 57.

† Napier: "Folklore," p. 58. Callaway: "Religion of Amazulu," quoted in Tylor, "Primitive Culture," ii. 110.

‡ Dalryell: "Darker Superstitions of Scot-

dog is always a sad sign, but "if repeated for three nights, the house against which it howled will soon be in mourning." In Lancashire, where the death-tick is still feared, it is reported as "a curious circumstance" that the real death-tick must only tick three times on each occasion. When we remember that Mr. Darwin says that death-ticks (*anobium tessellatum*) are known to answer to each other's ticking, or, as he has personally observed, a tapping noise artificially made, it is evident that if a Lancashire maid is disturbed by the three dread ticks, she should wait for answering ticks, or stimulate them by an artificial tick, before allowing her superstitious fears to get the better of her reason.

The Chinese assert that if bridges are not placed according to the law of geomancy, visitations of small-pox or sore eyes may be expected. If Brandenburg people, when they have killed a pig, find the spleen turned over, there will be another overthrow by a death in the family before the year is out; negroes in Jamaica believe the smell of musk when no musk is near to be a sign of death; to destroy a swallow's nest was in Scotland fit reason for a prophecy that death would overtake the destroyer or some of his family within a twelvemonth; and to rock an empty cradle has every grandam's condemnation, for in that event soon the cradle will be empty indeed.*

Significance is also attached to more personal details or characteristics. A blue vein across the nose has been interpreted in the west of England to mean that the child who was so distinguished could not live long; in Devonshire it is said that if you have a mole on your back you are sure to be murdered, which fate will also overtake the man who is called by the same name as his father, if his father does not fall the victim. Both have the alternative of sudden death. Even speaking to one's self is supposed by the Dutch to presage a violent death.*

Enough has perhaps been said without entering into further details to show the extent of the net which superstition set about our father's lives. There was scarcely an act which could not be capable of teaching in some way the uncertainty of human life. It would require a volume to discuss all the recorded examples of bad omens and illustrate their infinite variety, and it is enough here to have gathered only a few cases, as well of familiar as of less known superstitions, to show the extent to which the minds of the ignorant were prepared for the charms of the wise woman, and the supernatural efficacy of words and letters, as well as the narrowing and debasing effect of a daily life which was agitated by every flight of a magpie and every midnight bark of a dog.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

OVER-EATING.

THE world does not advance, morally, very fast, but one of the Seven Deadly Sins has, nevertheless, become so infrequent that men are a little puzzled to know what it precisely meant. Gluttons are so rare in Western Europe that divines are sometimes perplexed to understand the rank in the scale of sin which old theologians, and especially the early Christian writers, assigned to gluttony, and are inclined to explain the word as covering any kind of inordinate interest in eating, or expenditure of energy upon it. It is very probable

that the condemnation of gluttony did cover gourmandise—which may be carried to the point of distinct viciousness, the duties of life being postponed or sacrificed in the pursuit of a sensual enjoyment of a very inferior kind—and that the belief in the value of controlled asceticism, which can never be quite wanting to Christian philosophers, did something to influence their strong language; but we suspect there was more than this—that actual gluttony, in the ordinary sense, was once a common vice, and a much more injurious one than the West, which is intemperate as

* Denny's "Folklore of China," p. 70. *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, iv. 463. Napier "Folklore," p. 113.

* Hunt, 2d Series, p. 238; *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, ii. 184; "Choice Notes," p. 8.

to alcohol, but temperate as to meat, is inclined to believe. The testimony of theologians, of historians, and of an immovable tradition, embodied in most, if not all, European languages, proves that among our remote though civilized ancestors it was a common thing for men to cultivate the appetite for quantities of food till it became diseased, and that they gorged themselves with it habitually, till they became almost as incapable of the business and duties of life as drunkards now do. They sought quantity, they ate for eating's sake until they could eat no more, and when they ceased, were as incapable as many animals after a similar indulgence. (It is a popular mistake to suppose that only pigs are gluttons. Horses and cattle will kill themselves with certain kinds of food, and so will individual dogs, while all the wild carnivores are liable at times to eat themselves into temporary imbecility.) They could not work, they could not converse, and they could not think. They were full to bursting, and repeated the feeding until their lives became one long debauch, and their faculties died away as completely as if they had been drunkards, though, of course, the remedy, protracted fasting, was easier to apply. Many of the Roman nobles were gluttons as well as gourmands; indeed, the accounts of their feasts indicate a deep delight in over-eating as well as epicurism, and it is probable that the vice existed in Syria, and amid a generally abstemious population—a Jew to this day is rarely a drunkard, and an Arab never—may have seemed specially disgusting. Another bit of evidence is the continuance of the practice in the East. Men who eat enormously, who crave for huge quantities of food, and seek in over-eating a torpor which pleases them as much as the calm before stupefaction pleases the drunkard, or apathetic rest the opium-smoker, or *kef* the tobacco-smoker, are perfectly well-known types throughout India, where every district has its notorious glutton, in China, and among some African tribes. Indeed, Captain Colville, in his recent ride through Morocco, became convinced that even Moors, who are distinctly abstemious by habit, count in their ranks men to whom over-eating is so attrac-

tive that they renew the practices of Vitellius, which scandalized even Rome, and obtain by emetics the power of swallowing two or three successive dinners straight on end. Wealthy negroes have been accused of a similar habit of over-eating, Red Indians are constantly guilty of gorging like snakes till they can hardly move, and we are not sure that gluttony in the old sense is wholly unknown even in this country. It is doubtful if the horrible exhibitions of eating-power sometimes made in the country districts are not given by men to whom the excessive supply of food is an enjoyment, while experienced clergymen often doubt whether in one or two households in a village gluttony in the old sense is not chiefly restrained by poverty. They tell astounding stories of quantities consumed on special occasions, though they never indicate gluttony as a popular vice. The disposition appears, too, among children. There are few public schools without a glutton or two, boys who can never be satiated with food, who will eat all day, even to severe illness; and it is noteworthy that such boys are, with hardly an exception, of a hopelessly debased type. The tutor has more hope of anybody. In maturer years, if they reach them, they are restrained by the opinion, or rather etiquette, in favor of moderation, which, considering the decay of the vice, is so curiously strong; but doctors could still, we imagine, relate very singular instances of addiction to food.

Gluttony, however, must be rare. We cannot remember, in an experience of some range and duration, ever to have met an educated man who was addicted to it in the sense in which it becomes a vice, though in two cases we have known men with an appetite for food so abnormal as to be the subject of remark and the cause of nicknames. We question if during the last twenty years a sermon has been preached against it, and certainly it has not become a subject for popular lecturing or Social Science Congresses. There is a society for most things, but no society to regenerate mankind by eating once a day. The poor are very often abused, and sometimes very unjustly, for their passion for expensive food—a bit of imitiveness sometimes, and sometimes, as in the

fancy of Lancashire for ham, a bit of combined frugality and caste-feeling; but they are seldom denounced for the quantity they devour, and the consumption of the rich is noticed only by doctors. Theologians have given up the subject, or attend to it only to condemn gourmandise—that is, overattention to the quality of the food eaten, or excessive expense upon the table. Very little, indeed, is said even about these, not perhaps as much as might be said, for the taste for good food, though in itself sound and favorable both to longevity and high vitality, is often carried to a vicious excess; and over-eating has tacitly been dropped out of the area of dominion conceded to the moralists. We should not wonder, however, if it were once more taken up by the Utilitarians, backed by a few of the medical profession. Nothing consumes the general wealth of the world like the feeding of its populations, and it is by no means yet completely settled that the majority of men, once above the imperative restrictions of poverty, do not eat a good deal too much. An idea has been very generally spread that it is healthy to eat often, till certain classes, more especially servants, eat five times a day; and the end of the medical aphorism, that those who eat often should eat little, is very often forgotten. The *Lancet* of September 4th, in a curiously cautious article, hints that the modern world eats too much in positive bulk of food—a statement certainly true of great bread-eaters, a distinct and well marked type—and thinks the modern regularity of meals has induced us to regard appetite as the guide rather than hunger, which is the true one. Regularity of meals develops appetite, not hunger. We rather question the previous proposition, as a very hungry man is apt to eat too much; but we believe that the extension of wealth and the extreme public ignorance upon the subject tend to foster a habit of taking too many meals. Men and women eat three in ten hours and a half, breakfast at 10 A.M., lunch at 1.30 P.M., and dinner at 7.30 P.M.—a division of the twenty-four hours of the day which can hardly be healthy. It leaves thirteen hours and a half without food, while in the remaining ten and a half there are three meals.

It would be better, we imagine, for sedentary men to reduce theirs to two, taken at considerable intervals; or if that is too worrying, to confine the intercalary meal to the merest mouthful, taken without sitting down, and with no provision to tempt the appetite. Lunch for those who work with the brain is the destruction of laboriousness, and for those who work with the hands is the least useful of the meals. It is very doubtful whether the powerfully built races of Upper India, who eat only twice a day, at 10 A.M. and 10 P.M., are not in the right, exactly equalizing, as they do, the periods of abstinence, though it is difficult to decide from the example of hereditary teetotal vegetarians, the bulk of whose food is out of all proportion to its nourishment. The great evil to be removed is, however, not so much the midday meal, as the profound ignorance, even of educated men, as to the quantity of food indispensable to health, and the quantity most beneficial to it. On the first subject most men know nothing, or at best only the amount of a convict's ration, which is fixed at the standard found most conducive to severe labor in confinement, and is no rule for ordinary mankind. Cannot the doctors tell us some handy rule of thumb about this. They have told us that the beneficial quantity of alcohol is the equivalent of a pint of ordinary claret a day, but what is the beneficial quantity of food? It must differ according to diet, physique, and occupation, but still there must be some formula which will convey in intelligible fashion the average maximum required by men of different weights. We believe most men would be surprised to find how very low it is, and how very much they exceed it, especially in the consumption of meat. Vegetarianism, which some among us exalt as a panacea, has been tried for thousands of years, by millions of people, and has, on the whole, failed, the flesh-eating peoples out-fighting, out-working, and out-thinking the eaters of vegetables only; but between vegetarianism and the flesh-eating habits of well-to-do Englishmen there is a wide distance. Mr. Banting, too, wrote wild exaggerations, but the way in which Englishmen of reasonable intellectual capacities will swallow crumbs of bread,

often not half baked, by the pound at a time, would account even for severer melancholy than that under which they

labor. We want an intelligible rule, to be obeyed or disobeyed, but to be remembered.—*The-Spectator*.

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

BY A CAMBRIDGE M.A.

CAMBRIDGE has been recently the scene of considerable excitement, occasioned, our lady readers may be interested to learn, by the claims of their own sex. For some time the idea of female education has been very visibly before the eyes of the University, presenting itself in the form of two additional colleges, and more than a hundred young ladies; and now a proposal to admit these students formally to the Honor Examinations of the University has been adopted by the overwhelming majority of 398 to 32.

Now that this new position has been officially conceded to Girton and Newnham, it may be interesting to our readers to have some sketch of these colleges. The elder of the two is Girton, which was opened in 1869. The buildings, either from economical reasons, or perhaps from some feminine timidity on the part of their founders, were erected two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon Road, or *Via Devana*. Many virtues may possibly be implanted in the mind by the contemplation of the relics of old Rome, and directness and businesslike habits may perhaps be unconsciously promoted, but the feeling of beauty, we imagine, is not much stimulated in the students by the flat straight line of telegraph poles, skirting a cemetery, and threading one of the most squalid suburbs of Cambridge. The site of the college is also dreary enough, a bare field having been pitched upon by the side of the road, and ten years has added hardly anything in point of picturesqueness; the trees and shrubs are not happy in their soil, and even the ivy does not appear to be vigorous. The buildings themselves are well designed, and are in Mr. Waterhouse's French chateau style, in dark red brick. These form two sides of a square, in which the hall and chief rooms face the road, at some little distance; a wing, which ap-

proaches it, having been added subsequently. The size of the building can be gathered from the number of the inmates; these exceed fifty, each of whom has two rooms about equal to the average rooms occupied by undergraduates at Cambridge. The hall, library, and lecture-rooms are in fair proportion. The students are rarely received before the age of eighteen; before entering, an examination has to be passed, and it is expected of each that real interest shall be taken in the studies of the University. The course, as in the case of undergraduates, takes about three years, half of which time, in terms of about eight weeks each, is spent at the college. Many of the university and college lectures are open to the students, and besides female lecturers resident at Girton, there is quite an array of lecturers from Cambridge who give instruction in the college. For some time the results of all this work have been tested informally and voluntarily by the University examiners, the same papers being set to the students as to the undergraduate candidates. These results have been very encouraging. During the first ten years about 41 Girton students have passed the standard for the B.A. degree, and 31 have passed in Honors; 11 in classics, 9 in Mathematics, 7 in Natural Sciences, 3 in Moral Sciences, and 1 in History.

Some of our readers may remember the sensation caused by the extraordinary success of one of these students, who last year was pronounced equal to the 8th in the First Class in Mathematics.

Newnham, the younger sister, a rival of Girton, dates from 1875, in which year a rather plain but business-like building, in the Queen Anne style, was erected by an association formed to promote the higher education of women. In this case the error was avoided of

placing the college at an inconvenient distance from Cambridge, and a pretty site was chosen close to the long avenue west of the colleges, which is one of the most beautiful features of the place. The object of the founders was rather to provide residence, supervision, and instruction for female students, than to prescribe, as at Girton, a course of studies identical with those of undergraduates. Selected candidates were, at the same time, encouraged to compete in the Honor Examinations, with results as satisfactory as at Girton. In the first six years 22 Honors were gained in the various examinations; 3 in Mathematics, 4 in Classics, 5 in Moral Sciences, 4 in Natural Sciences, and 6 in History. Encouraged by these results, and by the demands made upon them by candidates for admission, the Association have now erected a second building, so that together about seventy students are housed. The arrangements seem to be on a more economical scale than at Girton, and single rooms are the rule. The charge for board and instruction is also less; that at Newnham being seventy-five guineas, while that at Girton is one hundred guineas, a year. In both colleges many advantages are offered to deserving students in the form of scholarships, and of other pecuniary assistance when required.

The social life of the students is not very different from that of undergraduates. There are the regular lectures in or outside the college, the recreation and meals in common, with considerable freedom allowed in the employment of their leisure. Too much praise cannot be given to those ladies directly responsible for the supervision of the students, and the success of this very novel institution in a place like Cambridge is mainly due to the tact and good sense of these managers. Considerable prejudice existed at first against the experiment, and failure was freely prophesied. If the chief characteristics of the students had been other than what they have been seen to be—steady and unobtrusive work—and if the *trop de zèle* which might have been unduly developed by the novelty of the situation had not been judiciously kept in hand, we may be sure that the two colleges would not have received so readily the recogni-

tion of their merits from such a Conservative body as the University of Cambridge. The students have strictly maintained among themselves a wholesome public opinion—they have had the *esprit de corps* of pioneers—many, probably the majority, looked forward to educational careers, to which success at the University would readily lead; none, at any rate, were there, like so many young fellows at Oxford and Cambridge, almost avowedly idling some of the best years of their lives away. Whatever dangers may befall Girton and Newnham in the future, if success should bring with it its attendant evils—if, especially, it should ever become as fashionable for young ladies to go to college as it now is for young men—there can at least be no doubt that all dangers have been successfully avoided hitherto. Mrs. Grundy, who is as powerful at Cambridge as elsewhere, has even acquiesced in the *fait accompli*.

That the course of training is healthy, is attested by the evidence of one of the chief physicians in Cambridge, who stated in a recent public discussion on the subject that he knew of no instance of harm to brain or body having occurred to any student who had distinguished herself in the University examinations, and that the chief evils caused to girls by the strain of mental work at home, when combined with social requirements, were in his opinion avoided by residence at the University. As far as can be observed within so short a time the subsequent careers of students, who have passed through Girton and Newnham, have been impressed for good by the training there received. Some of them are usefully employed in the education of others; some are busied quietly at home; many have married happily. All speak with affection of their college days, and are conscious of having derived from them wider sympathies and interests and a more extended knowledge than would otherwise have been open to them. This testimony is very valuable, as there must be many girls to whom Girton and Newnham may prove of equal service, and who may have the opportunity of availing themselves of the advantages they offer. Many of course have duties elsewhere, and especially at home; but there are others on whom no

such imperative call is made, and to these residence at one of the colleges may well be recommended. The old prejudices against female education are now fast disappearing; girls are not turned into blue stockings of the old offensive type any more than boys necessarily become prigs and pedants after similar studies at the University; neither need the true sphere of woman be interfered

with at all. People who expect to find specimens of the "emancipated female" to be common at Cambridge, must look elsewhere for their ideal. Had it been otherwise, failure on the part of Girton and Newnham would before this have been visited on their heads, and a very different verdict pronounced upon their work than that just delivered by the University.

MEMORY'S SONG.

BY A. MATHESON.

The earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes;—
The breath of Spring was all too sweet, she said,
Too like the Spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
On many a leafless tree,
The little brooks did laugh and run
With most melodious glee.
O God! they make a jocund noise, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond flung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel boughs the catkins hung,
The willow blooms grew sweet—
Palm willows, fragrant with the Spring, she said,
He always found the first;—but he is dead.

Right golden was the crocus flame,
And, touched with purest green,
The small white flower of stainless name
Above the ground was seen.
He used to love the white and gold, she said;
The snowdrops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain.
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.

I would not wish him back again, she said,
But Spring is hard to bear now he is dead.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RABBI JESHUA. An Eastern Story. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Though the work thus entitled is described by its author in a graceful circumlocution as "the history of a brief but eventful career," it is quite obviously a life of Christ, written from the standpoint of one who chooses to regard him as simply one of the numerous teachers and enthusiasts who illustrate every period of the Jewish annals, and who in almost all ages have been the natural and familiar outcome of the peculiar conditions of oriental society. Dismissing in a few scornful phrases the "apocryphal accounts" of Rabbi Jeshua's life "composed by his followers within a century after his death," and "so self-contradictory as to make it clear to the critical reader that the disciples mingled their own teaching with that of their master," our author explains that he has based his own version on the chronicle of Simeon has Saddik, a companion of one of Rabbi Jeshua's first disciples.

"Simeon himself," says our author, "was an illiterate peasant, a man probably older than Rabbi Jeshua, but who survived him more than forty years, and retired before the fall of Jerusalem to the neighborhood of Gadara, east of the Jordan. The recollections of this aged puritan were recorded by one of his companions. The historical sequence of the events appears to have been carefully followed, and many of the maxims of Rabbi Jeshua are preserved, interspersed among descriptions of the main events of his short career. Thus, though scanty and imperfect, the information contained in this work appears to be genuine; and it has evidently served as the original basis of the other accounts, for this reason, that in no case do they agree in any statement which contradicts one made by Simeon has Saddik. All the versions are in agreement when they follow that which may be considered to be the original, and, on the other hand, no two of the later versions are in accord concerning facts not noticed by Simeon. Thus we have the indication of genuineness in the one case and of fanciful elaboration in all the others, and our attention should be confined to those statements which have the best right to be considered truthful because they are found to be common to every version." Even the chronicle of Simeon has Saddik, however, cannot be fully accepted, because "the superstitious beliefs" of the age in which it was written find frequent expression in its pages. We must discount, as far as possible, "the idiosyncrasies of the writer," and strive to form some kind of idea of the "actual facts" which he relates.

According to the chronicle of Simeon, as

purged and elaborated by our author, Rabbi Jeshua was a Galilean peasant, converted to the tenets of the monastic sect of the Hasaya by the preaching of Hanan (John the Baptist), and initiated by the latter through the preliminary rite of ablution. By reason of the medical knowledge for which his sect was noted, the Rabbi Jeshua, after the period of retirement in the deserts was passed, gained a remarkable hold upon the ignorant and credulous peasantry, and his kindness to them and solicitude for their welfare caused him to be known among them as the "gentle Rabbi," and he was soon followed by a throng of devoted "disciples." At last they and he, convinced that he was the promised Messiah, unfortunately went up to Jerusalem, where in less than two days he was caught in the toils of his enemies, hurried to crucifixion, and buried in a rock-sepulchre among the gardens outside the city, whence his body was mysteriously carried away, so that unto this day no man knows his burial-place. After his death, many legends were clustered round his name, and many marvellous acts and powers were attributed to him; but his doctrines were gradually worked up into the fabric of pagan theology and taught as Christianity by zealous apostles, while for upward of four centuries the slowly dwindling community of genuine Hasaya, to which Rabbi Jeshua belonged, lived peacefully and obscurely among the rich plateaux and deep gorges of Perea, awaiting the "day of the Lord," which should come as a thief in the night; but which came not till they were extinct, nor has yet come.

In a closing chapter, which is full of trenchant satire, the author exposes what he regards as the sham Christianity of modern England. The substance and moral of this chapter is to be found in the statement that "were Rabbi Jeshua to be re-born in the England of to-day it would probably be his fate to be imprisoned as a vagabond and an impostor;" and the author represents himself as searching in vain through the churches and society of London for any echoes of the teachings or traces of the influence of the great Galilean Rabbi.

It cannot be denied that the book is written with much ingenuity and literary skill, or that it abounds in striking passages of picturesque description; but it is greatly deficient in that serious and reverent spirit in which such a work should be written, if it is to be written at all. It is not possible now, even if it were desirable, to induce the world to contemplate the life of Christ from the purely secular point of view; and when the attempt is made to trick out a narrative composed from this point of view

with imaginative flights and the drapery of fancy, an impression of levity is likely to be the result.

BURIED ALIVE; OR, TEN YEARS OF PENAL SERVITUDE IN SIBERIA. By Fedor Dostoyeffsky. Translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Precisely to what extent the facts narrated in this book are a record of actual events and observations, it would be difficult to say; but that they are at least based upon personal experience would be sufficiently proved by the book itself, even if we did not know from other sources that the author had been a member of the numerous class of Russian political convicts. There are touches here and there in the narrative—whole scenes, we might say—that are beyond the power of mere imagination to conceive; and while it is probable that the form and certain accessories of the story are inventions, yet the record as a whole has a force and intensity and directness that could come only from the fidelity with which it depicts real occurrences and actual persons.

Accepting it, then, as on the whole a trustworthy record, the book is one of the most painful ever written; there is scarcely another, indeed, that arouses in the reader so poignant a sense of the extent to which "man's inhumanity to man" can be carried. There is some mitigation in the knowledge that the state of things represented belongs to a period some thirty or forty years back, and that since then a few of the more brutal features connected with flogging and prison-life have been abolished; but the scars left upon the social body by such wounds cannot be eradicated in a generation, and it is easy to see that the degradation of the people which such treatment necessarily involved was far more serious than the mere suffering inflicted, cruel as that was in individual cases.

In reading the utterances and noting the deeds of the Nihilists, every one has been astonished as well as shocked by the frantic ferocity which they exhibit; they bewilder at the same time that they repel. We venture to think that M. Dostoyeffsky's book, while not directly touching upon the subject at all, yet throws a flood of light over it. For there is no law of human nature more certain than that the force of reaction when it comes will be precisely proportioned to the repression which preceded and provoked it. Inexorable as fate itself, immutable as the nature of man, is the great social law that brutal tyranny will arouse ferocious and vindictive reprisals.

In any event, the book is one that should be read. Regarded as a record of actual experience, it is thrillingly interesting. Regarded

as a story, it reveals a great and hitherto unknown artist.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE JEWISH CHURCH. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In our review of "Scotch Sermons" in a recent number, we spoke of the evidence which they afforded of the extent to which the citadel of Scotch orthodoxy had been undermined by the scientific and critical spirit; and the book whose title stands at the head of this notice furnishes additional and striking testimony to the same fact. It will be remembered that Professor Robertson Smith was recently tried and condemned for heresy, and deprived of his chair in the University of Aberdeen, because of certain conclusions regarding the historical books of the Old Testament which he had expressed in articles contributed to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Shortly after this "temporary victory" of his theological opponents in the church, he was invited by six hundred prominent Free Churchmen in Edinburgh and Glasgow to explain and define his position before the Scottish public; and the twelve lectures of which the present volume is composed were delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow during the first three months of the current year before large audiences, which comprised a considerable portion of the culture and intelligence of the two cities.

The Lectures are printed substantially as they were delivered, and are designed for the intelligent public rather than for critics and students. "I have striven," says Professor Smith, "to make my exposition essentially popular in the legitimate sense of that word—that is, to present a continuous argument, resting at every point on valid historical evidence, and so framed that it can be followed by the ordinary English reader who is familiar with the Bible and accustomed to consecutive thought. There are some critical processes," he continues, "which cannot be explained without constant use of the Hebrew text; but I have tried to make all the main parts of the discussion independent of reference to these. Of course it is not possible for any sound argument to adopt in every case the renderings of the English Version. In important passages I have indicated the necessary corrections; but in general it is to be understood that, while I cite all texts by the English chapters and verses, I argue from the Hebrew." For the benefit of students a number of notes have been appended, which complete and illustrate the details of the argument, and at the same time supply hints for further study.

The almost simultaneous appearance of the Revised Version of the New Testament ren-

ders the present work especially timely ; for while Professor Smith deals exclusively with the Old Testament, yet what he has to say about the formation and history of the Canon, and about the various versions and translations, throws nearly as much light upon the New Testament history as on that of the Old. One entire lecture and part of another is devoted to "The Septuagint," and the same attention is given to the Canon. Another lecture deals with the Psalter, another with the Prophets, and still others with "The Traditional Theory of the Old Testament History" and "The Law and the History of Israel before the Exile." Perhaps the most interesting, however, in view of Professor Smith's recent difficulties with his fellow-churchmen, are those on "The Pentateuch" and on "The Deuteronomic Code and Levitical Law." It should be said, however, that all are parts of one continuous exposition or argument, the aim of which is to show that "Biblical Criticism is not the invention of modern scholars, but the legitimate interpretation of historical facts."

COMPANION TO THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Alex. Roberts, D.D. With American Supplement. New York : Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

"The object of this little work," to quote the preface, "is to explain to the English reader the general grounds of those departures from the Authorized Version which he will find in the Revised translation. Not one of these alterations has been made without what appeared to a majority of the Revisers an adequate reason. They are all to be traced to one or other of two causes—either to a change of the Greek text which it was found necessary to adopt, or to a change of translation which stricter fidelity to the original seemed to require." The greater portion of the work is due to Dr. Roberts, who was a member of the English Committee of Revision ; but a supplement has been added to the American edition which explains the American appendix to the Revised Version and the relation of the American Committee to the whole work. Without the "Companion" the average reader would hardly be able to make out either what the Revisers have done or what considerations have influenced their work ; and hence its utility and value can hardly be doubted. The present "authorized edition" is very neatly and clearly printed.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. J. ROLFE's excellent editions of Shakspeare's Plays, the School and College Series, are to be introduced into the English market.

A BENGAL lady, Maharanee Surnomoyee, has recently subscribed 8050 rupees for the endowment of scholarships for the encouragement of Sanskrit learning.

THE printing press of the Propaganda has just issued in an elegant form a collection of Latin hymns, written by Pope Leo XIII. in honor of two bishops and martyrs.

SHAKSPERE's works are being rendered into the Malo-Russian language by a well-known writer in that dialect, M. Kulish, who has already completed a translation of six of the plays.

THE other day, at an old book-stall in Paris, the discovery was made of a MS. commentary upon the *De Anima* of Aristotle by Théophile Corydalleus, a French grammarian of the seventeenth century.

DR. REICKE, of Königsberg, is engaged along with Dr. Sintenis, in collecting materials for a complete edition of Kant's correspondence. They have already got about six hundred letters to Kant, and a smaller number from him.

THE Japanese Government has just published a great dictionary of military and naval terms in five languages—Japanese, French, English, German, and Dutch. This is said to be the first Japanese dictionary arranged on the European plan. The compiler is Col. Kadumité.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to publish a series of reading books upon the principles of agriculture, prepared by Prof. Tanner for use in elementary schools. "The Alphabet of the Principles of Agriculture" will be the first in the series, and will appear at a very early date.

THE whole of the last volume of M. Renan's "Origines du Christianisme" is now in type. The author is at present busy with the huge index for the seven volumes. Before writing his history of the Jews up to the second exile, he intends to visit, if his health will permit, the Holy Land as well as Sinai.

M. JOSEPH HALÉVY is preparing an essay on the Sanskrit alphabet, which he believes to be based on the Greek alphabet. In a second part he is going to prove that the "Pānini," as well as the "Prācīkhyā," refer in their quotations from the "Veda" to a written copy of that book.

WE understand that the Rev. W. B. Crickmer, of Beverley, is engaged on the "Greek Testament Englished," a translation in which he proposes to give the absolute value and force of each Greek word in the corresponding English equivalent, irrespective of its grammatical order. The work will be published at an early date by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE French Société des Etudes Historiques has selected the following subjects for the two Raymond prizes (of 1000 frs. each) for 1882 :—The condition of the peasantry in the sixteenth century, from the accession of Francis I. to the death of Henri II. ; The history of the Danubian principalities, from the Turkish invasion to the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi.

THE French novelist, M. Alphonse Daudet, has written a sort of literary autobiography, under the title of "Histoire de mes Livres," which is now appearing in the pages of the *Indépendance Belge*. The first instalment gives the genesis of *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*, by which his fame was established. Incidentally he gives an interesting glimpse of a group of five writers, then equally unread and moneyless, who used to meet on Sundays in the rooms of one of their number, Gustave Flaubert. The other four were—Daudet himself, Tourguéneff, Goncourt, and Zola.

THE *Court Journal* says that when Mr. Disraeli was scarcely twenty-one he aided in founding and conducting the *Representative*, a new daily paper, which it was fondly hoped would be to the *Times* what the *Tory Quarterly* had been to the Whig *Edinburgh*. The experiment signally failed. Started in the January of 1826, the *Representative* expired in the following July ; and when schemes of new daily papers were broached in his presence, Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, the proprietor, it is said, used to point to the bound volumes of the *Representative* on his shelves, and say, "That is all that remains of £50,000!"

MR. FURNIVALL sends the following letter to the *Academy*—

"In an old deed—a copy of which is in my possession—relating to the tythes of the parish of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, in the year 1589, are the following entries :—

"' Marke Antonio Bassano, $\frac{1}{2}$ tithe.

Jeronimy Bassano, $\frac{1}{2}$ tithe.

"Is it not possible that one of the Bassanos may have been the friend of Shakspeare, or known to him by name, and so have furnished the name for Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice*?

"The 'Theatre' being in the same parish would, I venture to think, support this view.

"R. H. HILLS."

THE Berlin police are a hard-worked race. Not only have they to read every newspaper, but, it appears, every novel as well. No wonder then that these Arguses are often behind time in making their astute discoveries. On this account, as we learn from Berlin, a number of the *Berliner Tageblatt* that appeared some weeks ago has only just been confiscated, the official mind having discovered something disagreeable to its notions in a chapter

of Spielhagen's new work, "Angela," that is running through the pages of this newspaper. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity how very efficacious is such retrospective paternal supervision.

WE quote from the *Manchester Guardian* the following letter addressed by George Eliot to Mr. James Thompson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night :"—

"The Priory, 21 North Bank, Regent's Park, May 30th, 1874—Dear Poet—I cannot rest satisfied without telling you that my mind responds with admiration to the distinct vision and grand utterance in the poem which you have been so good as to send me. Also, I trust that an intellect informed by so much passionate intensity as yours will soon give us more heroic strains with a wider embrace of human fellowship in them—such as will be to the laborers of the world what the odes of Tyrtæus were to the Spartans, thrilling them with the sublimity of the social order and the courage of resistance to all that would dissolve it.—Yours sincerely, M. E. LEWES."

A GERMAN having "written" on a postal card an incredible number of words (25,000, we believe) in a style of stenography used in Germany, the author of the system set up the claim that it was superior to any other in use. The claim was disputed by the disciples of Pitman in England, and a prize was offered for the largest number of words written in Pitman's style on an English post-card, the writing to be legible to the naked eye. The card of the winner, Mr. G. H. Davidson, is said to have contained 32 363 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcroft's "Road to Ruin."

A LADY, who has been working for twenty years on Lord Bacon, specially with a view to comparisons between his thoughts and phrases and Shakspeare's—whose plays she thinks Bacon wrote—has found, in one of Bacon's notebooks of 1595, jottings-down of two phrases successively which occur within six lines of one another in *Romeo and Juliet*. This evidence strengthens the position of those who hold the early date for that play, 1591-93. The extent of the likeness between these two great authors, Bacon and Shakspeare, and of the difference between them and any third writer compared with them, is certainly very striking. An enormous amount of careful and faithful work has been bestowed on the subject by Lord Bacon's fair devotee ; and, though Shaksperi-ans will absolutely reject her conclusion—that Shakspeare as a writer is a myth, though as a manager a fact—they will be thankful for her most valuable illustrations of Shakspeare's words and work.

SCIENCE AND ART.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH.—M. J. Coudray, telegraphist, of Montreux, in a little *brochure*, describes a remarkable electric phenomenon that lately came under his observation. Two years ago, at the instance the proprietor of the Hotel des Alpes, at Territet-Chillon, he placed that establishment in telephone communication with a chalet on the hill-side, about 500 mètres above the hotel. The conducting wire was insulated in the usual way by glass, and the circuit completed through the earth. When he applied his ear to the telephones, M. Coudray often heard crepitations, similar to the sounds observed in telephones the conducting wires of which run parallel and close to the wires of a telegraph. But as the telephone in question is at right angles to the telegraph, which runs on the railway by the lake side, and is separated from it by a distance of 80 to 100 mètres, there being no other wire in the neighborhood, M. Coudray ascribed these crepitations at first to the possible contact of the telephonic wire with the branches of trees, whereby a thermo-electric current was induced. He soon, however, saw reason to abandon this theory, for one morning in the month of May last, being at the Hotel des Alpes, he put his ear to the telephone and heard the sound of messages which were being sent through the post-office wires on the railway, 100 mètres distant, so clearly that he was able to distinguish the purport of two, one of which was being transmitted from Montreux to Geneva, the other from Ouchy to Monthey, in the Valais, but in order to read messages it is necessary that there should be only one going at the time, and the very moment of its passage should be seized by the listener. This is a conjunction that rarely occurs. When two or more messages are in course of transmission the result is merely crepitation, and not intelligible words. M. Coudray's explanation of the phenomenon is as follows:—The electric circuit, as is well-known, is completed by the earth—that is a current sent from A to B through a wire returns from B to A by the earth. If an isolated piece of wire be placed on any part of the ground traversed by a current and connected with a telephone, an infinitesimal, albeit sufficient, current is derived from the earth to actuate the telephone. Physicists and electricians have hitherto denied the existence of terrestrial currents, holding, rather, that the earth, acting as a reservoir of electricity, balances the electricity at the two extremities of the wire; but M. Coudray thinks the facts he had observed prove that electric currents circulate in the soil just as if it were a metallic body. The second of his conclusions is, that the secrecy of telegraphic messages,

whenever there is a telephone in the neighborhood of the wires, cannot be considered inviolable. In practice, however, the difficulty of distinguishing them will probably be a sufficient bar to impertinent curiosity.—*London Times*.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE AURORA.—An interesting report on systematic observations of aurora, at 132 Northern stations, under Herr Tromholt, at Bergen, during 1878-9, has been lately published. The stations were situated between $71^{\circ} 7'$ and $55^{\circ} 3'$ N. lat. It appears that there were but very few evenings on which the aurora was not observed somewhere (though the year was a minimum one). Herr Tromholt also concludes that polar light is often a pretty local phenomenon, and developed at but a little height above the earth's surface. Unfortunately the data as to height are but scanty; the best give 0.24, 0.25, and 0.15 of a geographical mile above the earth. As to frequency, the following figures are given: 71° to 68° , 100; 68° to 65° , 30.6; 65° to 62° , 18.2; 62° to 59° , 12.6; 59° to 55° , 7.6. The region affected by an aurora is found to be generally by no means large. Only thrice was aurora observed on the same day at different stations, and it is a question if it was the same aurora in each case. Herr Tromholt thinks he has found a connection between frequency of aurora and phases of the moon, but a longer series of observations as to this is desirable. A comparison with the magnetic variations at Upsala led to no result: as also a comparison with meteorological phenomena. Herr Tromholt has never perceived aught of noise accompanying aurora.

COLOR BLINDNESS.—At the last meeting of the Ophthalmological Society a report was presented by a committee of sixteen members recently appointed by the Society. No less than 18,088 persons have been examined, of whom 1657 were females. The average percentage of color defects among these latter was .4, that of the males being .476, the pronounced cases only among males being 3.5 per cent. Certain classes of persons show an exceptionally high percentage of color defects. The most striking in this respect are deaf-mutes, among whom every fifth child is defective. The average is also higher than normal among members of the Society of Friends, especially among those belonging to the poorer classes. It is distinctly high among Jews, and the forms of color-blindness occurring among these are very pronounced. The secretary attributes color defects in some cases to a congenital physical defect, either in eye or brain, occurring as an accidental variation from the normal structure. When once existing it is capable of being transmitted to descendants. In other cases he

thinks that they may arise, more especially the slight forms, from defective education in colors in infancy. This might account for the superiority of the female sex in respect to colors. It would also account for the high percentage exhibited by the deaf and dumb, and to some extent for that of members of the Society of Friends. It would also be compatible with a greater prevalence of color defects among the poor. The third factor, which is by no means an unimportant one, is intermarriage. He is strongly of opinion that among Jews, and to a less degree among Friends, intermarriage during generations has strengthened the defects existing among them not only in number but in degree.

THE TURQUOISE IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.—Under Pliny's name of *Callais*, M. Damour some years ago described a greenish mineral, apparently a variety of turquoise, which had been found, worked into ornamental forms, in some of the dolmens of the Morbihan, and had evidently been employed for purposes of personal decoration in prehistoric times. M. Cazalis de Fondouce has had occasion to examine a large number of objects worked in this material, and found not only in various parts of France, but also in Portugal. Thus M. Ribeiro obtained no fewer than 214 beads of *callais* in his exploration of the artificial grotto of Palmella. M. Cazalis de Fondouce has collected all the facts connected with the subject, and has contributed an interesting paper to the last number of M. Cartailhac's *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme*. He believes that the *callais*, or turquoise, must have been imported into Western Europe from the East, probably toward the close of the Neolithic period; at any rate, it was largely used at the commencement of the Bronze age. It is difficult to speak definitely as to the ethnical characteristics of the prehistoric people who used this material, but it is suggested that they may have been the Ligurians, the Indo-European precursors of the great Keltic invasion.

VISIBLE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.—To Dütter, of Greifswald, is attributed the first visible demonstration of the circulation of blood in the human body. In this operation, the patient's head being fixed in a frame having a contrivance for supporting a microscope and a lamp, his lower lip is drawn out and fixed on the stage of the microscope by means of clips, the inner surface being uppermost, and having a strong light thrown upon it by a condenser. This arrangement being complete, all the observer has to do is to bring the microscope to bear on the surface of the lip, using a low power objective, and focussing a small superficial vessel: at once he sees the endless and wonderful procession of the blood corpus-

cles through the minute capillaries, the colorless ones appearing like white specks dotting the red stream.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PHOTOMETRY.—A promising application of photography to precise measurement of phenomena of light has been recently tried by M. Janssen. The method is advantageous in that photography reveals the action of the extremely weak luminous and the ultraviolet rays; but the chief advantage lies in the permanence of the results as against the fugitive nature of ordinary photometric comparisons, which, too, require the simultaneous presence of the two light sources. The various amounts of metallic deposit on the photographic plate cannot well be weighed, so M. Janssen measures by the degree of opacity produced. His photometer consists of a frame with sensitized plate, before which is passed at a known rate of uniform motion a shutter having a slit. If this slit were rectangular, a uniform shade would be produced on the plate; but by making it triangular he obtains a variation of shade, decreasing from the side corresponding to the base of the triangle to that corresponding to the apex. It is further proved that the photographic deposit does not increase as rapidly as the luminous intensity. Now, to compare the sensibility of two plates differently prepared they have merely to be exposed successively in the frame under like conditions, and the points where they show the same opacity being compared to the points of the triangular slit corresponding to them, the ratio of the apertures at those points expresses the ratio of sensibility. Thus the new gelatino-bromide of silver plates are proved to be twenty times as sensitive as the collodion plates prepared by the wet process. Again, to compare two luminous sources, they are made to act successively on two similar plates in the photometer, and the points of equal shade in the plates indicate, as before, the relation sought. M. Janssen has compared the light of the sun and some stars on these principles, preparing from the former "solar scales" (with uniform degradation of shade), under exactly determined conditions as to sensitive layer, time of solar action, height of the sun, etc. Circular images of stars are obtained by placing a photographic plate a little out of focus in the telescope, and a series of these, got with different times of exposure, are compared with the scales obtained from sunlight. M. Janssen will shortly make known some of his results.

LOCALIZING BY THE EYES.—At the recent meeting of the Physical Society, Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin, gave an account of the factors which enter into our ability to fix the position and distance of an object by the eyes. That the binocular effect is not all-powerful is

shown by the fact that single-eyed persons can estimate distance about as well as those with two eyes. A person suddenly blinded, however, has to acquire the new art of judging by one eye. This consists, according to Professor Helmholtz, of two elements, namely, the appearance of the objects with respect to other bodies, and the parallel of motion. The outlines of the more distant objects are always covered by those of the nearer ones where they cross, and hence the difficulty of recognizing that the image projected by a convex lens or a concave mirror is nearer to the observer than the lens or the mirror. Further, the object which projects a shadow upon any surface is always situated before that surface. These two elements go to make up the appearance of the objects, and they are really overpowered by others, for example, stereoscopic combinations. This is demonstrated by Dove's pseudoscope, an instrument composed of two rectangular prisms, and showing to each eye a reflected image inverted from right to left. The parallax of motion is seen as a shifting of the object, especially if it is near, on moving the head from side to side or up and down. This element also overpowers the stereoscopic combination of the images of the two eyes.

—♦♦♦—
MISCELLANY.

"BEAONSFIELD UNDER STRESS OF FEELING.—Those who closely watched the health of the deceased gentleman during the last fifteen years particularly cannot fail to have noticed the struggle which has been maintained by the mind against, and to some extent at the expense of, the body.

While Mr. Disraeli sat in the House of Commons his life was an almost continuous effort. His imperturbable bearing, his habit of emotional self-restraint, his almost uniformly placid style of delivery—artistically, and always as the result of purpose, never involuntary, varied by lighter and brighter passages of elocution—were the fruits of effort. The statuesque posture, the motionless face, the abstracted or seemingly indifferent manner which the superficial observer mistook for indications of a constitutional lack of sensibility, were, in truth, tokens of the intensity of the emotional nature they disguised. Lord Beaconsfield was a man of profoundly deep feeling and a highly sensitive temperament, but with an indomitable will, habituated to self-control, the customary expressions of such feeling as he possessed were interdicted. For example, in place of movements of the ordinary excito-motor type, the noble Lord's physical habit was in the later-middle period and toward the end of his career in the Commons characterized by slight

and seemingly automatic but really conscious acts of the slightest kind often repeated. It was very curious and profoundly interesting to study these movements from the psychological standpoint. Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Disraeli would sit for long stretches of time during the violent or terribly irritating attack of a political opponent with nearly closed eyes, as though asleep.

When the onslaught waxed furious, he would, as though with all-engrossing intent, fix his gaze at the toes of his boots, moving them slowly so as to bring all points under observation. If the taunts or reproaches hurled at him were of so grievous a nature as to make any other man furious, he would straighten himself and brush some particle of dust from the front of his buttoned frockcoat or from the sleeve of his left arm. Then he would examine his nails, and as a climax, when few statesmen so assailed could avoid some token of emotional restlessness, he would perhaps take out his single eyeglass, and fixing it firmly, look for an instant at the clock in the front of the gallery opposite Mr. Speaker, dropping the glass with one quick elevation of the eyebrow: this last-mentioned trick being the only part of a series of actions which, though familiar to his observers, was never a mere matter of habit. Probably—and it is worth noting in reference to the recent incident of his approaching the Ministerial bench in the House of Lords after the division at the close of the Candahar debate—the noble Lord was less a man of habit in the true sense of the term—that is, as implying the relegation of large classes of actions to the sub-consciousness, to be performed automatically—than the average brain-worker. The fact is interesting as throwing light on the type of his physico-mental constitution, and as illustrating the character of strain which the life and enterprise of the deceased statesman imposed on his mind-power.

It was practically too late when Mr. Disraeli became Earl of Beaconsfield to prolong a valued life by the means adopted. Speaking now freely, we believe the deceased statesman would have lived longer if he had not thus late retired to a scene of comparative quiet upon which he ought, in the interest of his health, to have entered when the queen urged him to do so some years before. As it was, Lord Beaconsfield was deprived of his accustomed mental stimulus at the precise moment when he most needed it, and, although his immediate personal feelings were those of relief, the physical ease was purchased at too great a price.
—*The Lancet*.

DEATH OF LORD BEAONSFIELD.—The stock of genius in England has been again reduced. Lord Beaconsfield died at his house in Curzon

Street, at 4.30, on the morning of Tuesday, the 19th inst. His illness had always been more serious than his physicians admitted, there being a visible want of recuperative power in the system, but for the three or four days preceding Monday the soft spring weather benefited him so much that even the doctors had hope. On Sunday, however, the bitter east wind was again raging, the thermometer fell to 40°, and in the evening of Monday Lord Beaconsfield sank into a state of partial coma, or heavy sleep, from which he never wholly revived. Just before he died, however, he "raised himself from the pillows, threw back his arms, expanded his chest, and his lips were seen to move, as if he were about to speak," the whole action producing in those who watched him a conviction that he thought himself again in the Commons, rising to some great effort of debate. Then he sank down, the difficult breathing ceased, he drew a few regular inspirations, and so, as calmly as if in sleep, he died. He had throughout little hope of recovery, but he feared death as little as any other opponent; his mordant humor broke out at intervals, and, though usually silent, he sometimes conversed with all his old clearness and incisiveness upon public affairs. He was a childless man, almost a kinless one, but his oldest friends were about his bedside; the man he liked best, Lord Rowton, was with him to the last; and what he would have preferred to all things, Europe was listening for tidings from his room. His death, like his life, was far from an unhappy one.—*The Spectator*.

REALITIES OF WAR.—A popular writer thus describes a battle: "We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, 'Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns.' We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and struggled. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe, for the first time in three hours, as we form a lane and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before. Every gun is using a short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a battle-line three miles long,

and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out, and shatter, and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape-shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swathe and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle-line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp; a blackened, bloody mass. Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what! Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us is the living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the gun cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over rows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw *murder*, where historians saw glory."

NATURE PENETRALIA.

A SLUGGISH little stream, that loiters slow
Between gnarled tree-trunks and thick tangled grass
And giant reeds, in a deep, wet morass
For many a league, screened from the fiery glow
Of tropic sunlight; here and there a row
Of small red bitterns, sitting patiently,
Watch for the passing of their fanny prey,
All silent as the water's voiceless flow.
Flash, like live opals through the gloom, a pair
Of bronze-winged doves; and in the inmost heart
Of this deep wilderness, alone, apart,
With mighty limbs outstretched and half-shut eyes,
Lord of the pathless forest, dreaming lies
The dreadful tiger, in his reedy lair.

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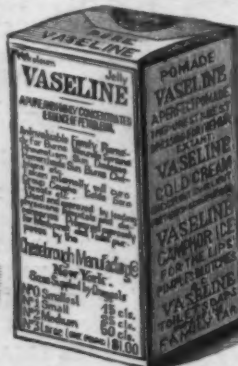
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